

The NEWS MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER

25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada



JEAN HARLOW
SEE PAGE 34

How
Madge
Evans
Grew To
Stardom

Latest Beauty Fads
of Hollywood Stars

"I insist on Lucky Strike"

"There's nothing like a microphone to show up the voice in its true colors. So I insist on Lucky Strike—the cigarette that I know will be kind to my throat. **And you've certainly scored another hit with your new style Cellophane wrapper that opens so easily.**"

Sally Eilers

Sally Eilers will always call this her big year. First, she learned to fly a plane. Then she married and found domestic bliss. Then she made a smashing success in "**Bad Girl.**" As a reward, **Fox** is co-starring her in "**Over the Hill.**"

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
*Sealed Tight
Ever Right*
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
Zip —
and it's open!



★ Is Miss Eilers' Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Eilers to make the above statement. Miss Eilers has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2½ years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

A WRITER OF ROMANCE
DISCOVERS THAT

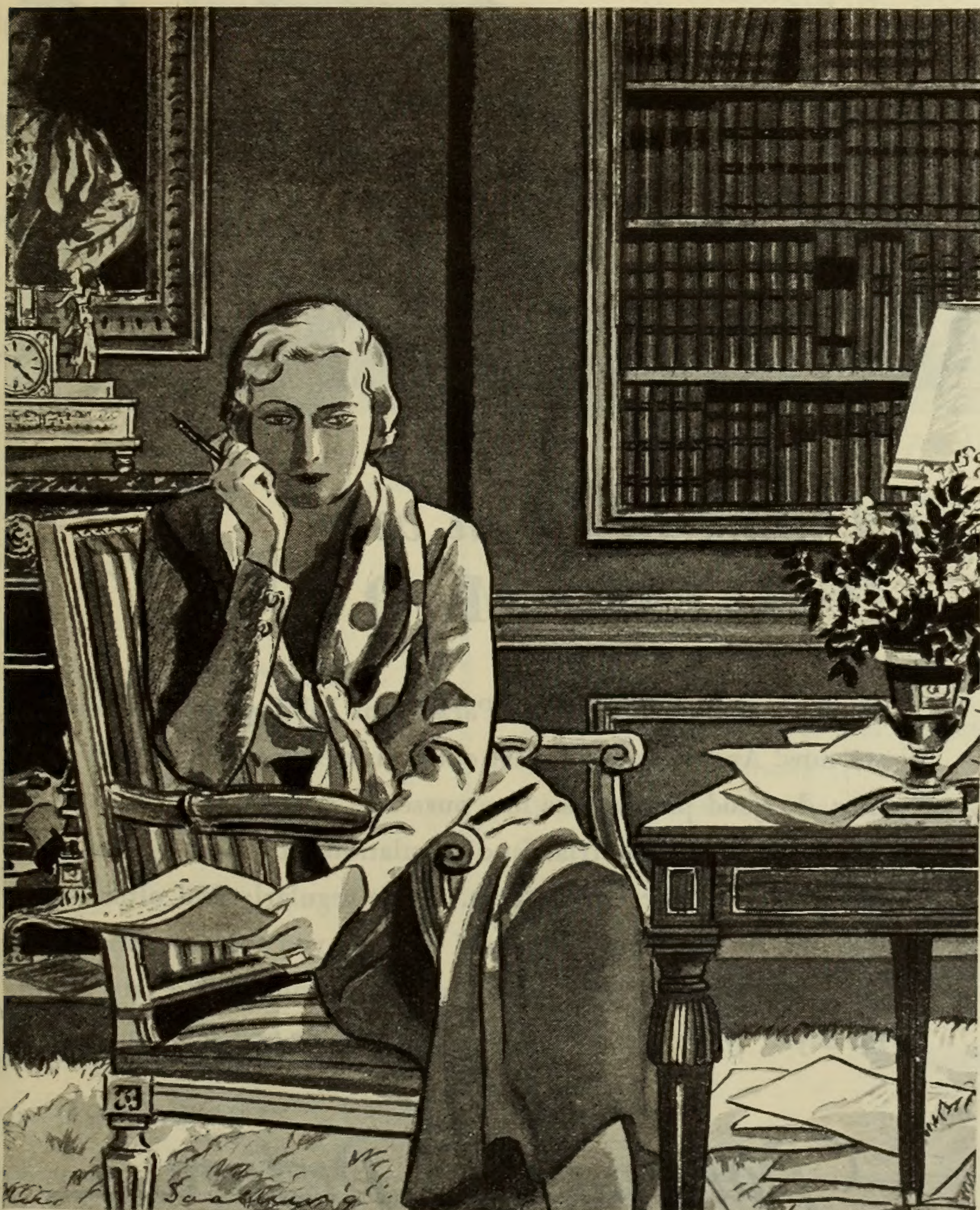
"pink tooth brush" HAS AN UNHAPPY ENDING!

"BUSY? Of course I've been busy! In the past twelve months I've traipsed across a couple of oceans . . . done Egypt again so I could finish that serial . . . taken a peek at Vienna . . . and sold nine short stories, besides giving a few lectures.

"And I look it. My clothes are a sight. My

hair looks *dead*. Why, even my *teeth* look wrong lately! And goodness knows, I've never neglected *them*.

"Or have I? Who was it? Must have been that nice young American dentist in Calcutta who told me I'd better get rid of 'pink tooth brush' or I'd regret it. That was a year and



a half ago. I suppose I'm paying up now for *that* piece of negligence. Well, here goes for Ipana and massage. *Today*. I may be 34—but I'm going to have sound gums and white teeth for a good many years longer. If I know myself" . . .

"Pink tooth brush" is a sly trouble that may slip up on you no matter who you are—where you are—or how old you are.

"It's the soft foods we civilized people eat!" your dentist will tell you. "They don't stimulate the gums. And without exercise your gums relapse into laziness. They stop working. Get flabby. And the next thing is that they're so tender that you find 'pink' on your tooth brush."

And he'll go on to tell you that if you don't get "pink tooth brush" under control, you may find yourself with gingivitis or pyorrhea or Vincent's Disease. It may even endanger sound teeth through infection at the roots.

There's no need to take chances with "pink tooth brush"—not with Ipana Tooth Paste in every drug store. Clean your teeth with Ipana. That will help. But for the best results, each time put a little fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and massage it directly into your gums.

Even in the first few days you'll see a new brightness taking the place of the grayish look your teeth have developed. And before that first tube of Ipana is gone, you'll find that your gums are *decidedly* firmer. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you'll be safe from "pink tooth brush."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-121
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

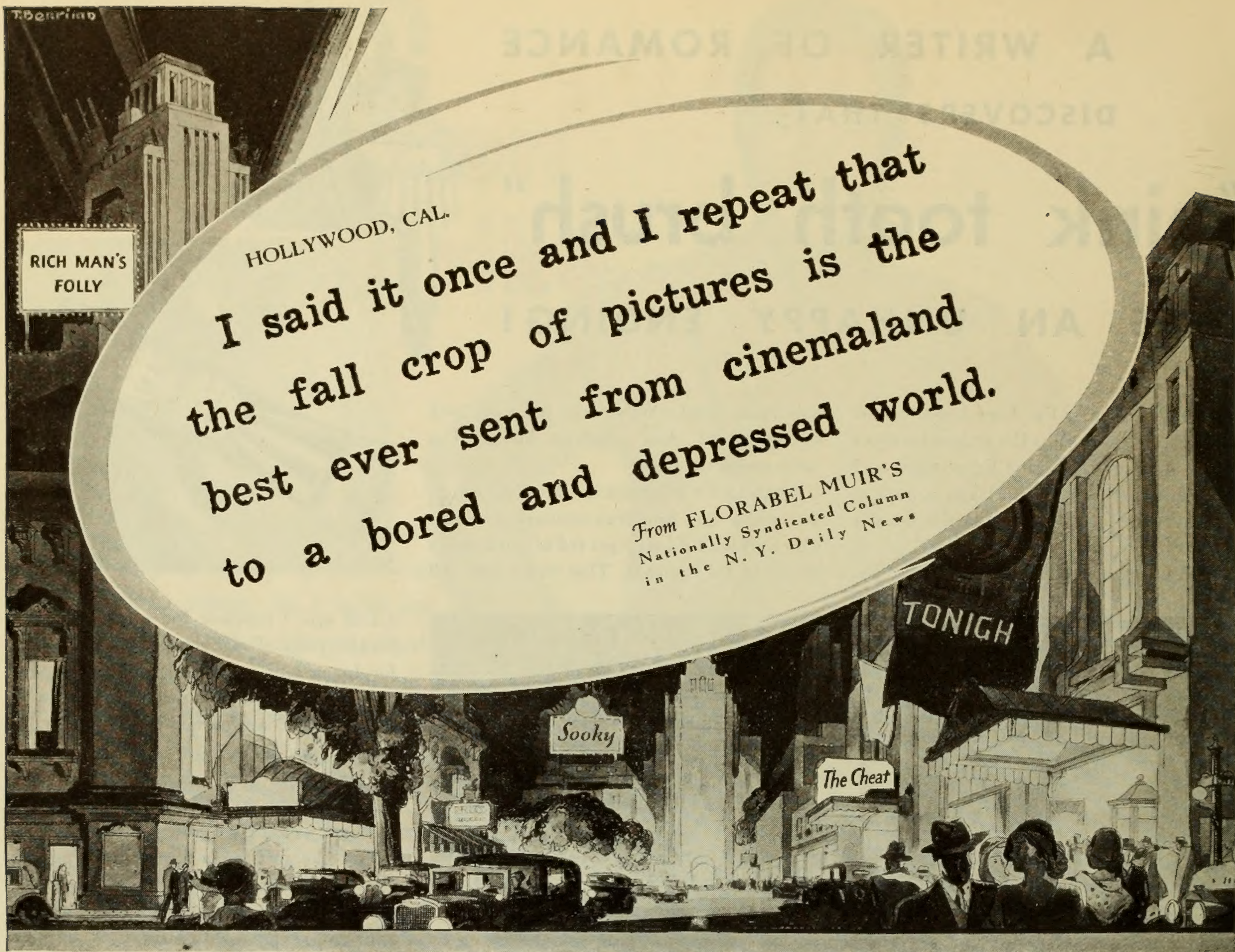
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Street.....

City.....State.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH



HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

I said it once and I repeat that
the fall crop of pictures is the
best ever sent from cinemaland
to a bored and depressed world.

From FLORABEL MUIR'S
Nationally Syndicated Column
in the N. Y. Daily News



"24 HOURS"

with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins
and Regis Toomey

Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Marion Gering

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"

With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles
Vivienne Osborne. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan

RUTH CHATTERTON

in "Once A Lady" with

Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr
Directed by Guthrie McClintic

"TOUCHDOWN!"

With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack Oakie,
Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett.
Directed by Norman McLeod

and most of them are

P A R A M O U N T !

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 1

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

December, 1931



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR- ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
1929		
"DISRAELI"		

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The Audience Speaks Up

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. Write up to 200 words, no more. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations, and no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

HAIL the new king! Leslie Howard is the boy who brings shouts of delight this month. Too bad he says he's tired of Hollywood and won't come back. Even so, Clark Gable's crown is still secure on that sleek black head. And it looks like a comeback for John Gilbert. The folks went for him in "The Phantom of Paris."

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor spelled romance in "Merely Mary Ann" and possess the biggest chunk of the fan heart. "And don't separate them," is the cry. Some "yeses" and some "nos" on "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene," but not a single brickbat for "Bad Girl." Everybody is crazy about James Dunn and Sally Eilers and said so with flags waving.

Cries for human stories and comedies. And they want the old swash-buckling, singing Ramon Novarro back. "Son of India" was a big disappointment. Besides the players mentioned, top-notchers for discussion were Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, George Arliss and Lionel Barrymore.

James R. Quirk's editorial in the October issue found plenty of agreeers who don't want favorite book titles changed for pictures. This was a big writing month.

Join the word parade. Dip your pens in vitriol or saccharine. But dip. Here's your chance to express your opinion.

THE \$25 LETTER

She was one of those sweet young married things who had always had just what she wanted. She had a little red brick house with a large attic that would have made a lovely nursery. There was a big back-yard that would have held a sand pile and a swing. But she did not want a baby. Her time and plans did not permit. And then she found out she was going to have one. She was furious. She determined she wouldn't tell her husband just then.

A show tonight—that would take her mind off her trouble. Here was one that sounded sexy and entertaining—"Bad Girl."

Not having read the book, she was totally unprepared for what she was going to see. She watched the film.

On the way home her husband reached over and took her hand in his. "Weren't that boy and girl sweet and didn't it get hold of your heart when the nurse brought the baby to her? I wish . . ."

Softly she said, "I'm glad you liked it, dear. We're going to have a baby."

MRS. D. STICH, Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE \$10 LETTER

Many times one reads letters, in the columns of leading newspapers, from a bashful boy who simply can't get up enough nerve to tell the sweetest girl in the world he loves her and wants her for his bride.

I think there is no better cure for such a malady than a clean, wholesome love picture by America's greatest screen lovers—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Take my advice and try it and see. And then if your nerve fails you I believe your case must be entirely hopeless.

JOSEPHINE MILLER, Covington, Ohio

THE \$5 LETTER

The folks in our neighborhood seemed to misunderstand me, because I was always out for a good time and did not act as poised or ladylike as I should have. Of course, they talked. Well, I became hardened until I went



Here's Trouble!

I'VE just read "The Book of Dilemmas," published by Simon and Schuster, and it gave me an idea for one to put up to PHOTOPLAY readers:

Lost in the desert were the following twelve stars:

Greta Garbo	Marlene Dietrich
Clark Gable	Gary Cooper
Lupe Velez	Constance Bennett
Clara Bow	Nancy Carroll
William Haines	Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford	Jean Harlow

You can save eight, and leave four behind to perish in the desert. Which ones would you save?

NORA MYERS,
Detroit, Mich.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has enough troubles of its own, but if readers lack excitement just let them ask this question the next time the bridge club meets. We will have no part in it.

THE EDITOR

to see "The Common Law" and "Laughing Sinners." These pictures made me realize how common I was acting without meaning to.

Now I am a different girl in actions and talk; I even feel different. My parents are proud of me again. I think pictures like those are wonderful as well as the actors and actresses in them.

A. M. BLACK, Wenatchee, Wash.

ONE FOR JACK

When anyone can stir a Baltimore audience to applause he must be great. This town, as a rule, has about the most unresponsive audiences that are to be found. But I want to congratulate Mr. John Gilbert for doing something to wake up the audience to such a pitch that they forgot "The Phantom of Paris" was just a picture and applauded with a vigor that has not been shown here, to my knowledge, since "The Big Parade." Mr. Gilbert, do it again.

JOSEPH S. BOHANNON, Baltimore, Md.

SO DO WE

I want Fatty Arbuckle back and I want Clara Bow back. I don't want to criticize their affairs. They gave me pleasure and I thank them.

HAZEL L. SMITH, Stratford, Calif.

THIS TEACHER KNOWS

Now, as never before, the modern teacher is called upon to know and understand the interests of her very modern children. Inasmuch as the proximity of Hollywood creates an exceptional interest in the screen for our youngsters, we Los Angeles teachers find it necessary to keep pace with them by "knowing our movies."

I invest in PHOTOPLAY each month and study "The Shadow Stage." I feel that it is important for children to know they may discuss current films with their teacher, because it opens one of the avenues through which the teacher may guide and protect the tastes of her charges and tactfully discourage their seeing some of the poorer productions.

GERTRUDE M. YORK, Los Angeles, Calif.

BUT PARROTS TALK BACK

I'm sick of all this bunk about Marlene Dietrich. Why, she can't even act. She imitates Garbo, but Garbo is like PHOTOPLAY—imitated but never duplicated. Von Sternberg's parrot—that's a good name for her.

CHRISTINE CLAY, Jackson, Miss.

CHEERS FOR LES

Why not do a little shouting and commenting upon a truly good actor—Leslie Howard?
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Get acquainted with
JOE E. BROWN
The Clown Prince of the Talkies
 in
"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"
 with DOROTHY LEE
 Based on a play by
 J. C. and Elliott Nugent
 Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

AGE FOR LOVE, THE—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (Oct.)

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** — Warners.—George Arliss, need we say more? Another superb characterization of an historic figure. (Aug.)

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.—You probably won't like this even if you're a Western fan. Ken Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la Landi*. (July)

★ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

ARIZONA—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title "Men Are Like That"). Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

★ **BAD COMPANY**—RKO-Pathe.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (Sept.)

★ **BARGAIN, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Fame.") Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathe.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-razy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

BRANDED—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

BRAT, THE—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble fight she and Virginia Cherrill have! (Sept.)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

★ **CISCO KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

COMPROMISED—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three".) Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (Nov.)

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving, all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (Aug.)

★ **DEVOTION**—RKO-Pathe.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

DREYFUS CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, *locale* of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

EXPRESS 13—UFA.—A thrilling German-dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

FIRST AID—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo

Here, at last, is the real inside story of why the Swedish star has become a hermit in the gayest city in the world.

In next month's
PHOTOPLAY

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (Nov.)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH
FOR
THESE
TWO
GREAT
PICTURES
FROM



OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (July)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (Oct.)

GREAT LOVER, THE—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE**—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-ra-zy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

HOLY TERROR, A—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (Aug.)

HOMICIDE SQUAD—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (Nov.)

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN**—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A edious Tyrolian story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

JUST A GIGOLO—M-G-M.—William Haines in a spicy, amusing offering. But leave the children at home. (July)

KICK IN—Paramount.—They tried hard to make Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

★ **LARCENY LANE**—Warners.—James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (Oct.)

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—Just another Western—but this one is South of the Rio Grande. Fair entertainment with Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (Aug.)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.—(Also shown under the title of "Arizona".) Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.—A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (Aug.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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*Jim's
back!
with a
brand
new
LINE!*



"BLONDE DE CRAZY"

with
James CAGNEY
and **JOAN BLONDELL**
NOEL FRANCIS

Here's Jimmy, in a red-hot laugh-riot!... He's just crazy about blondes... Tall ones!—short ones!—fat ones!—They go to his head... They go to his heart... The blonder they come the harder he falls... And what a team Jimmy and Joan make!... Sizzling!... A love team loaded with laughs! Don't miss seeing our red-headed rascal put over his new line in "Blonde Crazy."

RAY MILLAND

Story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

He is my favorite 100 per cent, and has more admirers for the few pictures he has made than anyone I know. Why all the hooey about Clark Gable? Let's give Howard a hand. He deserves it.

HELEN CHAPMAN, Waukesha, Wis.

THOSE THIEVES!

Picture stealers of the month: Irving Pichel, the prosecuting attorney in "An American Tragedy." Monroe Owsley as the inevitable drunk in "This Modern Age." Johnny Hines in "The Runaround." Joan Blondell in "Big Business Girl."

WILLIE MAE ADAMS, Chattanooga, Tenn.

NIGHT NURSE

Many questions are answered in Barbara Stanwyck's "Night Nurse." Would that all mothers of nurses could see it. They would not be so shocked when their daughters come home on vacations and they would know why they speak a different language, so strange sounding to their parents.

MRS. A. F. MEIS, Dubuque, Iowa

A TRAILER BOUQUET

I think the talkie trailer is a great advantage in helping movie fans to pronounce the stars' names.

Often I have not known how to pronounce such names as Menjou, Eilers and Colbert,



It's happened! Ronald Colman is playing an American at last—the name rôle in "Arrowsmith," by the famous Sinclair Lewis. Ronnie plays a country doctor who becomes a great bacteriologist and fights plagues. With him here is Helen Hayes, his leading woman



Keystone

Comical Eddie Cantor picks a pippin! Eddie, scouting for beauty for his next talkie, was handed his java by this peach, Adele Bailey, nineteen, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He promised her a screen test. If she passes, it'll be from flapjacks to closeups for her

but as soon as I saw the trailers my difficulties were over.

MRS. WALTER S. MOODY, Lake City, S. C.

TIP FOR MOTHERS

Mothers in our town have found the perfect solution for the birthday party problem. They entertain at an early supper, then take the entire party to the local movie house. The manager of the theater cooperates with mothers by flashing birthday greetings to the fete-day child upon the screen. These parties minimize a mother's worry and are less tiring and upsetting to the children.

PHYLLIS-MARIE ARTHUR, Lowville, N. Y.

AN ARGUMENT

I have just been reading the *New York Sun* and notice that the movie critic says that Leslie Howard steals Ann Harding's new picture "Devotion." He doesn't do anything of the kind. He is fine for his part—couldn't be better (and besides he is one of my favorite actors), but he's not a bit better for his part than Ann Harding is for hers. She's beautiful and natural and believable. Good to look at and to hear. What more can you ask?

I agree with the *Sun* critic that the story is weak—but I think Ann Harding is fine and makes the weak story into good entertainment. I want to see these two fine actors in a better story.

HENRIETTA FISK, Harrison, N. Y.

MAKE 'EM WICKED

The movie powers that be are coming to their senses and are beginning to realize that

the public is weary of the saccharine-sweet virtuous type of heroine and hero that was so popular in the dim, dead days beyond recall. In that era Mr. Movie Mogul would have sooner shot his own mother than try to force upon a fickle public players like Clark Gable and Tallulah Bankhead. Goldilocks and Sleeping Beauty's Prince are dead! Long live Cinderella's step-sisters and Bluebeard. It's the pinch of salt that brings out the flavor.

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

SERMONS IN CELLULOID

I think Marion Davies in "Five and Ten" teaches a heart-rending lesson. I feel it is far more impressive than sermons preached on the breaking up of the American home.

A. B. WHITING, North Hanover, Mass.

THE FIVE FOOT SHELF

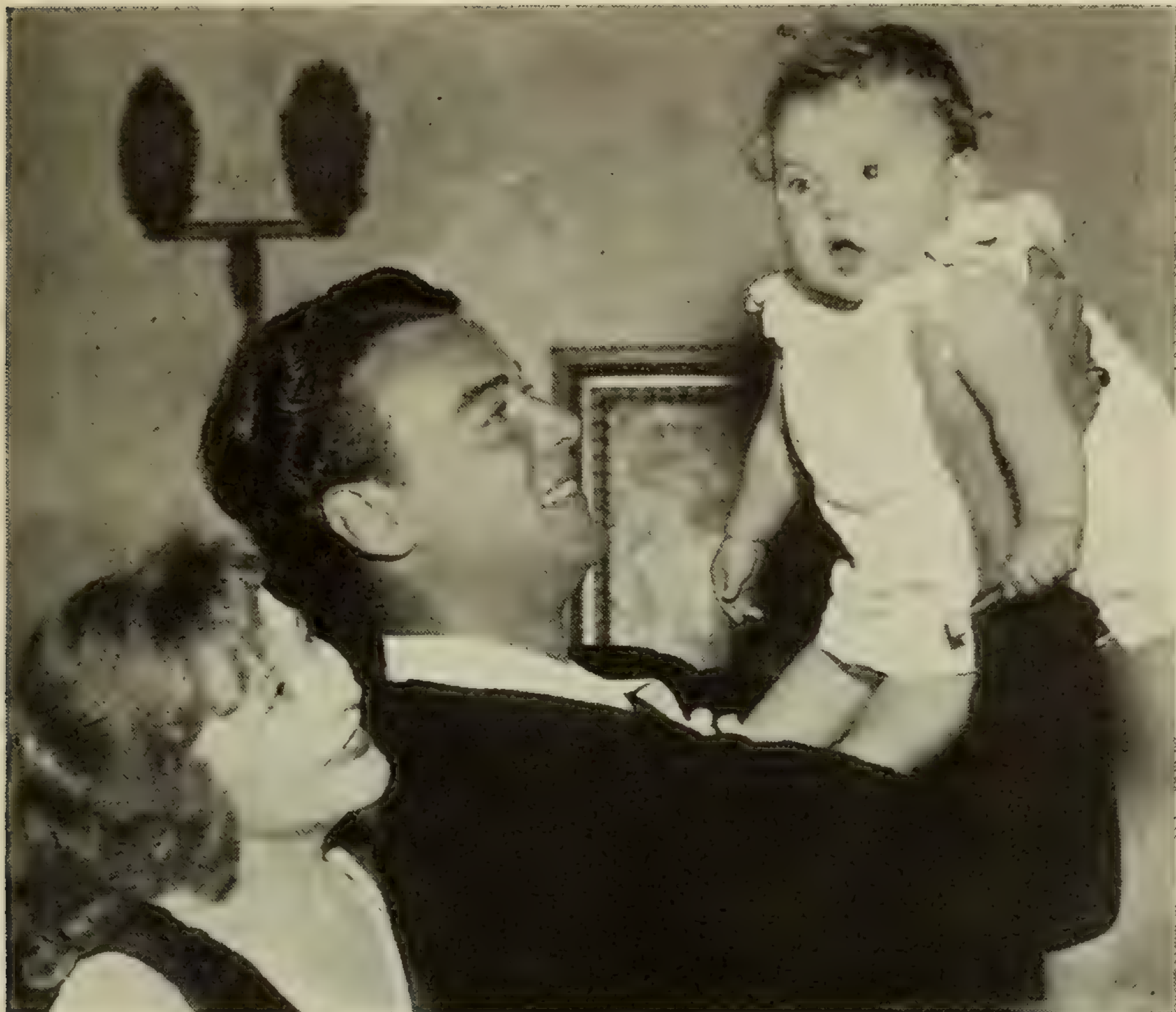
You may be interested to know that I have a PHOTOPLAY magazine for every month in the year including the first issue, and that I have kept a diary of every motion picture I have seen with players' names, dates and cities in which I have seen them.

MADELINE NAGLE, Milwaukee, Wis.

ZOWIE!

I sometimes wish that the movie stars might see their images, free of glamour. Only in this way could they ever be able to know just how ridiculous they are—pretending indifference, assuming a worldly wise pose, imitating wild youth—such utter nonsense. They are not

With Brickbats & Bouquets



Wide World

Up in the air goes Evelyn Asther in the arms of Papa Nils, while Mamma Vivian Duncan Asther looks on proudly. Though born in Germany of an American mamma, Evelyn is a Swedish citizen. And doesn't Nils look young and handsome? How about a good talkie part for him?

celestial beings to whom earthly people must humbly bow. Instead, they are merely men and women, like you and me, neither better nor worse.

EVA ANTONEN, Worcester, Mass.

STARTING SOMETHING?

Why don't they give Joan Crawford some good stories? Even though Garbo and Shearer are fair they do not have the acting ability and looks that Joan has. Garbo and Shearer get all the breaks and the best stories.

JESSIE CONNER, Fort Worth, Texas

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

Why don't the fans give Mary Pickford a break and crowd the box-office on her next picture? Have they forgotten "America's Sweetheart"? How could they? Didn't she work hard to please her public and fame never went to her head.

There's something about Mary that the others just haven't got.

ANN WHITNEY, Chicago, Ill.

SNICKERS WANTED

We have with us tonight those who love drama and the art that makes for its production; but above the tragedians we bless those who make us laugh our troubles away. May I cite ZaSu Pitts as the reigning comedienne of the cinema?

The scenes she dominated with her cleverness in "The Big Gamble" and "The Guardsman" will not soon be forgotten.

ROBERT DOWNING, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

JANET AND CHARLIE

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are just as romantic after both have married. "Merely Mary Ann" was great and we fans are glad to see them back together again.

MARIE MANDERS, Green Bay, Wis.

IDOL OR HEAVY

Lost, strayed or stolen—one splendid character actor and magnificent heavy. Found—Clark Gable, the great lover, the matinee idol. He'll last one year at most, until Clark has one of his pictures stolen by some other smart and sex-appealing villain. Clark might have been the darling of the public had he not chosen to strut and pose and grin for the matinee trade.

RUTH GRAVES, Philadelphia, Penna.

MORE ABOUT CLARK

Please don't make a "sheik" out of the one and only Clark Gable. Leave him as he was in "Sporting Blood" and "Laughing Sinners." To ask him to go into the desert, all wrapped up like a sore finger in some bed sheets and a towel around his head, would be just plain murder of a new idol. Gable is a man, not a sheik. Please don't spoil the illusion.

SALLY PARSELS, Orangeburg, N. Y.

THAT TRAGEDY

After the seemingly endless procession of song and dance pictures, the melodramatic and sickeningly sweet Gaynor-Farrell type of things, the "who killed Cock Robin?" stuff and the gangster boy who paid and paid, it is a decided relief to see such pictures as "An

American Tragedy" and "Street Scene." The production of such pictures is a definite step forward and a concession to the intelligence of the theater-going public.

MARJORIE LYLE, Kansas City, Mo.

"STREET SCENE"

May I express my appreciation of "Street Scene"? After all the cheap sexy trash, we are grateful that one producer gives us credit for normal adult intelligence. It absorbed our interest while there and it sent us home a little finer than when we went.

FLORENCE WAGNER, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

I have a university degree which includes a minor in sociology but I have never had a sociology course that was as graphic and stirring as the picture, "Street Scene."

HELEN E. DUNN, Holland, Ohio

I would like to ask somebody whoever had the nerve to release "Street Scene"? I have never seen a less entertaining, near nothing than that. I had to stay and see Flip, the Frog and Charlie Chase over again to take the bad taste away.

FAE WALKER, Norfolk, Va.

SING, RAMON, SING

What about Ramon Novarro? Why don't they wake up and give him a good picture? Quit thinking of Garbo all the time. "Day-break" and "Son of India" are about two of the rottenest pictures of the year. A man with

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



Frosted Yellow Willows at the age of eighteen months, and wearing her best go-to-temple hat. In other words, Anna May Wong in babyhood. Of course, you know she's never been to China. But she did all right in Los Angeles' Chinatown, as this attests

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

a silver voice—yet they refuse to let him sing. Ramon is just about the best on the screen when they give him a Novarro rôle.

JAMES ADAMS, Birmingham, Ala.

"BAD GIRL"

I want to express appreciation of what I consider the best illustrations of real, natural acting since the advent of sound pictures, and that is the splendid performance of James Dunn in "Bad Girl." Personally I disliked the book, and my attitude when I went into the theater was rather one of scorn, but I went in "to mock and remained to praise." Sally Eilers, too, merits praise for her characterization of the girl

CLEMENTINE JAPOUR, St. Petersburg, Fla.

There isn't a married person in the whole world who won't weep and laugh and know sorrow and have moments of divine happiness return while seeing "Bad Girl." There never was a more human picture made.

MRS. W. E. FAIR, Augusta, Ga.

SNOW SCENES

I do not see it commented on very much, but as an artist I am entranced with the beautiful scenic photography more than anything else. Especially is this true of most of Ramon Novarro's pictures and also most of the shots in "The Southerner." It is so satisfying to watch a lovely snowfall and as I have never really seen one, I doubly enjoyed the ones in "Inspiration" and "Seed."

WINIFRED POWELL, Atlanta, Ga.

MORE OPINIONS

I do not think that an actress needs glamour to be good.

MARY E. CRABTREE, Gardner, Mass.

Let us enjoy more of the real acting in which the artist impersonates a character other than his own. George Arliss, Chic Sale and others are a real joy.

MRS. EMMA BOX, San Diego, Calif.

In "A Free Soul" Norma Shearer was not the star. It was Lionel Barrymore's picture.

J. W. CARROLL, Chicago, Ill.

It seems strange that very few letters commend or criticize the work of a director. Second only to the cast is the man who directed the picture.

ROXIE LE ROY, Cleveland, Ohio

I am getting tired of these sexy pictures like "Night Nurse." After all, what did she do but marry a bootlegger?

ANNE LYLE STALL, Chicago, Ill.

Now at last the picture companies have begun to wake up and realize that the gangster pictures have made wrecks of the American juvenile.

JACK LESSER, New Haven, Conn.

OPINIONS FROM ABROAD

When we came here two years ago, we had no amusements. I was often so homesick I felt like throwing up the sponge. And then an enterprising Dutchman opened up a talking movie theater. My husband and I go every Saturday night and look forward to it like school kids. The pictures are a little late but we enjoy them and don't grudge the \$1.25 a

seat, either. We feel nearer to the good old U. S. A.

MRS. JEANIE CLARK, Aruba,
Dutch West Indies

JOHN BULL SPEAKING

Whatever doubts we may have had for the success of your American talkies have been forever dispelled. I have seen and heard Grace Moore in "Jenny Lind." When we see pictures like this we, who live in a remote corner of Wales, realize what a tremendous service is rendered by the talkies.

HILDA THOMAS, Barmworth, North Wales

LA BELLE FRANCE

You, in America, have so many good actors and actresses, who understand to play the true

Look for The Winners!

Maybe you or a friend will be found to have taken one of the 70 prizes in PHOTOPLAY's \$5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. Announcement will be made in the next, the

JANUARY issue of PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands
on or about December 10.

life and not only the show. But in France we don't see many of your pictures, because French people, as in all nations, like better their own players who are not very numerous and not always human. But I love your talkies and keep myself aware of what happens in Hollywood.

BLANCHE FLAJOLLET, Lyons, France

FROM LONDON

We like American talkies. Clara Bow was and is still popular. We like most of all your films because they show young, lively, quick, energetic and sometimes a sentimental and a childish spirit. We liked "Hell's Angels," "The Big House" and "Trader Horn." We could not make them.

LUZANNE BEUZI, London, England

AUSTRALIA HEARD FROM

I am the wife of a business man who can spend but very little time in my company and most of my friends live in other states. If it weren't for the talkies and the splendid actors and actresses I would be a lonely woman.

MRS. E. S. ADAMS, Victoria, Australia

WE BLUSH

I shall continue to subscribe for PHOTOPLAY in spite of the ten cent movie magazines. It is worth the difference. Your articles are more daring. Not afraid to say the truth even though it seems to dim the stars sometimes.

LYDIA HOLLINGSWORTH, Manderbille, La.

Please do not in this depression lower the price of PHOTOPLAY. I have seen other magazines on sale for ten cents and that's all they're worth. I gladly pay twenty-five cents for yours and find it is worth it. James Quirk's editorials are so fine and sincere. Cal York's tid-bits the best movie news I have ever read.

DOROTHY M. GOLDENBERG, Philadelphia, Pa.

I like your new colored photographs. They are a great improvement over the conventional black and white and must save the Answer Man a lot of work by showing plainly the color of the eyes and the hair, which are factors very dear to the hearts of us fans.

ELVA A. SMITH, Portland, Ore.

HAPPY ENDINGS

Honestly, do people ever get bored with happy endings? I don't. So please do put a stop to so many sad ones. One can "emote" with the actors and share all kinds of trouble, but please send us home with a smile.

MRS. L. LA FONTISEE, Gainesville, Fla.

NO CUSTARD PIES?

Because of the triteness of the short comedy, I prefer the double feature program. The very great majority of two-reelers are hackneyed plots that have been used over and over again. Can't we have better stories for these shorts? The double feature program makes a show too long but a long show is infinitely preferable to a comedy which is not amusing and which leaves a bad taste in your mouth.

A. J. PARR, Chicago, Ill.

"MONKEY BUSINESS"


Three cheers for the Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business." When it came here they gave a morning matinee for children at reduced prices. As I am twelve years old my girl friend and I took advantage of that and when we finally got in after nearly thirty minutes of standing in line, we sat through two hours of grand entertainment. When it was over the noise of cheering would break anybody's eardrums.

LUCILLE BULL, Tampa, Fla.

SUBTLE

What a relief to see a villain who does not resort to such obviousness as talking out of the side of his mouth or wrinkling up his face in order to express a menacing character. Clark Gable assumes his character with such subtlety as to be completely convincing.

EDNA LUDWIG, Buckhurst, L. I.



IS THERE A
SUBSTITUTE
FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes
P R E S E N T S

"The AGE FOR
LOVE"

- As interesting as "Hell's Angels" — as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"

- It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem — should the young wife work? It will grip you — interest you — entertain you — let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.

- "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S
SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A
FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT



She wanted

FREEDOM!

Could she know
that a career
meant bondage?



**"LEFTOVER
LADIES"**

Bored by the hum-drum existence of married life—fired by ambition to make her own way—she stepped from a heaven of love and protection into an inferno of blasted hopes. "Leftover Ladies"—powerful drama of modern woman's struggle for a place in the sun—is based on an article by Ursula Parrott, famous author of "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss."

featuring

CLAUDIA DELL—WALTER BYRON

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Directed by . . . **ERLE C. KENTON**
Produced by . . . **SAM BISCHOFF**

"Keep Your Eyes On Tiffany Pictures" for the finest entertainment on the screen. You won't want to miss those smashing, dashing westerns featuring Ken Maynard and Bob Steele—"Murder At Midnight," hair-raising mystery thriller—"Morals For Women" with Bessie Love and Conway Tearle—and Leo Carrillo in the James Cruze super-special "Race Track."

TIFFANY

PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount.—Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.—Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil*. (Oct.)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.—Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (Oct.)

MURDER BY THE CLOCK—Paramount.—With such a cast, headed by Lilyan Tashman, this should have been swell. But alas! and alack! this gruesome, murder story is nothing but gruesome. (Sept.)

MY SIN—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (Nov.)

MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE—Classic.—Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (Sept.)

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (Nov.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE**—M-G-M.—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

PAGAN LADY—Columbia.—The *Sadie Thompson* theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

★ **PALMY DAYS**—United Artists.—A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

PARDON US—Hal Roach—M-G-M.—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (Oct.)

PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newlyweds, but the story is weak. (June)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (Nov.)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (Nov.)

PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Cheri Bibi.") Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

★ **POLITICS**—M-G-M.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (Sept.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A—Headline Prod.—Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (Oct.)

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE—Radio Pictures.—After "Cimarron" you expect too much of Richard Dix. That's why this story of a man who brings a gang of crooks to justice is disappointing. (Sept.)

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.—Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (Nov.)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warners.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

RULING VOICE, THE—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Upper Underworld.") Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (Sept.)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE**—Paramount.—Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners-First Division.—British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up game a of bridge for it. (Aug.)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Delicious Spaghetti Recipe

Irene Purcell Gives This Tempting Dish for Sunday Suppers

SUNDAY suppers require one hot dish that is more or less elastic. Irene Purcell finds that her special spaghetti recipe provides ample and delicious fare for as many guests as happen to drop in.

In her small but efficiently equipped kitchenette, Irene demonstrated just how she goes about it. The recipe is one taught her by an Italian chef, and it has all the subtlety of flavoring that has made Italy the spaghetti capital of the world. Here it is.

Spaghetti Purcell

Boil your spaghetti according to taste; some like it underdone, others well cooked. Then to a can of tomatoes add chopped onions, celery and a green pepper; cook these well.

Cut slices of bacon into small pieces and fry, then add curry powder. Add the tomato mixture to the bacon. This done, place the cooked spaghetti in a deep casserole and pour the bacon-tomato mixture over it. Garnish with cheese and serve very hot. The number of guests, of course, will determine how much to add to these ingredients to make more than the recipe calls for.

IRENE is very proud of the fact that it was Caruso, the famous tenor, who taught her how to eat spaghetti in true Italian style. She was guest at a dinner in Chicago a number of years ago which he also attended. She said he managed the unwieldy strings with skill by holding a large spoon in the left hand to keep the spaghetti in place, while the fork in the right hand wound it into a mound around the prongs. Try it at home first!

Spaghetti isn't the only dish that Irene can prepare skilfully. She believes that modern living with its hustle and bustle is inclined to make everyone a trifle anaemic and for that reason she thinks liver ought to be included in the weekly menu.

The liver is fried in butter. Then the juice of a lemon is squeezed into a cup. To this is added a teaspoon of sugar. When the liver is removed from the frying pan, this mixture is heated in it, then poured over the liver.

"It is so tasty that there isn't a word in the English dictionary that quite does it justice," she says.

Irene is very particular

about the preparation of salad dressing, too. She has her own special concoction. It has a variety of ingredients that give it a definite zip.

It consists of the following mixture:

A little lemon juice, salad oil, vinegar, anchovy paste, mustard, curry powder and garlic, well stirred and mixed together. Sounds hot—it is!

Adds a new flavor to salads.

HERE is a recipe for cheese straws. These thin straws are perfect to serve with your spaghetti dish Sunday evenings.

Cheese Straws

1 cup flour
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt
Yolk of one egg
Dash of cayenne pepper

Mix together flour, cheese, salt, cayenne and the egg yolk, then add enough water to make paste of sufficient consistency to roll to 1/4 inch thickness. Place it on a board and roll. Cut in narrow strips and then roll each piece to the size and length of a lead pencil. Place in baking tin and press each end on the pan. Bake to a light brown in moderate oven. Serve hot.

JOAN CRAWFORD FAIRBANKS enjoys being hostess in her beautiful home but she rarely gives large dinner parties.

Even though these dinners are of an intimate character, Joan's dinner table always looks like a banquet board. She has exquisite appointments. And she gives every small detail her personal approval—from planning the dinner herself with the cook in the morning to the crystal, silver and white lace for the table.

Douglas hates carving so all the serving is done from the kitchen. Perhaps that is one reason why a special *filet mignon* dish is so popular in the Fairbanks household. The dish is prepared thus:

Small filet steaks for each guest are ringed with bacon and skewered. These are broiled and then placed upon a slice of pineapple which has been browned golden. Around this are arranged little pig sausages, kidney and new potatoes. The whole is garnished with parsley.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



A famous Italian chef taught Irene how to cook spaghetti—Caruso showed her how to eat it! That hefty hold is the first step to take in its scientific preparation

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.



For colds
and irritated
throats

Gargle with the *SAFE* antiseptic

Make sure that the mouth wash you use kills germs. But make doubly sure that it does not irritate tender tissues with which it comes in contact. Mouth washes so harsh as to require dilution may irritate tissue and thereby make it easier for germs to gain entrance to the body. Such irritation also slows up nature's processes of recovery.

Safety wins acclaim

There can be no question of Listerine's safety and its germicidal power. Both have won the commendation of the medical profession. Its entire reputation as an aid in preventing and remedying colds and associated sore throats is based upon these two properties.

If you compare the

TASTES
PLEASANT



product itself and its results with ordinary mouth washes and their results, its superiority is at once apparent.

Aid in preventing colds

To keep the mouth healthy, gargle with Listerine twice a day at least. Used thus it is a precaution against colds, other mouth infections and bad breath. When you feel a cold coming on increase the frequency of the gargle to from three to five times a day. That often nips the cold at the outset or checks its severity. Millions realize this.

Half as many colds for garglers

Controlled laboratory tests contribute further proof of Listerine's ability to prevent infection.

Of 102 persons under medical supervision for a period of sixty days, one-third, called "controls" did not gargle

Listerine; one-third gargled twice a day; one-third gargled five times a day. Note these amazing results:

Colds less severe

The group that gargled twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. The group that gargled five times a day contracted one-third as many. And in both groups the colds contracted were less severe and of shorter duration than in the group that did not gargle.

These scientifically controlled tests, performed on average people under average conditions, definitely indicate the high value of Listerine in arresting infection.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Gargle with it twice a day at least. It keeps not only your mouth but your breath clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

..Reduces

Risk of Colds 50%, Tests Show



THERE'S no stopping the popular progress of Ash-Blonde Ann, pride of the House of Harding and joy of millions! Why, in her new "Devotion" she covered that spun-gold hair with a wig—and our hearts still thumped in high at her beauty and brilliance. That's acting! That's "Devotion"



Hal Phylfe

ANOTHER of Scandinavia's prettiest presents to the American public—one of the blondes that gentlemen cry for! A luscious eyeful in silent days, Greta Nissen, staging a great comeback, is now an earful, too, in the talkies. Watch for *La Belle Nissen* in "Ambassador Bill"



Max Munn Autrey

THE whole short life of beautiful Anita Louise seems to have been one long posture before the buzzing cameras! She came to the studios in 1921, a golden-curled tot of five—now, at fifteen, she is a grown-up leading lady and a Wampas Star of '31! Her latest talkie is "Heaven on Earth"



Otto Dyar

A LITTLE Georgia cracker who exploded with a loud roar into immediate talkie fame—sizzling, sparkling Miriam Hopkins, with tousled yellow curls and perfect pout! She was a smash with Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant"—now, as the cabaret lass in "24 Hours," she's tremendous!

"It ISN'T the same Diamond he gave to Janet!"



JACK and Janet had been engaged. Then Betty came back to town. Jack and Janet split up. And Betty wore Jack's ring. You know what the gossips said. That it was the same diamond. *But it wasn't!* And Jack had been thoughtful enough to give Betty the proof . . . a Virgin Diamond, backed by a Certificate of Title which guaranteed that *never before* had it been individually owned or worn.



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- Platinum (10% Iridium) Ensemble, \$265.
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Jean Harlow's heart goes pitter-patter at the golden clear voice of this dashing cavalier. "Cough Drop Life Savers," says this brilliant United Artists' star, "keep voices clear . . . golden . . . and throats soothed. I am told it is due to the delicious blend of menthol, horehound and eucalyptus."



Dorothy Mackaill, First National star, in a gayly modern interior, has forgotten all the old fashioned cough drops. The modern up-to-the-minute Cough Drop Life Savers—the delicious candy in the handy roll package . . . will check a cough in a single minute! "And," she says, "Life Savers are so cooling to the throat . . . so refreshing to the mouth!"



Out Hollywood way they shoot the cough—not the couger—and here's First National's captivating star, Loretta Young, Mistress of Ceremonies just after a sunrise shooting. Cough Drop Life Savers certainly soothe that cough away. She says, "They're voice-savers as well as Life Savers . . . they soothe and clear the throat!"



Dorothy Jordan, lovely M. G. M. star, gently soothed by the quick-acting Cough Drop Life Savers—the amazing cough drop that relieves a cough in one minute by the clock. "Hard to believe, at first," she says, "but Cough Drop Life Savers really check a bad coughing spell in a minute flat. Try 'em and see!"

DECEMBER, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

James R. Quirk

THIS is the sort of thing that keeps the army of half-starving extras in Hollywood. It gives them "the hope that springs eternal."

Paramount executives were testing a new type of movie film. An extra named Kent Taylor was on the lot, waiting to go to work. He was asked to pose while several hundred feet of the new film were run off as different lighting effects were concentrated upon him.

Then executives looked at the rushes to see how well the new film worked, photographically.

But when they saw Taylor, they forgot all about the film and got excited over the lad. And the result was that he's been signed to a contract, and given his first important rôle in "Husband's Holiday."

IN a sociological research, which is being conducted for the government, a group of college professors is studying the reactions of the audience of many millions to motion pictures. Included in its activities is the reading of thousands of letters that come to my desk from readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The reading of those letters, which come from every corner of the globe, is not a task. To me, they furnish more fascinating reading than any current literature. And they are vastly more human and significant than ninety per cent of the professional writings of today.

They come from all walks of life; from congressmen and doctors, school teachers and club women, stenographers and housewives, motion picture exhibitors and actors.

They, with the voting on the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year, are a scientific barometer of the constantly changing likes and dislikes of millions of "fans," folks whose motion picture habit constitutes the greatest asset of this billion-dollar business.



THE letters that interest me most are those that tell how pictures affect their intimate lives, change their mental and emotional processes, create new desires and ambitions.

Every month PHOTOPLAY reprints a score or more of them and they are worth reading.

Here are a few that have come to my desk in the past few days:

"As a beauty culturist and hair dresser, I have noticed that our movie stars are to a very great extent the dictators of current hair styles. So whenever I go to a movie or receive my copy of PHOTOPLAY, I particularly notice the hairdress of the actresses, because I know that countless feminine eyes are watching to see how their favorite star is now wearing her hair."

"I carry a mental image in my mind of an ideal girl, coined from motion pictures and from your articles about stars, and I try to live up to that ideal, and still be myself. Once a shy, *gauche* girl, I am now well-groomed and have plenty of subjects to talk about. I read in PHOTOPLAY that Lilyan Tashman has the same creed as I have—'If others can be confident and poised, so can I.'"

"I have been out of work for a period of time and have very little money, but I was anxious to see a show, so I took my last half-dollar and went to see 'Merely Mary Ann.' Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are wonderful together. Their love in pictures seems so real that I believe it is."

"When I began to plan the building of my home I could not convey to architects what I wanted. I attended a movie one night and there, staring at me, begging me, was my home. I knew it immediately. I have succeeded in drawing up my plans, and a home that is more charming, more cosy, more perfect, nobody could desire."

AND here is a very remarkable one which came in from stationery of the Ziegfeld Theater, the headquarters of the glorification of the American girl:

"You would, of course, know that every girl in our show would like to have the charm and grace that Miss Greta Garbo has. It is my opinion that we have girls with much more beauty. But there is nothing as beautiful to me as the thing some of us lack—*personality*. It is the wish of us all to see Miss Greta Garbo enact 'Devil's Due,' by Phyllis Bottome. We would be so grateful if you would let Miss Garbo know that we are rooting for her and are waiting impatiently for her next picture.

FOLLIES SHOW GIRLS, Ziegfeld Theater, New York City."

IT was a super-super-super-special-feature in the shooting. A supervisor walked onto the set, and glared. He beheld some small potted palms.

"Stop!" he screamed. "This is a BIG production. We've got to have BIG palms."

Shooting was held up for two hours at a cost of \$2,000.00 while property men replaced the little palms with BIG ones. Ho, hum.

THE milliners of the world take off their hats to Greta Garbo—their Empress Eugenie hats. They are grateful to her for making the Eugenie hat so popular that it sold to over a million women in America. Hat manufacturers that had been on the verge of bankruptcy were deluged with orders and thousands of unemployed were called back to work to supply the demand.

Was Paris responsible for this rage? It was not. Greta, sitting silent and apart in California, was responsible for it all. Listen to the words of Ferle Heller, one of the most famous and outstanding milliners of New York:

"I WAS in Paris when Suzanne Talbot introduced what you call the Empress Eugenie hat. As a matter of fact, the Empress Eugenie is a trick name thought up by some smart advertiser. What it really is, is the return to the feminine in styles, a reaction to the mannish clothes worn during and since the war. Suzanne Talbot felt that the romance of hats should return. So she included that type in her collection.

"Thrilled by them, I brought back a number of models. But my customers, who are among the smartest and wealthiest women in New York, would not buy. They were afraid. They did not see them on the streets. They thought they'd make themselves ridiculous, even when I explained that it was the new movement and that they were truly straight from Paris. This was more than two years ago.

"AND, then, what happened? Greta Garbo made a film called 'Romance.' It was a period picture. In order to portray her character she wore the clothes of the time—romantic clothes, topped by a hat pulled over one eye and a feather at the back. At the time that picture was released Garbo's clothes were 'dated.' They looked strange, even ridiculous. But today Garbo could walk down Broadway in the

hat she wore in the period picture 'Romance' and fit perfectly into the modern scene.

"Women saw Garbo. They saw how lovely she looked. Women have copied Garbo before—as witness the long bob. Garbo is one of those rare women with style courage, who can make a fad popular. She definitely popularized the new hat.

"*Paris could make thousands of hats of this type—but women would not have worn them had they not seen Greta Garbo in them.*"

IT is truly one of the most astonishing and sensational results of Hollywood. That a tall, slim girl who entertains the world by appearing in movies should be able to change the course of an important business, to alleviate, even in a small way, a nationwide depression; to have a finger in big financial matters simply by wearing a hat, is a thrilling commentary on the influence of the motion picture.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG has had many invitations to become an inmate of Hollywood studios but he won't be lured from his New York atelier. Having escaped the terrors of "No Man's Land" he says he has no intention of chancing the horrors of what he calls "Yes Man's Land."

"JOHN OTT, Co-Worker of Edison, Dies When Told of Death of Great Inventor."

That newspaper headline appeared the day after Thomas A. Edison, among whose other great inventions was the kinetoscope, grandfather of the motion picture projection machine of today, passed on.

The name sounded familiar. I turned to Terry Ramsaye's history of the motion picture, "A Million and One Nights." And there it was, in that work which was based on a series of Mr. Ramsaye's historical articles which ran in serial form in PHOTOPLAY for three years.

JOHN OTT started to work for Edison fifty years ago as a mechanic in his experimental laboratory. He brought along his brother, Fred.

Fred was the life of the laboratory and was the first actor to perform before a motion picture camera. A picture of him taken in the act of sneezing was the first motion picture comedy and the first "close-up." Another picture of him, taken sitting at a desk while a mischievous office boy slipped up behind and shook a pepper box, causing him to sneeze again, was the embryo of scenario construction, the first screen gag.

That was in 1893.

JIMMY DURANTE'S favorite joke:

A gangster approached another gangster: "Suppose we kidnap the daughter of a millionaire and hold her for ransom."

"No! No! I'll kidnap no girls for Ransom. Let him get his own girls."

Our Guest Page

Every month PHOTOPLAY will have a guest writer. We didn't pay Eddie for this and if you read it you'll know just why—The Editor

By Eddie Cantor

I HAVE been asked by more than a dozen important minds in this country, including the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, to say something about the Depression. Oh, you must have heard of it! The mere mention of the word makes a lot of business men see "red." Let's get away from this depression business for a minute.

In "Palmy Days," you will find for the first time that beautiful girls have been properly photographed. Dozens of 'em, not just one or two. The critics all over the country have raved about these gals. They were selected with the same care that leading ladies are picked. Just because "Palmy Days" happens to be a musical comedy picture is no reason why the producer should send out a call for a bushel of pretty girls. No sir! They were hand-picked and they look it.

Personally, and with all due modesty, I have never been funnier in my life than in this picture. There are two dances in it, and I venture to say that the staging of them will never be duplicated. True, the story has no great weight, but if you find yourself laughing and applauding for an hour and a half, brothers and sisters, you have been entertained. "Palmy Days" is a swell picture. I am in it.

NOW back to the Depression. If you heard my Sunday night broadcast on the Chase & Sanborn hour, you probably have wondered why I've been doing it. When Jimmy Wallington said to me last Sunday, "Eddie, you ought not to talk about the depression so much—maybe there's no depression," and I answered, "Well, if there ain't no depression, Jimmy, this is the smallest boom we have had in years," I just knew people all over the country enjoyed it.

After each broadcast, for a full week, they wrap me in cellophane to retain my fresh-

ness. For instance, in the book "Yoo Hoo Prosperity," which is sold at most book stores and railroad stations at \$1.00 per copy, I've explained the why's and wherefore's of the depression and the Five Year Plan for bringing back prosperity. If you haven't read the book I think you're a sucker. If you have read it, I know you are.

At any rate, in the Five Year Plan, I speak of doing away with unemployment. How? Listen. You've never heard of my doubling up system. In baseball, why should there be only nine men on each side? Why not eighteen men per team? Instead of

three umpires, let's have six. Instead of having two fighters in a ring, why not have four on each side? Then maybe there would be a fight. Instead of one referee, let's have three.

Take the races, for instance. Why should there be only one little jockey on a horse? For the smallest horse could take care of at least two jockies. This is just a rough idea. I can go on with this indefinitely. But is PHOTOPLAY paying me? Don't be silly.

Now regarding this topic of Depression. Before I left for New York, I signed a nice contract with Samuel Goldwyn to make one picture a year for the next five years. Why one? Well, we figured it would be better to make one good one than three not so good. Good?

I OPENED at the Palace Theater in New York City on October 31 for a run. If you happen to be in New York, drop in and see me. Also, speaking of Depression, I've a piece of property at Great Neck, Long Island, that I would like to sell at a bargain. Write me about it.

So you see, the way to write about any subject is to tear it apart and make it clear to your readers. If you think what I've written is sound, one of us is crazy.

I wonder how much I'll get paid for this.



Eddie Cantor is known in private life as the logical successor to Rudolph Valentino. That's because of his Latin impetuosity. Here he is in one of his most passionate moments in "Palmy Days." A true lover's gesture. The clinging vine is Charlotte Greenwood

Latest Beauty Fads of Hollywood Stars



Found! A new use for those superfluous finger bowls. Credit Anita Page with the discovery. Because evening gowns as well as many fall afternoon frocks are short-sleeved, Anita keeps her elbows lovely by giving them a weekly ten-minute witch hazel bath

*Age signs go—look ten years younger overnight!
Amazing beauty secret lost for years now found!
Woman of 60 drove young men wild—her secret of beauty discovered!
Complete rejuvenation of your skin instantly!*

*New and priceless
aids for PHOTOPLAY
girls from the beauty
center of the world*

By Lois Shirley

YOU'VE seen them around—those wild-eyed newspaper ads that guarantee a miraculous transformation before you can say Sessue Hayakawa. But don't let them kid you. You'll never see them in PHOTOPLAY.

There isn't any magic beauty recipe. ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF BEAUTY. Hollywood stars—those women whose lovely skin, hair, eyes and hands are their stock in trade—know this. Each new crop of stars brings new beauty culture to Hollywood. And PHOTOPLAY knows that you want to be kept informed about every latest trick. For the stars can give more time to the discovery of tricks than you can. And they're generous enough to let PHOTOPLAY in on their secrets.

This is a beauty article, but I promise to keep specific. No vague, intangible, impractical advice will you find here. I raise my right hand and solemnly swear that you'll have direct information about what your favorites do to get that way. And, surprisingly enough, it is all as simple as the Cinderella plot.

Did you know you can improve the appearance of your hands with a handkerchief or a ribbon and a few minutes' time?

That pipe cleaners do more than clean pipes? They'll improve your general make-up.

That a thimble has another use than as a sewing implement? It keeps your fingers beautiful.

Oh, I'm simply bursting with perfectly grand new tricks. It's not just one thing, mind you, but a combination of them all that makes you lovely.

Draw up a chair. Here's stuff hot from Hollywood.

Hands and Arms

ADRIENNE AMES is a newcomer to Hollywood. The wife of a New York stock broker, she moved from a Park Avenue pent-house to a Paramount dressing-room. She has the loveliest hands I've ever seen. They are always white, with no ugly red blotches or veins which stand out. Here's

her method. Daily, of course, she uses a good lotion and a whitener. But when, after a day's athletics, she notices redness, this is her method.

She ties a handkerchief or scarf above the forearms—not tight enough to stop circulation but merely to retard it—places her elbows on a table and holds the position for ten minutes. The blood drains from the forearms, leaving the hands white. Adrienne always does this before she goes out in the evening. Easy, simple, neat—yes? But the constant use of lotions and whiteners must be kept up as a daily practice.

Here's a trick from Peggy Shannon, and if you've ever noticed her dimpled elbows you'll say it's a good stunt. She puts her elbows in cups of cold water twice daily, holding forearms upward, for ten minutes. And Anita Page does the same thing with witch hazel. But she does it weekly. Remember—the cold water daily, witch hazel weekly.



This girl uses pipe cleaners. But not for pipes. Claudette Colbert knows they add to her attractiveness. Soft and pliable, they take powder off the eyebrows, accent the eyes and remove make-up from the natural indentation in the upper lip. This last casts a shadow and makes the mouth more beautiful



Beauty Stunts All Girls Can Copy



To keep hands white, tie a scarf or ribbon around the forearm fairly tightly and allow the blood to drain from the hands. That's Adrienne Ames' secret. She also, of course, uses lotions

It seems to me that you could kill a couple of birds with one stone by combining the handkerchief trick and the water and witch hazel business. And you can read *PHOTOPLAY* while you're doing it!

When Karen Morley walked into a shop and bought ten thimbles the salesgirl thought she had lost her contract and was setting up a dressmaking establishment. She wasn't. She was chasing that elusive nymph, beauty. She wears thimbles on her fingers as often during the day as she can, to make her fingers taper. Frances Dee uses hot oil on her nails frequently.

You may not have noticed them when you saw her as the old derelict in "Min and Bill" and "Anna Christie," but in Hollywood, where Marie Dressler is the most popular woman in town and had to go to New York to get a rest (yes, honestly, she's invited out so much and she's so loath to say "no" to invitations that she's given no peace), her neck and shoulders are famous for their beauty. She looks stunning in evening gowns.

This is the trick. She sleeps without a pillow and turns her head from side to side hundreds of times during the day.

Loretta Young admits that she learned the trick of beautify-



Dorothy Jordan has not returned to childhood days. She wears a baby cap at night to keep her hair wave in place and make her ears lie flat to her head. Easy and it does the trick

ing her hands from Perc Westmore, make-up artist extraordinary of Hollywood. He taught her to make them up in the evening—giving them composition rather than blank whiteness—by the use of a few deft touches of rouge upon the finger, wrist and elbow knuckles. Not enough to look rouged, but merely as shadows and accents—to give life and warmth to the hands.

Preparing For Sleep At Night

YOU don't need me to tell you that you shouldn't go to bed at night with your make-up on, but just a dash of cold cream hastily rubbed off with a towel won't do the job. I'm going to tell you exactly how Joan Crawford prepares for bed and manages—miracle of miracles!—to look attractive when the job is all done. Some of the most beautiful girls look like orphaned slaveys when they're ready for bed. But not Joan.

She takes off the make-up with some good cream or remover, using a soft tissue. But she doesn't stop there. She uses an astringent after that—to get all the cream out of the pores—and follows with a good washing with soap and warm water, and cold water plentifully dashed on to remove the soap entirely. This leaves her face pink and glowing and not greasy from the cream (face builders she uses during the day).

When she's working on a picture her hair is finger-waved every night, but even if it isn't, she wears a marcel cap to preserve her wave. This is drawn tightly over her head. (Incidentally, Dorothy Jordan wears a regular baby cap not only for her hair but to keep her ears tight to her head.) A marcel cap is not a ravishingly beautiful head-gear, so Joan wraps a soft, colorful scarf about her head over the cap and knots it just above her forehead so that it won't be uncomfortable. This also holds the hair more tightly in place.

She wears pajamas in winter, gowns in summer, and uses

From The World's Loveliest Women



First thing in the morning, last thing at night and often during the day, Judith Wood puts pads of cotton soaked with eye lotion over her eyes. It keeps them fresh and sparkling

a fresh one every night. Her face radiant from the cold water, her head wrapped in the bright scarf—she is almost lovelier when she's ready for bed than when she's fully dressed and made up.

Hair

THE standard for beautiful hair today is lustre. The fluffy-haired doll of a few years ago is as passé as the pug dog. Hair must be sleek and lie flat to the head. Sylvia Sidney uses ten drops of rose of geranium oil to one glass of water with each shampoo.

Incidentally, if your hair is dyed it should be soaked with oil before and after each bleaching.

With hair combed back off the forehead the hair line is important, and many of us are troubled with those small, new hairs. Fifty strokes each night and morning does the trick for Evelyn Brent. She brushes those small hairs up and back, vigorously. They're trained to grow that way.

Arlene Carlyle, who plays with Chic Sale in comedies, warns stout women to avoid having their hair waved round. It should be done on the bias. This adds height and makes the matron look less plump.

Eyes

YOU know all that stuff about eyes being "the windows of the soul." The soul can take care of itself nicely, thank you, but eyes *are* the most important feature and your entire make-up should be built around them. You must start first thing in the morning, as Judith Wood does. Before she gets out of bed she places a piece of cotton soaked in some good eye-lotion over each eye and allows it to remain there for ten minutes. She places the wash and the cotton on her bed table before retiring. That starts the day with a sparkle. From



Going to do a lot of sewing, lady? No sir, Karen Morley has discovered that thimbles worn over each finger makes her fingertips beautiful and tapering. She uses them every spare minute of the day

then on it's a matter of keeping up that sparkle. Judith repeats the eye pad business as often during the day as she can.

The Westmores (brothers Ernie and Perc) recommend the use of white vaseline on the lids to catch the light, followed by eye shadow to be made as inconspicuous as possible in color to blend with face and hair. Mary Astor, whose hair is copper-colored and whose skin is tannish, uses copper-colored eye shadow.

Now what about eyelashes? There are comparatively few stars in Hollywood who do not use false eyelashes on the screen and some do so on the street. I'll tell you how Loretta Young does it.

You can buy false eyelashes. Mix the glue that comes with them with a good mascara. Dip each individual lash in the mixture of glue and mascara, holding it with a tweezer. Apply over the real eyelash. Repeat until every real lash is covered by a false one. The glue makes it stick, the mascara kills the color of the glue. These lashes will remain for a good many days. It takes practice, time and patience to do it but it produces a stunning effect.

Gloria Swanson believes that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

My Uncle Egbert

WHO



The posse of alleged movie queens had drunk seven terrific toasts to the King of Bongoland, and the orgy was on! At that point Uncle Egbert began juggling glasses adroitly with his little pink tootsies

SOME day I hope to meet Theda Bara face to face and enthusiastically thank her for rescuing my inheritance from the ash-can.

You've never seen Theda Bara on the screen? Too-o-o bad! Serves you right for being young. Yea, brother! Them was the good old days!

When that baby got through vamping 'em they never were the same.

My outburst of gratitude, I might add, will come as a great surprise to Miss Bara, who has never heard of me, my legacy, my Uncle Egbert or my new Rolls-Royce. (It isn't really a Rolls-Royce—I just call it that for fun.)

My Uncle Egbert was just another misguided pilgrim who came to Hollywood to gawk at the movie stars. In fact, he was a bigger than average sap because he came from so much farther away.

I present the record of his downfall honestly, frankly, in all its distressing details, hoping it may serve as a warning to all unfortunate mortals plagued with a desire to gaze enraptured—and at close range—on the fascinating, fragile and frequently fretful females of the films.

Uncle Egbert itched something awful to get close to a real, live movie queen. Yep, Uncle Egbert was all primed to "See Hollywood and Die." He got the first part of his wish but the jury barely failed to convict him on the second count.

I just shipped him home to Bongoland, a flea-bitten African empire where the native ladies cavort in broad Ethiopian smiles and headgear much funnier than Empress Eugenie hats. What's more, I shipped him home happy, though slightly frayed.

And the lies he'll tell the home folks about the Hollywood cinema cuties will make a comparatively honest man out of Aloysius Horn.

In one respect I am glad Uncle Egbert came. Between us we

BY BOGART ROGERS

solved that perplexing problem of what to do with the friends, relatives and total strangers who infest the village from afar to oogle the picture folk—just as they do the animals in the Bronx Zoo. Will they never learn it's much easier to see the animals than the stars—and a lot more fun?

Uncle Egbert's case was simply this:

He wired from the train: "Arriving tonight. Meet me." I did, and exclaimed, "Uncle Egbert! Fancy seeing you here!" Fourteen years with the Bongos hadn't changed him at all. As I am his only nephew and sole heir, I was delighted to see him. You've got to be delighted to see people who make you their sole heir. We exchanged tokens of affection.

Uncle Egbert said: "I have come eleven thousand miles through jungles teeming with venomous reptiles and over shark-infested seas to meet all the movie girls."

I should have known there was a catch to it somewhere.

"That's not so easy, Nunky," quoth I, "but we'll do the best we can."

"I come," said Uncle Egbert impressively, "as an emissary of the king."

"What king?"

"The King of Bongoland. We're great pals."

Right here is a good place to remark that Uncle Egbert is a

OP S

Meets *the* Stars



Promptly at 11:42, warmed by frequent nips at the jug, Uncle Egbert went into his dance—a hot collection of native African steps and whoops, while Imogene lustily thumped a boiler with a potato-smasher

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

big potato in Bongoland. He runs ivory, smuggles diamonds, traffics in an occasional contraband pearl and peddles grog to the natives as a sideline—just a typical tropical business tycoon.

I explained that seeing *all* the movie girls might be hard to do. The famous *femmes* of the films recoil convulsively from the polluting public gaze. Maybe we'd be able to peek at two or three. Uncle Egbert registered surprise. "These folks are all your neighbors, ain't they? And ain't I a special emissary of the king?"

To make the problem more complex he announced he could remain in our midst only four days.

That was Monday.

Tuesday morning I phoned Harry Chinn, a big director in the Excelsior Studios and a bosom pal of mine. Harry would be able to arrange everything. I said I wanted to take Uncle Egbert through his studio and have him shake hands with the beautiful fillies. I added that Uncle Egbert was an emissary of the king.

Harry said, "You're talking to the wrong guy. I can't even get into the joint myself."

I inquired why.

"It's like this," Harry explained. "Not even employees can get into studios now without an official pass. I lost my pass."

"Why don't you get another one, you sap?" I inquired. "Because Hermann Schmaltz, the only man in the world who can issue one, is in Bombay."

"What about the picture you're shooting?"

"Production suspended until Mr. Schmaltz returns and issues me a new pass. Sorry I can't help you, old boy, but you see where *I* stand."

I said it all sounded rather foolish and ineffably sad. Harry said it was a lot of dirty names.

I free-wheeled Uncle Egbert over to another film foundry. A magnificently important youth stood guard at the front door. (Magnificently important youths stand guard at all Hollywood studio front doors.) I begged admittance, both because I had friends within and because, as I carefully explained, Uncle Egbert was an emissary of the king. The magnificently important young man seemed pretty sore about that. "Kings don't mean nothin' here," he said. "You gotta have a personal note from Will Hays."

"Would a note from Herbert Hoover do instead?"

This was supposed to be a sarcastic gem. It missed fire. "Nope—Hoover don't rate either. Only notes from Will Hays is good."

We launched spirited attacks and determined onslaughts the rest of the day but were driven back by withering fire from every studio front door.

Uncle Egbert was very nice about it all. He merely said, "That's a hell of a way to treat an emissary of the king. Just you wait 'til some of these blankety-blank blankety-blank movie people come to Bongoland."

Wednesday morning I convinced [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Cal York

Announcing-

WHEN Jean Harlow was in New York, Earl Christy, PHOTOPLAY's cover artist, called upon her to draw her portrait. He was particularly interested in the color of her "platinum blonde" hair, and has carefully reproduced it for you in all its light and shade on the cover of this issue. As told in last month's issue, "platinum" is the most extreme shade of blonde, almost white, and the bluish tint is secured by a light bluing rinse.

GARBO'S house will be thrown open to visitors and everybody will have a grand time! Oh no, Garbo won't be there. And she won't know about the party. Here's how it happens.

Garbo never owned that house you've read so much about. She did not even lease it. She simply stayed on month-by-month paying, if you like exact figures, \$600 a month. Now

she's given it up and it's rented to a writer who has announced he is going to give a party so that all the curious may see Garbo's erstwhile domicile.

GARBO, herself, is "somewhere in Santa Monica." Nobody knows the address—not even studio execs. More mystery stuff. And there are wagers now that she'll return to Sweden when her contract is up in April. Return for good, I mean. "Mata Hari," her picture with the three leading men, Ramon Novarro, Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore (what a cast!), is being rushed.

A WOMAN who knows Garbo very well said recently, "I think she will go back home and live on her huge fortune which is in cash and American government bonds. I think her peasant nature will predominate and she will



Another real romance blooms out in the reel world. Wesley Ruggles, of "Cimarron" fame, became engaged to Arlene Judge while directing her in "Are These Our Children?" Now wedding bells have rung. She's nineteen. Wesley's age? Well, he's old enough to pick 'em pretty

retire from the glory and excitement which the flame of her genius has brought her."

Fancy words, those! But peasant or genius Garbo's a business woman and it's our guess that she won't leave Hollywood if M-G-M comes through nobly with plenty of salary.

COME, come, Lupe! Act your age, Jack! Don't you think all that carrying on is just a little silly?

Loop-the-Lupe Velez and Jack Gilbert are the latest railroad romancers. Spurred on, no doubt, by the publicity that Connie and the Marquis and then Gloria and Michael Farmer got when they crossed continents together, Lupe and Jack stepped off the train in New York side by side. Posing together for new

A New York arrival that had the whole country twittering in a few hours! John Gilbert and Lupe Velez as they stepped off the Hollywood rattler. That night Lupe bade Jack goodbye on his European bound liner—but no, she did *not* stay on board! She went over later



International



World Wide

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

say, "We're just good friends" in every European capital.

JOAN BENNETT'S back! And that means three cheers and a day off to Hollywood. For everybody admired the pluck she showed during her recent hospital assignment as a result of a fall from a horse.

She got the most attention of all when she appeared at the opening of "Consolation Marriage" at the Carthay Circle Theater. She was dressed in blue satin and one hand rested on a cane, while the other was in the crook of Hugh Trevor's arm. Yes sir, it's the same Hugh who used to be Betty Compson's beau.

SISTER CONNIE and the Marquis were, of course, along but none of them would talk over the microphone. "Hank" hesitated before the instrument for a moment but Connie

motioned to him to come on and whatever words of wisdom he was prepared to utter were left unsaid.

Although this was Joan's first formal appearance, it was not her first venture out. Every day during the championship tennis tourney in Los Angeles she went to the matches in an ambulance, specially fitted so she could be propped up in it, and watch the play.

Each day, she took a doll with her. And each day, the doll was dressed in an exact miniature replica of the costume Joan herself was wearing that day.

THERE is a bracelet of platinum which is always to be seen on Connie Bennett's wrist.

The Marquis Henri de la Falaise gave it to her. On his own wrist, the Marquis wears its twin.

Whoops and what-ho! Look what happens to a little actress when she thinks about dear old Lunnon! Lilian Bond comes back to Hollywood and the talkies from a stage tour with a bally old monocle and a silly old woofle-hound. Does the accent match the props, Lilian?

Photographers they pulled all the old lines. You've heard them many, many times before. "We're just good friends." "I admire her greatly." "I admire him greatly." "I'm not yet legally free from Ina Claire, so how can I discuss another marriage?" "I won't say we're engaged but—maybe—later, I'll have something to tell." "He has such a sense of humor." "She has such a sense of humor." "We're just good friends."

JO Jack hopped off to Europe alone. By the time you read this Lupe will be in Europe, too. That continent is pretty big and there are a lot of fine cities there. They'll probably both

No, Jane and Junior—Joan Blondell's blonde pate isn't sprouting an electric light plant, as you suspect! But our camera shark caught her getting a permanent wave during the filming of "The Greeks Had a Word for It." She actually suffers for her art!



Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!



LOUD weeping and gnashing of teeth in Hollywood! The most eligible bachelor, the prize romance and international "heart" of filmdom is married! Richard Dix, whose engagement had been reported, and sometimes verified, to more girls than there are in a Ziegfeld chorus, dashed to Arizona and made those old vows. And the lucky little lady isn't even a home town product. No sir, a San Francisco lassie, a society girl with no movie connections, just upped and walked away with Hollywood's big moment.

Her name is Winifred Coe. She is twenty-three. Dix met her about five years ago and they corresponded spasmodically. Then, a month before the wedding, she came to Hollywood and twenty hours after their engagement was announced, a justice of the peace wished them joy. Dix gave his age as thirty-seven.

THE picture, "Bad Girl," will go down in history. First of all it re-discovered the talents of Sally Eilers. Sally had been doing good leading woman work, always dependable, would give a creditable performance but never sensational. And then she made Hollywood and the rest of the world sit up and bark when she turned in that marvelous job in "Bad Girl."

But the five-day wonder is the lad, Jimmie Dunn. John Barrymore, who seldom sees pictures, went to "Bad Girl" two nights in succession and wrote Jimmie a note of congratulation, which the kid will keep forever.

JIMMIE is invited everywhere and whenever he's seen with a new girl it's news. He and Molly O'Day have just denied their engagement and Jimmie says he can't even think of marriage until there's a lot of money in the bank. But Anita Page doesn't make any secret of the fact that she thinks Jimmie is her idea of a swell guy.

He's a favorite at the studio and, to show his appreciation of the part the workers played in his success, he invited all the electricians, prop boys and "grips" to his house for dinner. And he bought fifty dollars worth of spaghetti!

HERE'S the news you've been waiting for, all you loyal Clara Bow fans who have been pulling for the Brooklyn burr-'em-up kid. She's going back to work. Starts December 1. And a few months later you'll actually be seeing her on the screen again. Her first picture is called "Get the Woman," and Sam Rork, an independent producer, is the clever one who got Clara to write her name on the dotted line.

Clara spent a couple of weeks in Hollywood



Wide World

"Marrying James" Kirkwood, one of Hollywood's chronic husbands, tries again! Dauntless Jim, once married to Lila Lee, with his fourth wife, Beatrice Powers. She's a pretty twenty-two-year-old blonde who plays in pictures. James is in the late forties



Keystone

Here is four-star news for Joan Bennett's fan army! Photographic proof that the darling is on her feet again, after weeks in a Hollywood hospital with spine injuries received when she was thrown from a horse while on location. Glad you're up, Joan — we can't spare a single member of the house of Bennett!

recently. More dental work. She was looking better than she has for months. But the noise of the city upset her so she went back to Rex Bell's ranch, where she was when the announcement about her return to the screen was made. She'll be perfectly fit by December first. The nurse has already been dismissed.

Everybody kept mum's the word on salary, but she was demanding \$150,000 a picture when Universal was angling for her.

INCIDENTALLY, Clara has rejected all offers of help or "ghost writing" on the book she is doing—her own life story. Clara says she is going to write every word of her autobiography herself.

LILYAN TASHMAN and Eleanor Boardman have made up. You know there was a coolness between these two old friends soon after both joined the ranks of Paramount.

It seems to have begun with a casual remark of Lilyan's about Eleanor's not always being as careful as she might be in her choice of clothes.

A "mutual friend" (a man) dashed right back to Eleanor and said Lil claimed Eleanor didn't know how to dress!

And just about the same time, Eleanor had Adrian do over her (and King Vidor's) home. In green and white. Now, Lilyan had used red and white in her new Malibu home decorations. She thought that Eleanor might be copy-cattin' a little, especially as she'd carried her home scheme to her dressing-room, just after Lilyan had done her dressing-room.

Beauty! Success! Failure! That's Hollywood!



Acme

Oh dear—this picture has us all confused and bothered. The dark man on the left must be Charlie Gandhi, Hindu film comic, and the gent in the bed-sheet looks like the Mahatma Chaplin, of Hollywood. Goodness, the engraver has messed this all up!

HOW far it might have gone, one never can tell.

Then one evening, Eleanor called a friend and asked her to come up to the King Vidor's.

The friend had guests. "Bring them along," Eleanor pleaded.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were among the guests. They went along. Lilyan dashed right up to Eleanor and said graciously, "Your house is lovely!"

Eleanor smiled. "I hope you like it better than my dresses—"

Lilyan laughed gaily. "Now, Eleanor—"

And being two intelligent women all was forgotten and they're as chummy as before.

BARBARA STANWYCK was pretty mad when everybody said that Frank Fay had caused the trouble between her and her studio. "He didn't, he didn't," she cried. "Why, he's the grandest man in the world and he wanted to patch up the trouble peacefully while I was so stubborn about it." Anyhow, the trouble got patched up and Barbara started to work, only to run into some more tough luck.

She was riding a horse (for the purposes of the picture) along the beach, when the animal reared and fell into the sand. Both of Barbara's legs were sprained but (you know the-show-must-go-on stuff) she said, "We'll have to hurry and finish this scene before my legs start to stiffen."

Right after that she and Adolphe Menjou swam fifty yards into the water. Immediately



Wide World

Why, Mary Pickford! You'd tell us a fish story, and what a whopper! Anyway, Mary deposes and says she caught the 150-pound sword fish and 175-pound shark with her own little rod and reel. And the photographer proves her story. Now does Doug have to take a cameraman along to prove his low golf scores?



that they reached the shore again, Barbara fainted and was taken to a hospital.

She's better now.

LOTS of people got excited over that report from Paris that Gloria Swanson had married Michael Farmer, the handsome Irish playboy there, last August.

But Gloria herself only laughed.

"How silly!" she said. "My divorce isn't final until November."

And now it looks as if these two have come to a parting along the love route. It may be just a lovers' spat. Or it may be serious. Time is the old boy who tells.

THE Doug Fairbanks, Juniors, are still having to utter daily denials that the stork is on the way.

And only slightly less persistent is another rumor they busily deny—that Doug and Joan are to separate.

The inside report is that M-G-M has cautioned Joan against having a baby. They feel that she could not afford to take the time off, just when she is at the peak of her career, and that motherhood would have a bad effect upon her popularity.

As for the separation, Hollywood persists in buzzing.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug, Jr., have done their house over again. First it was Spanish, then English, and now Billy Haines, who has become a grand interior decorator, has changed it to early American and it's perfect.

FRRIENDSHIPS come and go in Hollywood—like romances. Here's a new one. Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich. They have become intimates—go to previews together, exchange calls, and discuss their domestic problems, like a couple of old cronies. Joan has just one large picture on her dressing room table at M-G-M. You've guessed it. It's Marlene. And photographs of Marlene's baby decorate the walls.

THEY were quite sure that the title "The Impatient Virgin" would never get by the Hays office.

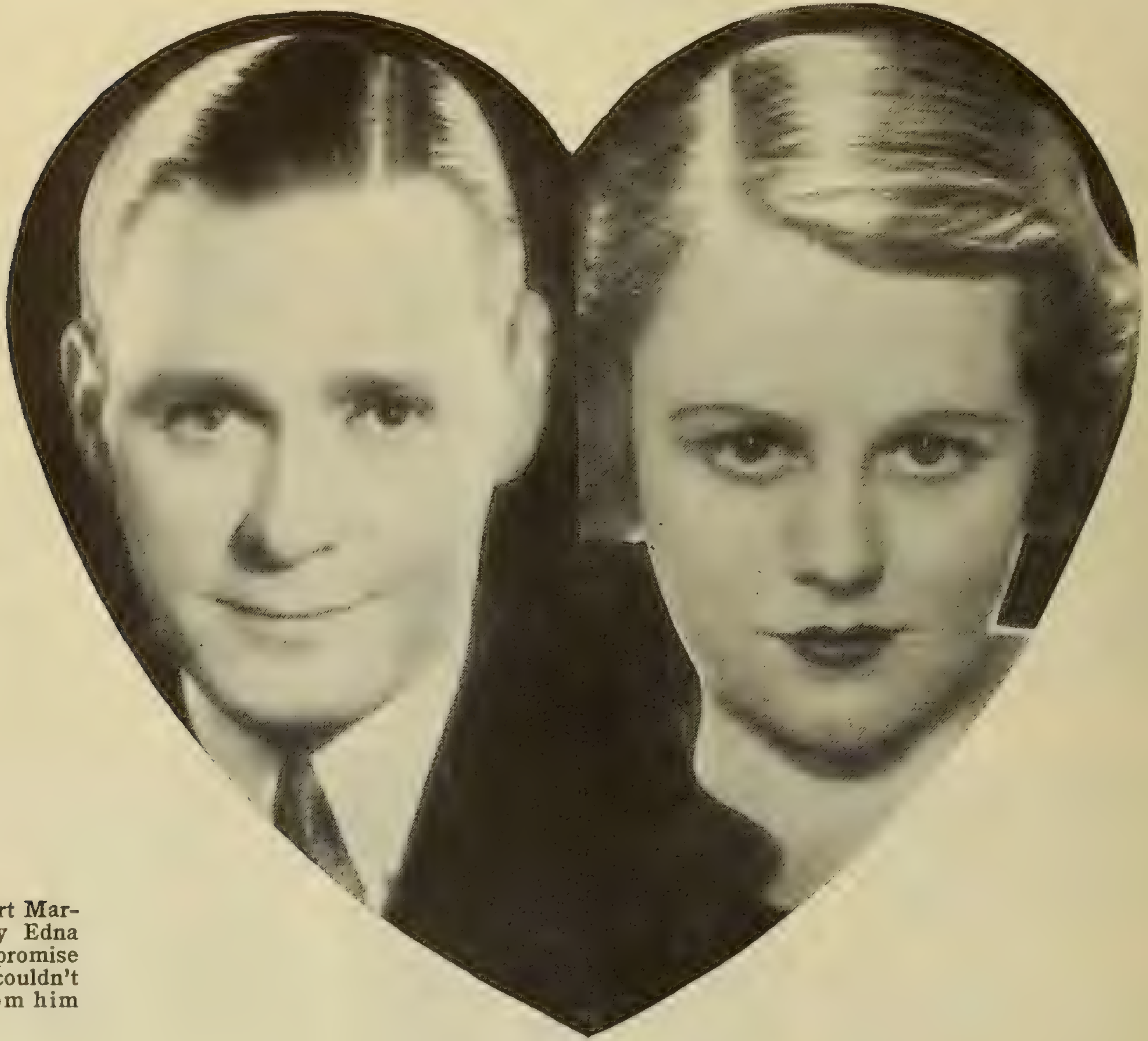
So they thought and thought and thought.

And finally, Carl Laemmle, Jr., had the bright idea for a change of title for the play when Universal talkifies it.

It'll be called "The Impatient Maiden."

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LOVE *Laughs* AT *Locksmiths*



Suave Herbert Marshall — lovely Edna Best. The promise of stardom couldn't keep her from him

WHEN, some months ago, a New York stage actress named Edna Best suddenly ran away from the M-G-M Studios and left Jack Gilbert gasping and leading-woman-less on "The Phantom of Paris" set, giving as the sole reason for her astonishing gesture the fact that she couldn't be separated from her husband—Hollywood said, "Pooh pooh and a couple of pish-tushes."

Things like that weren't done. Jobs were too scarce to chuck for husbands. There must be another reason. But there wasn't.

Edna was sorry if she'd caused the studio any trouble. She hoped Mr. Gilbert wouldn't be angry with her. She returned the money she'd received in salary and sent a telegram to the officials from her Eastbound train. The executives had been so awfully kind to her—but, you see, she had discovered she simply couldn't stay in Hollywood when her husband was in New York. Hollywood raised a nonchalant left eyebrow and snickered behind its well-manicured hand.

And then we were given a look at the reason for the sensational walk-out. And there never was a more valid one. In New York, Edna's husband, Herbert Marshall, made a picture called "Secrets of a Secretary" with Claudette Colbert. If you've seen the film you know that Herbert's fine profile and his charm are something to go to New York for.

On the stage he was already well-known. His acting in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was one of the bright glows in the duller theatrical season New York has had in years. The show was an outstanding hit and the "Standing Room Only" sign was a nightly fixture as the crowds clamored for a look at him.

Matinée idols, as dear old grandma knew them, no longer are in fashion. But Herbert was the nearest approach to a matinée idol New York has had since Lou Tellegen's face fell and John

Barrymore transferred the elegant outlines of his classic profile to the Gold Coast.

The show was a hit, but the triumph was largely Marshall's. It was while he was charming them into insensibility in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" (by the way, Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas are going to do that on the screen) that the movie magnates got after him and deluged him with offers.

"I believe deluge is the word," he said. "I had three and when an actor gets three offers in America his public statements should read 'deluged.'"

IT was while he was working on the stage that Edna went to Hollywood and returned as quickly as she went. Then Herbert accepted the Paramount offer to make a film in New York. Edna was near him when "Secrets of a Secretary" was being filmed. And that's one of the reasons that he was so good and won such a large chunk of the fan heart.

Herbert is English. His father was a well-known English actor. But it was for a business career that the young Marshall was educated. "But," he said, "I seemed utterly unable to hold a job. I was fired so often that I finally gave up in desperation and went on the stage."

He was wounded in the war and spent many months in the hospital. It left him with a stiff leg, but so skilfully does he carry himself on the stage that very few of the thousands who saw him in New York last season knew it. And I'll bet that even you sharp-eyed fans will be surprised when you read it here. It seems only to make his carriage more attractive.

Seeing Herbert, you know why love laughed at locksmiths and studio contracts and big chances. Edna and Herbert are now in London together and will not be separated again.

But Not AT THE Grocer



Marriage ended when Loretta Young told the judge that hubby Grant Withers didn't pay some bills

WHEN Loretta Young took the stand to testify in her divorce complaint against Grant Withers the judge asked, "Did he buy you any food?"

"I should say not," Loretta answered. "I paid all the grocery bills."

And there—pfttt!—was the end of a beautiful romance. You remember their mad-cap elopement to Yuma. You remember Loretta's mother's attempted annulment. You remember that Loretta was under age. You remember the storm of protest. But these hazards simply brought the two kids closer together and made their little love nest—in a swanky Hollywood apartment—all the more exciting.

The studio which held their contracts cashed in by playing them together in a picture called "Too Young to Marry." Oh, love laughed at parental disapproval. It was a grocer that separated Grant and Loretta. He, along with a dressmaker and a butcher, called around at the flat for some unromantic money. Loretta had to open her pocketbook. And that is something that love can't stand.

But don't get the idea that Loretta is a bent and broken flower on the stem of life. Living at home again with her mother and sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, she has become a thoughtful and poised young woman. It is almost incredible that she has done so much in her short span of years. A leading woman for four years, now being groomed for stardom, and a divorcée she is—yet this is the first winter that she will not be accompanied by a school teacher while she's working.

"I thought I was madly in love with Grant," she said, "but I guess I wasn't. Had I been I'd have put up with everything he did and would not have divorced him."

"I've only seen Grant twice to talk to since our separation. Both times he wanted to make up. But the feeling I once had for him just isn't in me any longer. I don't love him now and I see that our natures are too different for us ever to get along."

"My marriage has robbed me of the ideals I once had. I had notions of a perfect husband. When they didn't materialize I was disappointed. But there's no use crying about it. Now I know what to expect from marriage. Though our marriage was a mistake and a failure I'm glad it happened. It changed me from an idealistic girl to a practical woman!" And she's only eighteen, the age when most girls are entering college.

BUT with Grant it's different. His closest friends say he was frightfully cut-up by the divorce and his screen career indicates as much. When they were married they were of equal importance in Hollywood—two well known featured players. They both had good contracts. Now Loretta is being fitted for stardom by Warner Bros. and is treated with all the respect of a Chatterton or a Shearer. Loretta is going up, while Grant's luck has not brought him so many big parts.

Grant has never cared much for financial success. Interesting, yes. Amusing, oh sure. But a dollar, according to his vagabond philosophy, was made for the spending. And his idea of a good time is hob-nobbing with his men friends. Whereas Loretta is so much of a fad that if she doesn't watch herself she'll be taken up by the *literati*. People are always drawing you aside to confide, "This Loretta Young—that girl has a real mind!"

Edna Best wouldn't have a continent between her and Herbert Marshall. But one apartment—when it was cluttered by bill collectors—could not hold Grant and Loretta.

How Madge Evans Grew To Stardom

**Just jump your eye
from this page to that
and see a *little girl*
grow into a *young lady***

By Ruth Biery

A RECENT New York visitor to Hollywood who knows the New York stage as Webster knows the English language, said: "I believe the most amazing untold story in Hollywood lies in Madge Evans. In the first place, child stars are not supposed to make good when they return to pictures as men and women. Madge was a child star.

"In the second place, she was a simple little ingénue on the stage. A dainty figure; a sweet face. Like dozens of others. But in Hollywood! Sophisticated; alluring. She has that new glamour that PHOTOPLAY talked about a few months ago."

The woman mused a moment. "Really, someone must have lifted her vocal cords. Now, even her voice is deep and intriguing. They must have pulled her out in front and tied her up behind. Her figure has curves. She's even learned what to do with her hands and her feet. Why don't you find out what happened to her?"

I hurried out to inspect Madge Evans.

And although she was in loose, rather indifferent house-pajamas, I'll have to grant the visitor was correct. If I had been a man—but I wasn't!

Now, I have always had a secret belief that sincerity is the hidden reason for success. Of course, it isn't fashionable to admit sincerity in this age of pretense. But I came from Madge more convinced. I had discovered that even indifference which is sincere leads to fame and money and all the other words which represent that indefinable something for which we yearn.

For no one could have been more indifferent to re-entering pictures than Madge. For that matter, she was completely indifferent at her first entrance. She lived in an apartment with her mother—where lived a director.

He asked permission to use her in a production. At five she was a child star with her own company, like Lillian Gish and the others. One hundred and fifty a week and all expenses. Big money!

HER mother saved it. And then Madge signed for the Madge Evans hats. In those days it was unheard of for a star to tie-up with a commercial product. Therefore, when promoters persuaded her to use her name to boost children's hats, they promised her an excellent income for as long as they used her name on the hats. They are still using it. Madge's personality has long been completely divorced from the hats but she still draws a little income from them, and they have kept her name before the public.

At ten she shot up as unexpectedly as a water-spout. At twelve she was as tall as she is today. She weighed 85 pounds. She was through with pictures because pictures were through with her.

She was glad. She had wanted to go to boarding school, anyway. She had been sending for booklets for months. When she found she couldn't be admitted because she had learned only reading and history on the picture sets, and no arithmetic, she was heartbroken. She had to content herself with special teachers. But she must find some diversion from such a bore-some routine!

The stage. She knew actresses because she, herself, had been an actress. By the time she was adolescent, she had determined to be an Ethel Barrymore or Mrs. Leslie Carter. She was through with the screen forever.

She wavered once. They couldn't find a girl in New York to play with Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." Someone remembered Madge Evans. She had had experience. She was fifteen. She turned up her hair and tried to turn on maturity in the same manner. It was a failure. Time had not had a chance to act as plastic surgeon for either her youth or her figure. She was miserable while making the picture.

Hatred of pictures became a complex; a yearning for stage fame became an obsession!

HER début on the stage was as easy as her original début in pictures. William A. Brady, who had headed the World Film Company, was now a stage producer. He had remained a family friend. He pulled the wires of New York's theatrical politics, so Madge stepped into a rôle in "Daisy Mayme" as easily as you step on a rug which is cushioned.

The play ran twenty-two weeks and at its conclusion another sweet little thing, another natural ingénue, was definitely established.

It was only natural that producers played her as she looked. Lovable, youthful, pretty. Not
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



At eight, with three years of stardom behind her. Madge wasn't as interested in pictures as they were in her. She wanted to go to boarding school



Hurrell

SHE didn't want to go back to Hollywood and possible talkie fame—this lovely Madge Evans who was a baby star fifteen years ago! She was in love with the New York stage—and a New York boy. But producers dangled big, plump checks—and read on the opposite page how Madge tackled the problem!

New Screen Fashions that



DON'T underestimate the value of your screen fashions. Even though you can't run out to your favorite shop and buy things exactly like them, you can go back home with a wealth of ideas for pepping up your own clothes picture. Do you spot the new trends on the screen? The star's clothes are all ahead of the procession. They're designed by skilled stylists who know every beat of the fashion pulse. When a star wears a wide cuff on a dress—it's news! A new hat is an event you don't want to miss. Get the habit of shopping with a thought like this: "Where can I find a dress that has sleeves like the one Norma Shearer wore in that picture I saw last night?" And another thing—the screen shows you how, when and where to wear its styles. Fashions with a setting!



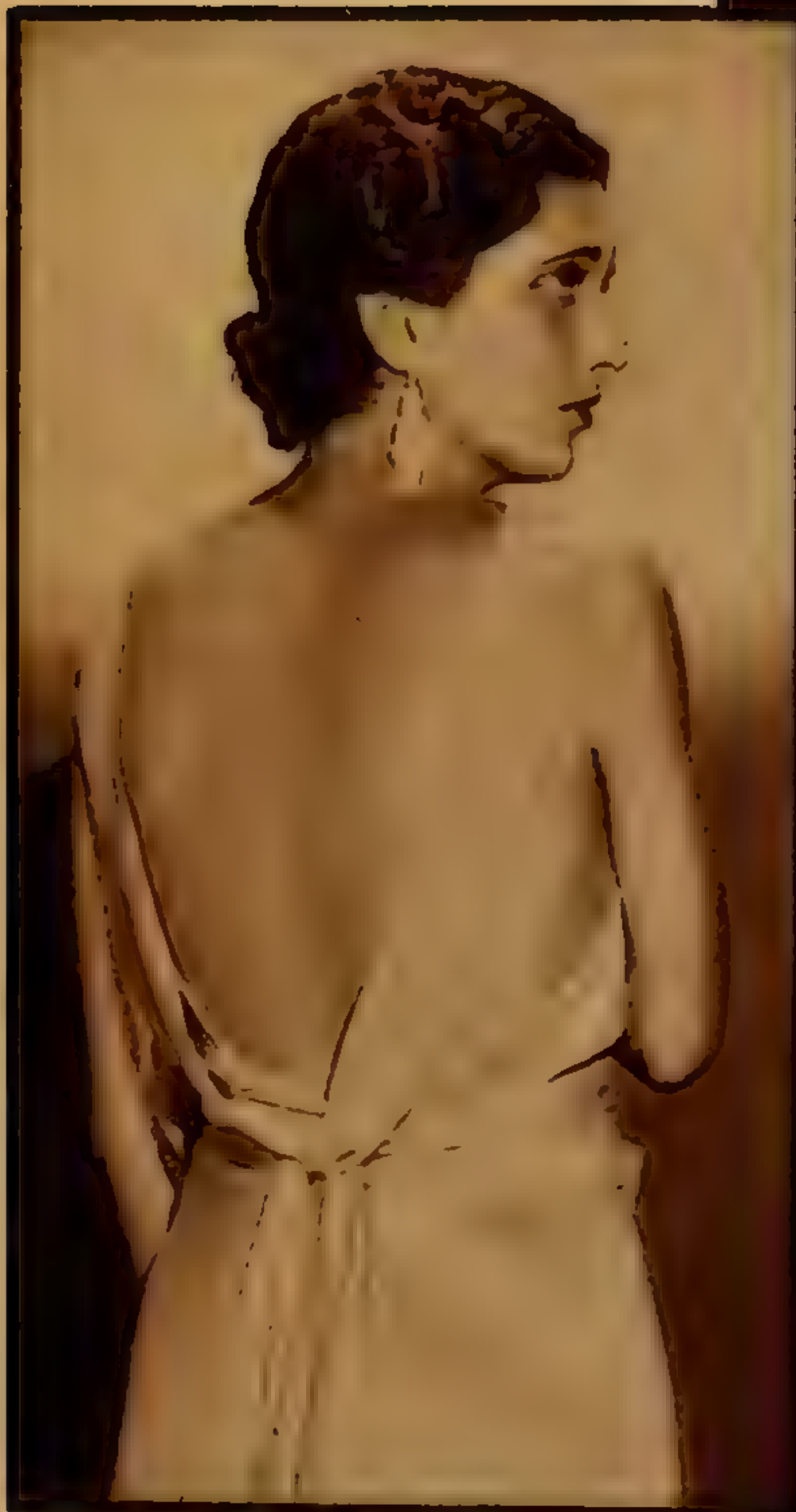
THE EUGENIE hat is dead—but long live such rakish, tilted caps as this one, say I. It has a come-hither air augmented by Lil Tashman's devastating look. It matches the suit Lil wears in "Girls About Town," but you will be seeing it "about town" in various guises. It's well dubbed a pancake hat, don't you think?



YOU can use fur about as you please this winter—the more, the better. Mae Clarke wears a vest-like arrangement of that popular animal, baronduki, on a tan wool crepe dress. Cuff detail with button fastening points to the trend for sleeve elaboration. See this in "Frankenstein."

"DON'T go whoopsy-doopsy with these new hats," says Lilyan Tashman. And to save you from such a fate, Lil wears this trim blue felt in "Girls About Town." Note the modified line. It rolls up in back and down over one eye.

Show the Trends of Style



KAY FRANCIS is one girl who need not moan over any backless evening trend, if this stunning green crepe evening dress she wears in "Girls About Town" is a sample. That knotting of the shoulder ties with the belt is a new twist you'll be seeing.



HERE'S romance for you! Black fox on peach velvet Fur is that extra elegance you will find on everything this winter. The bias cut gives Linda Watkins' figure a svelte line. I like the shoulder bows, Linda—makes your waist look so small. See it in "Good Sport."



A BACK twist! Not an acrobatic stunt, but one of the cleverest costume details I've seen. This one, on a white crepe gown worn by Juliette Compton in "Rich Man's Folly," is formed by the bodice and shoulder straps. Unlike that of Kay Francis', it tends to build up the back décolletage somewhat. The neckline of this dress is quite high in the front—a popular characteristic of many new dresses.

Seymour



Hurrell

A DISH of fruit, a few nuts, a cheery fireplace, a couple of stone dogs—and Joan Crawford, dark-haired again and more beautiful than ever! And even at home she's giving us that glowing smile that burns up the camera. Don't worry about Young Doug! He's just coming in the front door after a golf game!

The Comeback Champ

By
Evaline
Lieber



Ricardo Cortez went down, but he refused to be counted out. He began his fight back and made a big hit in "Transgression," with Kay Francis

WE talk much about "comebacks" in this business.

You know what we mean. The actors and actresses who reach the heights only to toboggan with such suddenness and force as to make us, as well as themselves, dizzy; who pick themselves up and climb the steep grade again exactly as though they had never climbed it.

They are legion; enough to populate a small town. They are like those who inhabit a hamlet. A cyclone sweeps relentlessly upon them. Proud and majestic one moment; destitute and bereaved the next. But a few years later?—rehabilitated; reorganized. Again, proud and majestic.

Our population of the rehabilitated is increasing daily. Think of the past year! Sally O'Neil. Three years of almost complete oblivion, and today a new contract with Fox. Lois Wilson; Ben Lyon; Billie Dove; Lew Cody.

Adolphe Menjou; Pola Negri; Doris Kenyon; Neil Hamilton; Sally Eilers; Mae Marsh. Mae! A wife and a mother, long retired.

The list seems almost endless.

Yet, there is a champion among them. Ricardo Cortez has made so many pictures for major companies in the past eighteen months that other Hollywood tobogganers could not but say, "If he can do it, we can do it!"

Yet there was a time when he was as extinct in pictures as the horse and buggy in transportation.

When you ask him how he did it, he answers in one word:

"Fight!"

IF Cortez was ever self-satisfied, it was when he was leading man, top-notch, at the Paramount studio, from 1922 to 1926. Fame; big money.

"I was never late on the set; I didn't smoke on the lot; I left the girls, on the lot and off, alone. They didn't have a more conscientious worker. I knew it."

Yes, he knew it. Proud of his blameless record. He thought it made him safe. It didn't.

They wanted him to make a picture at Universal. He didn't object if it was a good story. Remember, Universal in that day was the step-daughter of the industry. It had slid the toboggan, too; had not re-climbed to its present glory.

A Paramount executive told him it was a great part.

"Have you read the story?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it is a good part?"

A bit superior! Possibly so. Anyway, Ricardo went to see the man who was to direct it; one who had never before made a picture.

"Do you want me for this picture?"

"No. I want Francis X. Bushman."

Ricardo returned to his Paramount executive.

He said the director didn't want him; he didn't wish to make the picture.

"You must."

"I won't."

HE decided Paramount was trying to get rid of him. Like a small boy who is being punished for something he can't understand and who suspects it is because his mother and father don't love him.

He asked for his release. And he was so certain of instantaneous success in other studios that he voluntarily gave up the \$60,000 due for the remaining ten months on his contract. Proud; independent.

He drove from Hollywood to Culver City and signed for "Love," with Greta Garbo, at M-G-M at twice his Paramount salary. See? He was right! He had used his head—

Only, big studios don't let little boys teach them lessons. They do the teaching. "Love" had been in work three weeks when production was stopped. John Gilbert replaced Cortez. And Cortez played a small supporting rôle to Lon Chaney; another to William Haines; other inferior rôles.

Black-balled? Perhaps. We've heard of it. When a star breaks a contract or displeases one studio, it frequently asks protection on its decision from the others. The star doesn't work.

Alice White, for example. Sometimes this is fair; more often it isn't. However, we can't go into that in this story.

There is an old bromide: "It never rains but it pours." But old bromides are conceived from generations of experience.

The first year of his toboggan slide was Cortez' honeymoon year with Alma Rubens. He adored her then; he adores her memory today. Little money coming in; much money going out. A home in Beverly; a beautiful wife with a great illness.

Eighteen months ago he hit bottom. Money gone; friends talking; a domestic separation. He had never been on the stage. There is always vaudeville for Hollywood down-and-outers. Could he do it? He looked at his bank balance. He must do it.

A vaudeville act. Endless hours of practicing something of which he knew nothing. Opening [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET*—M-G-M

IF this one doesn't pull your heart-strings taut and leave you a limp and weeping rag, then there's something wrong with you. But it ends well enough, so be sure to see it. It's the old mother love-sacrifice stuff but it makes every other picture of this type look sick.

Helen Hayes, a stage star, does things to your emotions from which you won't recover for quite a spell. Starting the picture as a young girl she goes the downward path for her son's sake and ends up as a pathetic little old hag. It's one of the greatest performances to reach the screen. Lewis Stone and Neil Hamilton are both excellent—but it's Helen's show.

Originally called "Lullaby," this picture has been almost entirely remade with great success. Don't miss it.



★ *PLATINUM BLONDE*—Columbia

HERE'S a picture that will put a broad smile on the exhibitor's face. And you'll go away with a nice glow, feeling that you have been well entertained.

It has just about everything—excellent direction and dialogue, youth and beauty, comedy and enough drama. Robert Williams, as the wise-cracking reporter who falls in love with and marries a platinum blonde society girl, Jean Harlow, is a natural for the part. He finds it impossible to adjust himself to the ways of the "400." So *Gallagher*, a girl on his paper who has always been in love with him, gets him eventually. Loretta Young's part of *Gallagher* is small, but she does it well. Louise Closser Hale, Edmund Breese, Walter Catlett and others in the cast are all good. See this.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE CUBAN LOVE SONG*—M-G-M

WHEN you put Lawrence Tibbett's glorious singing and splendid acting, Lupe Velez' entrancing lovemaking, and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness all together in one film—you've got a picture. This is the best Tibbett opus since "The Rogue Song," and they'll be starring Durante soon. He's great.

It tells the yarn of a trio of marines—Tibbett, called *Terry* in the story, Durante and Ernest Torrence—in Cuba. Although Tibbett has a patrician sweetheart in the States, he falls in love with a concentrated bundle of heat named *Nenita*, a peanut vendor, who is, of course, Lupe. There follows a love sequence that is idyllic in its sweetness—and then comes the war, and the marine goes to battle. Ten years later, married to his American sweetheart, he hears in a café the peanut vendor song and it recalls *Nenita*. In a hilarious jag he finds his ex-buddies and goes back to Cuba—only to discover his *Nenita* married and mother of three children. But the eldest is named *Terry*.

How sweetly it's told you won't know until you see it. And when Tibbett sings, you forget you're in a theater. There's no hesitancy in recommending this because it has everything—romance, comedy, music!

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG THE CHAMP
THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET
PLATINUM BLONDE THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME
ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?
LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD
GIRLS ABOUT TOWN STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

The Best Performances of the Month

Lawrence Tibbett in "The Cuban Love Song"
Lupe Velez in "The Cuban Love Song"
Jimmy Durante in "The Cuban Love Song"
Wallace Beery in "The Champ"
Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"
Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"
Robert Williams in "Platinum Blonde"
J. Farrell MacDonald in "The Spirit of Notre Dame"
Eric Linden in "Are These Our Children?"
Arlene Judge in "Are These Our Children?"
Lilyan Tashman in "Girls About Town"
Paul Lukas in "Strictly Dishonorable"
Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable"
Madge Evans in "Heartbreak"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 125



★ *THE CHAMP—M-G-M*

THERE isn't a machine-gunning in it. There's no more sexiness in it than there is in an annual crop report. No colossal sets; no song-and-dance routines . . .

But boy-oh-boy, is "The Champ" one grand picture! It is—it's one of the best talkies of the year, and if you don't get many times your money's worth out of it, you'd better see a psychiatrist.

Wallace Beery is an ex-heavyweight champ, who's slid down the toboggan via booze and gambling, until he's just a Tia Juana bum. Jackie Cooper is his son—and the love between them, Jackie's supreme faith in his dad, is a thing beautifully played by these two artists.

As the story unfolds, you'll howl with laughter, you'll thrill at exciting scenes—and, suddenly, you'll come up against a bit that'll tear your heart out. Whether you're old or young, woman or man, you'll cry at least once, and you won't be ashamed. There's never been an actor who can yank tears from audiences as Jackie Cooper can. And there's never been an actor who can play a no-good bum and still make you love him as Wally Beery can.

Direction (by King Vidor), story, dialogue, photography—all grand. Don't miss "The Champ."



★ *THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME—Universal*

HERE is the first feature-length football picture of the season. It's in commemoration of Knute Rockne, with some of his finest players cooperating.

It opens appropriately with Rockne's powerful, magnetic instructions to his team. To J. Farrell MacDonald was given the difficult task of playing the famous coach, and no one could have done it better.

The story concerns the experiences of Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell and Andy Devine, but they no longer seem actors when surrounded by the great Carideo, the Four Horsemen, and others. Ayres deserves credit for taking a fearful beating (he is of slight build and not an athlete) and for playing a rôle in which he is not the hero. This will stir the imagination and enthusiasm of the youth of the country



★ *ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?—Radio Pictures*

EVERY parent and every adolescent should see this. Which sounds as if it taught a lesson. It does—but without detracting from the excitement of the story.

Youth is the theme. The plot is powerful in its simplicity and truthfulness. Eric Linden, a high school lad, yearns to win honors. His first attempt is a failure and study seems monotonous. There's a little high school temptress. There are road-houses, petting parties and easy ways of making money. See what happens. Wesley (Cimarron) Ruggles has done a remarkable job of directing the young people. But he has weakened his story by trick camera shots. The acting is superb, with eighteen year-old Eric Linden and Arlene Judge, who recently became Ruggles' bride, winning honors.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**LOCAL BOY
MAKES
GOOD—
First National**



REMEMBER the old Nugent play, "The Poor Nut"? Remember the college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations and how he won a track victory in spite of psychoanalysis? They've taken all that old stuff and made a picture that's a scream, with Joe E. Brown funnier than he's ever been and Dorothy Lee and Ruth Hall as the girls. You'll chuckle over this for weeks.



**GIRLS
ABOUT
TOWN—
Paramount**



ALL that old business about the beautiful gold digger and the not too tired business man seems new in this, so scintillating is the dialogue, so gorgeous the clothes. Luscious Lilyan Tashman outdoes herself and Kay Francis is grand. Lucille Gleason, Joel McCrea and Eugene Pallette put plenty of pep into their parts. There's comedy and—yes, sir, some romance. The lines are pleasantly risqué.



**STRICTLY
DISHONOR-
ABLE—
Universal**



CARL LAEMMLE, JR., paid a lot of money for this successful stage play, had the shocking scenes cut out, left in the sentiment and made a knockout movie. You'll love the story of the grand opera singer who was captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas—oh, such charm, such finesse. Lewis Stone—excellent as usual. And Sidney Fox—surprisingly good. Excellent entertainment.

**ONCE A
LADY—
Paramount**



CHARMING simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting justify recommendation. The story is not original. It depends upon dialogue and situations rather than dynamic action. However, Ruth, as a Russian woman with a dual personality, not only gives a deep and intriguing performance, but rather startlingly blossoms forth as a real beauty. She shares acting honors with Geoffrey Kerr, Ivor Novello and the others.

**SECRET
SERVICE—
Radio Pictures**



IF this weren't so furiously over-acted, it might have been better. It's that famous old stage play of the Civil War, recounting the hazardous and amorous adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. A little slow after the reign of World War pictures. Richard Dix takes the bit between his teeth and acts for all he is worth. But it isn't as fine work as he did in "Cimarron."

**HEART-
BREAK—
Fox**



HERE'S a delightful love story with war background, yet not a "war picture." It's the tale of the love of an American embassy attaché in Vienna for an adorable countess—and of how that love triumphs over the things war can do. Madge Evans is grand—beautiful, and an actress of rare depth. She takes top honors from Charles Farrell, who is, nevertheless, good as the American.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**AMBAS-
SADOR BILL**
—Fox



THE cowboy star, Will Rogers, is again operating in a mythical kingdom, and while you are convulsed with laughter at some of his antics, the memory of "King Arthur's Court" keeps bobbing up. Rabid Rogers fans won't mind this and there is fun enough to keep you hilarious for an hour. Marguerite Churchill is a very lovely queen while Greta Nissen makes an attractive vamp.

**THE
BELOVED
BACHELOR—**
Paramount



A SCULPTOR'S fiancée leaves him through misunderstanding when he adopts a little girl, but returns years later to become the grown-up ward's rival. The ward wins out, but only after many teasing turns of the plot. This story alone is pleasing, but backed up by Charles Ruggles' screamingly good comedy the picture becomes excellent entertainment. Paul Lukas plays the sculptor and Dorothy Jordan his ward.

**THE RANGE
FEUD—**
Columbia



YOU'LL think you've seen this picture before, so familiar is all that shoot 'em up, jump on a horse, ride, ride, ride stuff. Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star—but you'll twiddle your thumbs while watching this offering. John Wayne, Susan Fleming, Wallace McDonald and others try their best to push it along, but only in the last reel does it pick up a little speed.

**LEFTOVER
LADIES—**
Tiffany Prod.



ONE of those "should a woman be free" things, with divorcées served for breakfast and mixed up in your shoe laces. A bit over-acted in spots, it is fair entertainment with convincing work done by Claudia Dell, who has gone brunette, just to be different. Marjorie Rambeau plays another of her priceless rôles, while Walter Byron and Alan Mowbray do the masculine honors.

**WAY BACK
HOME—**
Radio Pictures



THIS picture will strike no half-way responses. Either you will be crazy about it or you won't hand it a thing. Thousands follow *Seth Parker's* radio hour, and his first film repeats all his old-time songs, so if you're a fan of his you'll shut off the radio when this picture is in the neighborhood and see it. It's home-town comedy—by cracky—and at least a relief from the current sophistication.

**RIDERS OF
THE PURPLE
SAGE—**
Fox



A PERFECTLY grand Western, produced with all the thought and care of a big feature. The plot of the Zane Grey yarn is typical and well known—but the Arizona scenery, the smooth-flowing, fast action and a breath-taking cattle stampede are things to cheer about. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill do good work.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 122]

Sound! Camera! *Sync it!* A Dramatic



UNEARTHLY quiet has fallen on the First National stage where Dorothy Mackaill is making "Safe in Hell." The sound man has given his gadgets their final twist—the blond lad at the camera has achieved the last perfect focus

Moment on the "Safe in Hell" Set!



Photo by Stagg

DOROTHY and leading man Donald Cook are ready, and Director William Wellman, with his foot on the rubber-tired moving camera "dolly," says go! And here you see the actual shooting of a dramatic scene—actors, crew and mechanical effects

Wandering With The



Since becoming a cinema celebrity, Freddie March has revised Horace Greeley's advice to read: "Go west, young man, go east, go west, go east, go west!" Confusing? Well, rather. It's been that way for him—

In keeping up with a cross-country movie career, they've found that Home is just a place to leave behind

By James M. Kahn

WITH the Fredric Marches (she is Florence Eldridge) it's a case of "Home, Sweet Home—If Any!"

Or, as Groucho Marx sang in "Animal Crackers": "Hello— I must be going!"

For the forward march of Fredric March's itinerant career has kept them leaping from Coast to Coast, from apartment to apartment and from house to house in a bewildered scramble to keep abreast of it.

Home life, they are coming to believe, is a delusion and a snare. They are a little breathless and considerably lease-shy, and instead of hanging the embroidered "God Bless Our Home" on the parlor wall, have revised it to read: "Reach for a Pullman instead of a door-knob."

It was just a few weeks ago that they were in their Great Neck, Long Island, home. But they weren't lounging on that spacious, glassed-in veranda, drinking deep the warm, fragrant joys of a summer on Long Island, nor content in the knowledge that when winter came they'd still be there. No. They were huddled in each other's arms, crying: "Pul-leeze, pul-leeze, we've only *just* moved in here," and wondering if Paramount was really going through with its plans to send Fred back to Hollywood.

Paramount did, and today he's back on the Coast—back on the Coast *again*—making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

HAVING labored at Paramount's Long Island Studios for a year, Fred had worked up a timorous hope that their stay in the East was going to last. It didn't. They were on the leap again!

It's been that way since Fred first stepped into pictures. When he was signed he was playing on the stage in Los Angeles. Playing, as a matter of fact, in "The Royal Family," the picture version of which boosted him into the front ranks of talkie prominence. Back in New York they had a five-year lease on an apartment.

Miss Eldridge had signed for five years because, with a talent for home-making and decoration, she likes to knock down walls, arch doorways, build book-cases and commit other forms of architectural anarchy. The landlord said she couldn't do it on anything under a five-year lease, so it was signed and the apartment turned into a home.

Now they had to get rid of it, for Paramount's plans were for Fred to stay on the Coast. They got out of it, after an involved procedure, and settled down in Hollywood. They leased a house for two years. It was a nice house, so nice that they didn't bother to knock down any walls.

But Fred, who likes to play tennis—and plays it well—had a tennis court built beside it. At the same

Marches

time they decided to build a beach house at Laguna Beach. They stayed just long enough to see the tennis court finished and play a few sets on it. The beach house was still being built when Fred received orders to march on to the Paramount Eastern studios in Long Island.

In New York they went to live at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel where, with a sigh of relief, they could live on a month to month basis. They could leap for a Pullman at a moment's notice.

But the home instinct is strong in the Marches. Also the urge to knock down walls and build tennis courts. They like to putter around and there's no puttering around with the gilded elegance of the Sherry-Netherland.

SPRING came along, too. That didn't help any, either. In addition, Paramount seemed to have an extended program mapped out at Astoria for Fred. It looked as though his work in the East would take on some aspects of permanence. So, with prospects of a long stay in the East, a wall-knocking urge and the sniff of spring in their nostrils, they made the plunge and pulled up with a home in Great Neck.

It was there I found them. As I arrived the phone rang and Fred answered it. It was a friend. A friend with a sense of humor. He just called up to tell Fred, in a voice hysterical with glee, that he heard Paramount was going to send him back to the Coast. Hehehehehe. Well, good-bye.

And so, with that bit of news to start us off, I heard all about the lease-leaping of the Fredric Marches.

If it had merely been a case of going back to Hollywood, there wouldn't have been this cry of plaintive futility seeping out through the shrubbery of the Long Island home of the Marches. They would have been glad to go back to swim and play tennis and ride and see old friends again—and look at the beach house they built but never got a chance to live in.

But it meant more than that. It meant another pulling up of the tender young roots of a home Fred and Florence have tried to plant time and again.

A home means a lot to them. They like to stay in it, and have their friends in it, too. They live modestly and simply. So far, Hollywood hasn't done things to them. If they can help it, it won't.

To find a Hollywoodite without *something* wrong with him sets one to investigating. I tried to find out what was wrong with Fred March.

"I'm normal!" he confessed.

AND he was right. He *is* normal. He's an actor who rejoices in being an actor. Now that he's a movie actor and making more money than he ever could have made on the stage, he still wants to be an actor.

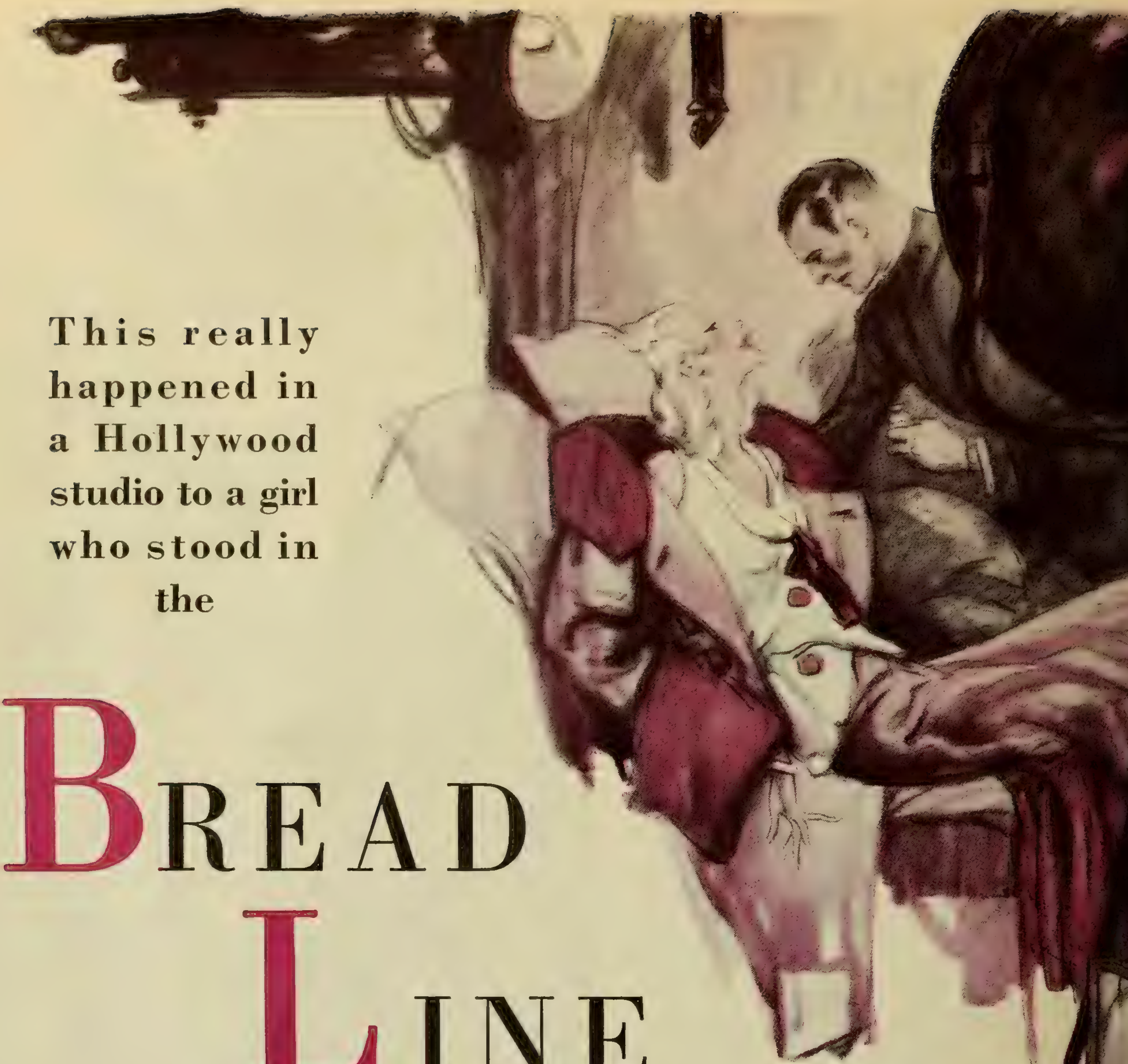
He hasn't worked up an English country squire complex, with a yen for Irish setters, horses, a wooded estate named Breeming Downs-in-Woode, and a yacht. If he did, the Little Woman would knock it right out of him. And, what's more, he'd pay attention to her.

For, to take the words out of Harry Leon Wilson's mouth, she's his best pal and severest critic. Only that's not kidding. He tries out all his rôles on her, because as an actress whom he played with for years before they were married, he formed a deep respect for her talents and judgment.

The story they tell about them when he was making "The Royal Family," has become a classic around New York. He carried the rôle home from the studio and continued to act it around the house. Every time Florence looked up [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



While Florence Eldridge, the Little Woman, is coming to believe that a quiet evening at home consists in being curled up in a Pullman berth with just a good timetable to study for the return trip



This really
happened in
a Hollywood
studio to a girl
who stood in
the

BREAD LINE

AS she stood outside the director's office—just one of a couple of hundred other folk sent on approval from Central Casting—Molly realized that she was hungry, that she hadn't eaten for the past two days. Realized it with a bitter pang that traveled from her tummy to her heart—and back again to her tummy! She almost laughed at the idea. Why, only a matter of a month ago—well, two months ago—she had been buying butterscotch pecan sundaes, back in New York. And telling herself that she must eat less—or she'd grow plump.

The thought of being plump, now—Molly looked down at the thinness of her hands, clasped loosely in front of her—had a sense of hysteria about it. The thought of a butterscotch pecan sundae brought hot tears to her eyes.

She had given up her well-paid secretarial job so blithely, had Molly. Because the whole movie racket had seemed so easy—to read about. Because so many people had told her that she had a figure like Joan Crawford and eyes like Gloria Swanson. She had invested the savings of five whole years in railroad tickets and pretty frocks.

She had—with a wave of one slender hand (it had been slender then, not thin!)—dismissed the three-fold offer of a slim platinum and diamond band, a three-room apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, and security. To say nothing of love.

"But I don't want marriage," she had said to Preston Crowell, the young man who had made the offer, "I want a career!"

And then, suddenly, she was crying, and the star was saying, "My God, she really acts as if she *is* starving!"

"Don't you care about me?" Preston Crowell had asked. He was a modern young man with sleek hair and a walking stick and a smart roadster (very nearly paid for, too)—but despite all that, his voice was just a shade unsteady.

"Don't you like me—a little bit?" he had implored.

Molly had been near to softening when she heard the quaver in that usually steady, sophisticated young voice. For she did like Preston—she more than liked him.

She had known many a joyous hour in the roadster—speeding through Westchester, parked in the twilight of Riverside Drive. She had thrilled to the tiled kitchenette of the little apartment. She had also thrilled to certain not exactly stolen kisses. But for all her momentary softness, she did not relent.



BY
MARGARET
E.
SANGSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. F. JAMES

"I want," she told the young man, "a career. I want to go into the movies. I photograph beautifully—really I do, Pres! My voice—according to all I've read about voices—is the right sort of voice for the mike. I don't want to settle down before I've had a chance. At least—" her tone was suddenly gentle, "not yet."

It was Preston Crowell's cue to be grateful then, and tactful. Had he shown a proper feeling for that hesitant "not yet," the three-room apartment might have been leased at once. But after the manner of young men, he turned suddenly sullen.

"It isn't as easy as you seem to think," he said almost harshly—the quaver had quite gone from his tone, "this breaking into the movies. Lots of prettier girls than you, Molly—

with better voices, too—are wearing out their shoes, and the sidewalks of Hollywood, looking for work. Maybe you'll be sorry—you'll regret—that you—"

But Molly interrupted. She was just in the mood, then, for argument.

"If you think," she said hotly, "that I'll ever regret not marrying you—"

It was Preston who interrupted, this time.

"I wasn't going to say that," he told her, "at all! I wasn't going to bring myself, or marriage, into it! But if you want to be mean—well, I bet you'll think that this old town, and everything in it, looks pretty good a few months from now. *When you come back to it.*"

"But I won't come back," Molly told him fiercely. "How do you get that way? Not until I've made good. *See!* Not until I've made good!"

Preston Crowell brushed his hand back, nervously, across his sleek hair. And then all at once his reserves had crumbled.

"Oh, honey," he begged. "Oh, Molly dear. If you change your mind—and you probably will, you know—just wire me. And I'll come all the way out—"

But again he was unfortunate in the matter of phrasing his thoughts. He shouldn't have said, "you probably will." For—

"I won't change my mind!" Molly told him. "And I won't wire—not ever!"

But just two months later, as she stood outside the director's office, rubbing the scuffed toe of one patent leather slipper against the back of her darned stocking, Molly was thinking of New York. And of the tiled kitchenette, and the little roadster, and Preston, and—everything. And it wasn't easy not to cry!

And, oh God—how hungry she was!

SHE had gone out so blithely from New York, with her smart summery dresses packed in two new suitcases, and her ticket paid for, and three hundred dollars left over. She had registered at one of the best hotels, never counting the cost of best hotels! For, she told herself, three hundred dollars would certainly be ample until she got a job in pictures.

Of course, Molly didn't expect a starring part at first, not quite that. Although she'd fed her soul on a million Cinderella-like experiences in half a million magazine articles! But she did expect something that would supply bread and butter and jam and new silk stockings—supply them almost immediately.

It was with a sense of acute surprise that she reviewed her resources at the end of her first week in Hollywood, and realized that more than a third of her money was gone and, as yet, she hadn't even seen the inside of a movie lot.

Even at the end of the second week she was already scanning her features almost forlornly, in the mirror. Why, she didn't even look as pretty in Hollywood as she had in New York—Hollywood was crowded with prettier girls than she! The clerks in the shops were beautiful, the waitresses in the tea rooms were radiant.

"But after all," Molly told herself, "I've got a good voice, if I do say it." And so she took a sharp tug at her mental boot straps and moved from the good hotel which had by this time absorbed two-thirds of her capital, to a cheap boarding house.

But cheap though it was, the boarding house had eaten acidly into her remaining hundred dollars. So that at the end of a month Molly, a trifle wild-eyed, was looking for stenographic work, the sort that she had stopped doing in New York—stopped doing several years ago, before she assumed the dignity and title of a secretary. It surprised her acutely that she couldn't even get a chance to show her skill on a typewriter. Surprised her, that is, until the boarding house keeper gave her the proper slant on Hollywood's economic situation.

"You'll not get a job out here, dearie," the boarding house keeper said, not ungently. "The place is over-run with stenographers who came out to act—and who need jobs! Take my advice, girly"—the woman was a kindly soul—"and go home and marry some nice young fellow and settle down."

At that moment Molly found herself almost wishing that she could go home and marry some nice fellow. But her denial of Preston had been far too definite to admit of failure—at least yet.

"Oh," she told the boarding house keeper, and though her tone was not exactly airy, it at least had a touch of confidence, "oh, something will turn up yet, I'm sure."

But nothing turned up—nothing. And at the end of six weeks—well, tramping from office to office can make even the smartest new clothes and the most trick little shoes look shabby!

The seventh week found Molly haunting employment agencies, standing like a shadow among a couple of hundred other shadows in front of forbidding closed doors. They were always closed . . .

The eighth week—and eight weeks, as any mathematician figures it, equal almost two months—brought her to actual hunger! Hunger—with her last pair of silk stockings in a regrettable state, and her last week's board bill unpaid, and the freshest of her frocks sold to a second-hand dealer.

And then on the last day of the second month had come a magic summons. Central Casting had given her a sudden call. She was to report at a studio. If she suited it might mean anything. Even—a job.

"If I could only get one day's work," she told herself fiercely, as she waited in front of the director's office, "it would help. I could pay some rent, on account, and perhaps have a hamburger sandwich, too, on the way home."

The thought of a hamburger sandwich, sizzling, smelling not too faintly of onions, made her feel acutely giddy.

THERE was a bustle about the place on this day. But perhaps, for all Molly knew, there was always this sense of nervousness in a studio. It spread through the crowd as bustle and nervousness always do. Molly wasn't the only one on edge—for the girl standing next to her gave a sudden sharp little sigh.

"You and me," she said in an aside, over her shoulder, "haven't got much chance, kid, I'm afraid. There are too many near-society girls coming in here, trailing new chiffon dresses. You and me—well, I'm down on my luck. I haven't had a day's work since St. Peter was a little baby. And you don't look so prosperous either."

"No, I'm not so prosperous," answered Molly wearily.

"Been here long?" asked the other girl—not that she cared much, just for something to say.

"Oh, for two months," said Molly, still wearily.

"Say," the other girl was suddenly confidential, "I've been here two years, and it gets harder all the time; I mean more competition and everything. You're new at it still—you can break away. Why don't you beat it back to the place you came from?"

It was Molly who sighed now. "It's a long walk to New York," she said.

The other girl persisted. "Haven't you some friend who'll stake you to a train ride?" she asked Molly.

But at the question Molly's head snapped up sharply and her chin became all at once firm again. Nearly firm! She was remembering what Preston had said about "when you come back."

"No," said Molly, "I haven't." And that was that.

THE crowd in front of the director's office was growing. It was in the air that there had been a large order for extras, but nobody seemed to know just what kind of a picture was in process. The crowd contained all sorts of people, too. There were the aforementioned near-society girls, trailing their chiffons . . .

There was a stout, matronly woman whose round cheeks looked placid, and whose eyes looked scared. There was a tall, shiny black man, with a little pickaninny clutching at either hand. There was a fussy, be-ribboned mother, with a fussy, be-ribboned child in tow . . .

There were old men, bearded and bent and hopeless. There were young men, arrogant and bold-eyed and a little worn at the elbows.

And then suddenly a door opened somewhere and a girl came out with a slip of paper in her hand. On the paper were names, neatly typed. Molly, with her eyes, followed the progress of the girl—evidently a secretary—who consulted the list and made checks against the names. And, as she watched, all about her, through the line of extras, a whisper grew and swelled and traveled.

"They're casting for that New York picture," ran the whisper. "They want fifty extras today. My God—fifty! It's New York stuff. It's— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

He Ages Thirty-Five Years in Three Hours



It takes this man just three hours to add thirty-five years to his life! But it takes three hours every day. The natty young fellow in gray hat is named Phillips Lord, but you know him over the radio as *Seth Parker*. He and his troupe are making "Way Back Home" for Radio Pictures, and the greatest make-up job

since "Cimarron" is done on Lord by Ern Westmore, who was responsible for aging Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in that picture of Oklahoma frontier days, and Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill." Westmore works on the human face in much the same way an artist paints a canvas. They make 'em young or old in Hollywood

"All Quiet

on the
WESTERN
FRONT"

WINS

The Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal As the Best Picture of the Year 1930

THE motion picture audience of the world has awarded PHOTOPLAY Magazine's famous Gold Medal for the best picture released in 1930 to Universal Pictures for "All Quiet on the Western Front."

This is the eleventh annual award of this honor which has from the beginning been recognized as the highest distinction that can be earned by a motion picture. It is the second talking picture to win the medal.

The previous winners were—"Humoresque," 1920; "Tol'able David," 1921; "Robin Hood," 1922; "The Covered Wagon," 1923; "Abraham Lincoln," 1924; "The Big Parade," 1925; "Beau Geste," 1926; "7th Heaven," 1927; "Four Sons," 1928, and "Disraeli," 1929.

"All Quiet" is, without doubt, one of the greatest sermons of peace ever preached. And that the pulpit for this sermon should have been a silver screen is significant indeed.

WHAT went into the making of the film is a great story in itself. Carl Laemmle, Sr., had but recently turned over his Universal Film Corporation to a smiling lad of twenty-one—his son Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Junior had read Erich Remarque's amazing book, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Junior wanted to make a picture of it. Hollywood laughed.

Why, you couldn't make a picture out of a book like that! But Junior thought you could.

He cabled his father, who was on his way to Germany, asking him to buy the book. Carl, Sr., shook his head, but was eventually persuaded to sink nearly a million and a half dollars into the film. The boy, Carl Laemmle, Jr., had a vision. He saw it fulfilled and glorified.

Young Laemmle selected Lewis Milestone to direct "All Quiet." Milestone—himself a young man—had been known as a comedy-drama director. This was the first deadly



Carl Laemmle, Sr.—he bought the story

Erich Remarque—he wrote the book



The Nobel prize of film-dom — Photoplay's Gold Medal which goes this year to Universal



Lewis Milestone—he directed it



Lew Ayres—he won fame in it



Carl Laemmle, Jr.—he produced it at the age of 21

serious story he had attempted. When "All Quiet" was released he was recognized as a directorial genius. In the 1930-31 vote of motion picture critics, polled by the *Film Daily*, a trade publication, he was rated as the best director. Also this year he was singled out by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the man who had done the most able directing in 1930.

"All Quiet" was not a star picture—yet it introduced a new and vivid star to the screen—Lewis Ayres. Again Laemmle, Jr., showed courage in choosing an almost untried actor for the difficult rôle of the boy *Paul*. Ayres had had but slight film experience. Immediately upon the release of "All Quiet" he became a sensation. But it is not his performance alone that you recall—it is the cast as a whole that remains a fierce and beautiful memory.

ONE of that troupe, Louis Wolheim, the lovable, humorous *Katzensky*, died a few months ago. But his work in this great picture will never be forgotten. The younger men who played with Ayres—Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Scott Kolk, Walter Browne Rogers, Ben Alexander, Owen Davis, Jr.—began the picture as boys but, realizing the seriousness of their work, finished it as men.

John Wray and Slim Summerville deserve attention, as does Raymond Griffith for a magnificent "bit." The others were all excellent and added to the force of the picture. Maxwell Anderson and George Abbott must be given great credit.

These two famous playwrights wrote treatment and dialogue.

In every way "All Quiet on the Western Front" was a perfect film.

The number of votes received this year has been tremendous. A word of explanation must be said about why the 1930 award is not made until December, 1931. This is so the people throughout the world may have a chance

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Jimmy,



The nose that has launched a thousand laughs

Sylvia



She collects first editions and hates exercise

ON February 10, 1893, Mrs. Barthelmo Durante became, at the Durante flat at 90 Catherine Street, New York, the mother of a 7-pound, 9-ounce baby boy. Three and a half pounds of that weight, they saw, was the baby's nose. He still has it, and that's why they call him "Schnozzle" instead of his given name of James, or Jimmy.

Early in life, Jimmy realized, like *Cyrano de Bergerac* before him, that nobody'd ever take him seriously with a nose like that. So he became one of the greatest comedians there is. Papa Durante wanted Jimmy to follow in the barbering trade, and had him lather customers' faces. But they laughed so hard at Jimmy's beak that papa cut them here and there, so Jimmy went out into the world. He still hates to shave. And now he makes as much in one week as seventeen barbers in a row of months.

He loves parties. Let him loose in one, and he steals the show.

Cornflakes with milk is his favorite dish! Give him a box of flakes, a bottle of milk, and he's happy. He even entertains, now and then, at cornflake dinners.

He's as nervous as a cat; does everything jerkily and quickly. Walks that way and with a slight stoop to his shoulders. Doesn't care what he wears. When he gets up he puts on the first things he lays his hands on, regardless of color combinations or appearance. Smokes cigars constantly.

When he was ten, his mother started him on piano lessons at a dollar apiece. Jimmy learned that half the time he could spend the dollar on ice cream and things and make up the lesson by practicing at home. He did, and can play anything from opera to jazz on the keys. Once, in his early days, he was accompanist to a singing waiter named Eddie Cantor, in a Coney Island cafe.

He never sleeps more than five hours a night and is an early riser.

His wife is Jean Olsen. He met her when he was "Ragtime Jimmy" at Coney Island. Her first remark to him was, "You're the worst piano player I ever heard." That started a romance that's still hot fourteen years later.

DID you happen to see a picture called "Thru Different Eyes"? Can you remember a furtive, not too attractive girl who gave a piercing scream in the courtroom? You can recall her vaguely, yes? But she left no impression on you? If you haven't already heard, what I'm about to tell you will be a shock. Maybe you'd better sit down.

That little nonentity in "Thru Different Eyes," that stage actress who came to Hollywood and failed—well, that was Sylvia Sidney! The Sylvia Sidney who, later, played a melancholy tune on your heart strings in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene." The girl with the crinkly eyes and the sweet, fresh mouth. The young woman who is, at the moment, the outstanding sensational success of Hollywood!

Your guess as to the reason why she failed first and, a few months later, became the talk of the town is as good as mine or Mahatma Gandhi's. Good parts, I suppose. Careful direction. Any number of things. The fact remains that, despite Paramount's effort to make her a second Clara Bow, Sylvia stands on her own two feet and is now considered their second biggest box-office draw. Marlene Dietrich is first.

Her eyes are gray-green and change their color, but one of them has a brown birthmark that doesn't change.

When she was ten (the daughter of a Bronx dentist and a dress designer at Wanamaker's, living in Greenwich Village) something happened to her. She could not talk to anybody. If someone spoke to her tears would pour down her cheeks.

PUZZLED by all this, her parents insisted that she take dancing and elocution lessons—both of which she most cordially loathed. She gave up the dancing but the elocution teacher persisted. Apparently he saw in her what critics were later to discover when, at fifteen, she did the leading rôle in the Theater Guild School play.

She collects first editions but hates all form of physical exercise. She can't stand to have anyone manicure her nails.

So near-sighted she cannot see a movie without her glasses, six rows back. An exceptionally bad memory, but she's as shrewd a little business woman as Hollywood has known.

Linda And John



Her hobby is eating and she
can bark like a seal



He can play the piano but he
won't play golf

THIS "debutante" Fox star is going to cause a mutiny among Hollywood women. Her hobby is *eating*.

When they see her, 5 feet, 4½ inches, maintaining an unvarying weight of 108 pounds on *two* double scoop chocolate ice cream sundaes each noon, two chocolate bars at frequent intervals during working hours, and a repeat on the sundaes for dinner, then pink skins turn a jealous green.

But Linda Watkins has a swell sense of humor. Her wit flashes as brightly and unexpectedly as a divorcee's engagement ring. And, unusual attribute, she can laugh at herself.

Her laugh is famous. It barks like a seal. The comparison is accurate. So accurate that director Al Santell threw her a fish every time she laughed while making her first picture, "Sob Sister." Nor did the broad hint stop her. She only barked the louder.

Her family is impeccable. Her uncles include: Lord Brougham of England; Professor Michelson, father of the philosophy of light; Major Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore, painter and sculptor; and Williams Watkins, inventor of the automatic fire alarm. You'd know, seeing this impressive list, that she has money. She has.

She went to private schools. Because she didn't like being a lady of ease, she entered the Theater Guild School, in the same class with Marguerite Churchill and Sylvia Sidney.

Because she magnetizes success, Linda appeared immediately in "The Devil and the Cheese," was featured in "The Ivory Door," and had other stage successes including a season with Blanche Yurka in high-brow Ibsen. She's afraid of the screen and refused point blank to attend a public preview of her picture but saw it alone. She came from the projection room looking as though she had been to a wake. "I'm terrible," she wailed.

But she wasn't. "Sob Sister" (Linda plays the hard-boiled girl reporter) has already made her thousands of screen friends.

In Hollywood she's invariably the life of the party. She usually seats herself right on the floor and proceeds to be the focal point for a large and admiring group.

Her favorite drink is a concoction of orange ice cream and cream, shaken together.

GIVE John Arledge a perfectly strange piano and in no time at all he'll make it sit up and say, "Poppa!" He can do more with pianos than Mr. Heinz can with pickles.

But that's not strange. You see, ever since Johnny's childhood—that was down in Crockett, Texas, where Papa Arledge was a wholesale grocer—music has been his hobby. It still is—and his only one. He started learning to play the piano, and incidentally the pipe organ, when he began saying da-da, and he's never stopped practicing.

That's how he broke into pictures. It certainly wasn't his face. Johnny doesn't think much of that face. He always figured it'd get in his way for a screen career, so he hoped for a chance at grand opera. Instead, he drifted to California with a stock company, and in the course of events found they needed a nifty piano player to do the "Rhapsody in Blue" number in Universal's "King of Jazz." He got the job. And from that, his step into his current contract with Fox is just one of the usual Hollywood up-from-the-ranks stories.

John (they call him Johnny, for short) Arledge is his real name. He first bawled his defiance at the world on March 12, 1907, down there in Crockett. Dad wanted him to follow in the grocery business but Johnny wasn't interested.

HE'S one of the sweetest dispositioned lads in Hollywood. "A sort of he-Janet Gaynor," somebody characterized him. One of the first things you notice about him is his swell Southern drawl. With it goes a Southern charm of manner.

He's quite ga-ga over Una Merkel. When those two get together, it sounds like all Dixie let loose.

He weighs 140 pounds, and although he doesn't look it on the screen, he's only two inches under six feet. His hair is light blond and wavy, and his eyes are that interesting gray-blue.

He hates biographies and too heavy reading, but if you give him Hemingway, or Maugham, or Walpole, he'll like you for life. Yes, he smokes, but moderately. He likes swimming and tennis, and thinks golf is blah.

And do the girls like him? *Do they!*



Rudy Vallee At Home

SCENE—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Vallee. She was formerly Miss Fay Webb of Santa Monica, California. He was formerly Mr. Rudy Vallee of Westbrook, Maine, and The Villa Vallee, New York. Mrs. Vallee was formerly in pictures. Mr. Vallee is a two-handed saxophone player who leads Mr. Will Osborne's jazz band, and also sings through a megaphone. He once made a talking picture called—called—oh, dear me suzz, what was it called? The Vallees are discovered in the living room of their New York apartment.

By Leonard Hall

and pistols! Some of them shoot blanks, too. It's a rotten shame.

MRS. VALLEE—Well, I do think that (BANG! another shot). Oh,

gosh! There it goes again!

MR. VALLEE (taking another peep)—Ding-bust me if there isn't another—and what a whopper! Two hundred and fifty if she weighs an ounce!

MRS. VALLEE (proudly)—The bigger they are the harder they fall for my Rudy! Do call Gus, dear, and have her swept out. Your songs all set for tonight?

MR. VALLEE—Well, I thought I'd give them "Moonlight," then follow with "Crooning in the Moonlight," "Moonlight Crooning," "Croon to the Moon," "The Moon Is a Croon," and then wind up with "Crooning."

MRS. VALLEE—That's a nice selection, dear.

MR. VALLEE—It has variety.

MRS. VALLEE—That's what they like—variety. (Looking out the front window.) You'll have to take the freight elevator again, dear. There's a terrible mob down there. Got everything you need, dear?

MR. VALLEE—Everything, dear.

MRS. VALLEE—Got your big white sweater with the blue Y, and your hair grease, and that new gold megaphone with the diamonds and emeralds, dear?

MR. VALLEE—Got it all, dear.

MRS. VALLEE—Got a big kiss for me, dear?

MR. VALLEE—Yes sirree, dear! (He administers it.)

MR. VALLEE—Wall, time to be a'goin'. I can just make it with the motorcycle escort. What are you going to do, dear?

MRS. VALLEE—I'm going to sit right here and crochet my big boy that new megaphone cover for his birthday!

MR. VALLEE—My little woman! Well, 'bye, dear!

(He tiptoes into the hall. A shot is heard.)

MR. VALLEE (from the freight elevator)—She missed me, dear! See you in the morning!

FEMALE VOICE FROM HALLWAY—Hussy!

MRS. VALLEE (slamming and double-bolting door)—Dope!

THE FAMILY RADIO—"Hi-Ho, everybody! This is Rudy Vallee, broadcasting from the stage of the Bliff Theater. Our first number tonight will be a little waltz I just wrote called—"

MRS. VALLEE (succumbing to honest tears)—Nuts!

MR. VALLEE—Wall, haow do you like our settin' room?

MRS. VALLEE—Living room, dear. Don't go Maine on me! It'll do for the nonce, when we get a good reliable nonce. Is it time for your broadcast?

MR. VALLEE—Wall; let's see, naow. I'm due at the Bliff Theater at 7:32. At 8:01 I'm at the Bloppo Cafe, and then at 8:03 I goes on de air ovah de Barbed-Wire Hairnet Hour at Station FOOF. An' den, sugah, ah aims to come on home an' croon foh mah mamme!

MRS. VALLEE—Just what act are you supposed to be doing now, baby? You're getting your dialects all scrambled.

MR. VALLEE—Oh Lor', I am confused! There I was doing a bit from the Royal American Roughage Hour over Station PIFF on odd Tuesdays in Lent, or is it Advent? This business does keep one dizzy!

MRS. VALLEE—Never mind, ducky! We'll soon be home in California where all you have to do is make nice little talkies. I'll bet—(A shot is heard off) OOOOH! Rude, what was that?

MR. VALLEE (cautiously peeping past the chained door)—Law! Isn't that a dad-burned shame? Another of those silly gells has shot herself, right here on the door-mat! We'll simply have to order Gus not to let any more into the building! Dod-rat me if that doesn't make sixteen today.

MRS. VALLEE—Sweet sixteen who'll never be missed. I think it's a darned shame! Can't a bride and groom have a little peace without some fool girl firing a gun into herself every ten minutes? I'm going to write to the Mayor!

MR. VALLEE—Won't do a leetle mite o' good, dear. They will do it, though I make a speech about it every performance. Why, the shows the critters have busted up, with their screams



Hal Phylfe

COME good stories, come sour—the interesting and capable Mr. Warner Baxter, ably supported by his neat mustache, goes right on knocking out the box-office naturals for Fox. Putting on his chaps and best Mexicano leer, he makes “The Cisco Kid.” Quickly changing into store clothes, he stars in “Surrender”

Stars Broaden Shoulder Lines



YOU should look as if you have the shoulders of a football hero these days. Bulky at the top, slenderly tapering below—that's the new silhouette. Look at the fur massed on collar and sleeves of Mae Clarke's red woolen suit. Smart side closing. And nice black accessories. Worn in "Frankenstein."



LILYAN TASHMAN knows just the right one-eyed angle at which to tilt a sailor. Simplicity plus, from shallow crown to narrow brim. Just felt and hatter's plush done with a manner. From "Girls About Town."



WHY such big sleeves? "The better to achieve the new silhouette, my dears," says Kay Francis. Huge brown fur sleeves in leg o' mutton effect give pencil-like slenderness to a green coat she wears in "Girls About Town."

Wear Satin For Leisure Hours



WHEN you see "Shanghai Express" don't miss these pyjamas of Anna May Wong's. White satin contrasted with brown—and well done, I think. I like the simplicity of the whole thing—that high neck, fitted sleeves—note that the trouser fullness is subtly disguised.



NORMA SHEARER'S next picture is that gay, sophisticated comedy, "Private Lives." And here is one of the many delightful lounging costumes she wears for her "private life!" It's a tailored, mannish sort of robe made gay by gold dots on brown satin. Just the thing you should have—it's smart and practical both. How do you like that modern cabinet in the background? I think it's a beauty.

— Seymour —



Gene Robert Richee

EVER since young Phillips Holmes, as *Clyde Griffiths*, sat down in the electric chair, he has been getting more and more famous. Given a reputation by his labors in "An American Tragedy," he trots from stage to stage trying to catch up with his rôles. He will soon appear in "The Man I Killed." Always murdering!



“Ginsburg!”

Maurice Chevalier and one of his fiddler boy friends sneak up on the microphone and make a record that sparkles with pep

By Ida Zeitlin

THE time is 10:15 of a pleasant morning. The place is the recording studio of the Victor Company—a huge, windowless room, artificially lighted and ventilated, and equipped with an assortment of musical instruments of so many shapes and varieties that you would probably have trouble naming half of them.

Yet so vast is this room that, despite its paraphernalia, despite the twenty people, the piano, the platform and the score of chairs held comfortably within its middle region, it creates an impression of emptiness. You notice at once that the floor you walk on, the ceiling over your head, the walls around you, are different from the floors and the walls and the ceilings of your every-day existence; and upon inquiring, you are informed that, for technical reasons, all these surfaces have undergone some special and mysterious process of treatment.

The chairs are occupied by musicians, mostly young. On a dais facing them, close to a microphone, stands the conductor—a curly-haired, pleasant-faced youth whose manner is friendly and free of any trace of bumptious authority. Yet make no mistake. This amiable young man, who works in shirt-sleeved brotherhood with his orchestra and addresses them for the most part as “chiselers,” is no less surely the boss of his outfit than Toscanini standing in glory on the stage of Carnegie Hall.

There is a sense of expectancy in the air—that feeling which pervades a theater just before the curtain goes up. The orchestra is rehearsing an unfamiliar melody, at the same time keeping its eyes cocked toward the door that leads into the street. The prevailing spirit of good humor is catching. It even manages, somehow, to sneak its way into the dreamy notes of the waltz they’re playing, that sounds as if it were destined to become one of the season’s favorite dance tunes.

There seems to be some confusion as they near the end. The conductor sends an inquiring eyebrow toward the piano. “Say, Len!” comes a plaintive voice from that direction, “these four bars at the end don’t mean nothin’!”

“Len”—otherwise Mr. Leonard Joy, whose name seems singularly appropriate to the genial atmosphere he creates—joins the pianist. Their knitted brows and rhythmic fingers are bent above the score. The others relax. One of them eyes me speculatively; then, taking the plunge, calls in a confidential whisper, “You gunna write us up?”

But the whisper isn’t confidential enough. “Hey, fellas, look what wants a write-up!” chortles his neighbor. “It ain’t us she’s gunna write up, nitwit!” he adds severely. “It’s the French egg!”

THIS releases a flood of contributions.

“What a guy that is!”

“Does that bird know his business!”

“Takes him an hour ‘n’ a half to do his stuff where it takes the rest of ‘em double.”

“An’ that’s no buggy-ride!”

“Say, lady, watch him talk to the mike. It’s a laugh!”

“All right, boys, let’s go!” calls the leader. “We’ll take it with the second ending.”

Once, twice, three times they play the song—play it until each note emerges, clear and round, and the melody seems to assume an airy shape of its own that floats charmingly about the room on its dancing feet.

The last quiver of sound dies away. “Ginsburg!” comes a deep-throated chorus from the players who look rather pleased with themselves as they lower their instruments. Ginsburg? Well, it certainly sounded like Ginsburg, unless my ears are playing me some fancy trick. Mr. Joy takes pity on my mystified face and explains.

“It’s a gag,” he says. “One of the fellows brought it back from a picture studio where he worked. Every time the director shot a scene he’d say to his head yes-man, ‘It’s good, Ginsburg!’ So they started

**Maurice Chevalier,
the boy who breaks
records, also makes
them. Now read how!**

"Geenzborgh!" yells Chevalier, and another record's made!

yelling it here whenever they liked themselves—and after a while it came to be just 'Ginsburg!' Means—" he concluded with a deprecating grin, "it's swell!"

It is past ten-thirty—the hour at which the French singer for whom they are waiting is scheduled to arrive. He had, to be sure, stepped off the Hollywood train only that morning. Tardiness under such conditions might be considered excusable.

Yet when, at promptly ten-forty, a man of average height, in a gray suit and a fedora hat, with warm blue eyes and a slightly protruding lower lip, makes his appearance—producing, incidentally, on the occupants of the room the effect of a slight and stimulating electric shock that stiffens their backs and brings a sparkle into their eyes—there is apparent on the newcomer's agreeable face a look of genuine distress.

"I am late," he says, turning to Joy, and the voice and the accent are those that within the brief space of three years have grown to be a familiar delight in every corner of the world. But the still more famous smile is missing. In repose Maurice Chevalier's face is unexpectedly grave, even stern—reflecting, perhaps, the sternness of the poverty-haunted years of his early youth. "I am late, but I think it is not my fault. No one told me I must come here, so I went first to 44th Street. I am terribly sorry."

THEY get down promptly to business. Mr. Joy raises his baton and the notes of the waltz they have just been rehearsing drift once more through the room. Chevalier, having removed his collar and lighted a cigarette, hums the air as he listens. The first violinist, a boy with great dark eyes who looks about eighteen, smiles up at him and Chevalier smiles back. Impossible to analyze that smile, still more impossible to resist it. It seems to hold the essence of all the friendliness and kindly warmth that one human being may feel for his fellows.

Chevalier nods his approval, hangs his coat and vest over the back of a chair, and, hands in pockets, takes his place at the microphone. The god of the control room, where the technical equipment is housed, emerges, makes some adjustment in the combination radio-Victrola that stands against the wall, and disappears.

A second's pause is followed by a long, wavering buzz, which is the signal for silence. Another buzz, long and steady. Two flutes in the back stand up. A third buzz, repeated, short and sharp, and the music floats out.

Chevalier begins to sing. Gone is the serious mask, gone the preoccupied air. His face lights up, his hands move easily from gesture to gesture, and wherever he puts them is the place where they should be; his shoulders talk, his eyebrows are more eloquent than most people's tongues. His whole body is the sensitive instrument through every inch of which he conveys, far more vividly than in words, the spirit of his song.

FINISHING the first chorus, he steps away from the mike to make room for the dark-eyed, long-lashed boy who, looking more childish than ever with his grave face bent above the violin, plays a brief solo into the microphone. As he in his turn steps back from the instrument, Chevalier makes him a low bow which he as ceremoniously returns.

It's a love ditty that he's singing, written by the authors of "Louise," that popular ballad of his first picture. Its words contain none of the humor, none of the sophistication of the French favorites with which he earned his European reputation. It is a purely American product, boasting a purely American flavor. "Will I ever find the girl in my mind, the girl who is my ideal?"

Yet, those of you who saw "Innocents of Paris," who saw Chevalier standing by a flower-covered wall in the moonlight singing to the wistful girl above him, who remember the half-tender, half-mischievous smile with which he seemed to mock the sentimentality of the words as he sang them, who realized how by the deftness and grace of his touch he lifted that scene out of the commonplace, and transmitted it into a genuine emotional expression of the beauty and pathos of young love, will understand how he worked a similar miracle with this one.

The first test is finished. Everyone gathers about the radio-Victrola to listen with professional concern to the reproduction. There's something a little eerie about this instantaneous mechanical repetition of the sounds that a moment before were being made by [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114



Here's a new experience for a little fellow with a big reputation! Mervyn LeRoy, the youngster who made himself famous by directing "Little Caesar" and "Five Star Final," puts Gloria Swanson through her paces in "Tonight or Never" for Goldwyn. Look, everything must be all right—they're smiling!



Bert Longworth

GOODNESS gracious alive to Betsy! Can't we girls get any privacy at all? Take Ruth Chatterton—and that's a pip of an idea! Here she is, reading her "Tatler" in bed, and a pair of brash young cameramen have pushed past the maid and are firing away point blank—the brutes! A scene for Ruth's new "Once a Lady"

\$2,000.00 Prize

As human and as romantic as the winning story itself is this one about the girl whose words meant dollars

copied, all of them typed on the same kind of paper, set up in the same way, bound together with the same patent clasps, alike as blonde chorus girls.

No name, address or other identifying mark was put on these typewritten copies, except that each was given a number corresponding to the number that had been placed on the original manuscript as it was received at the PHOTOPLAY office. The judges saw only the typewritten copy—the originals having been placed in locked steel cabinets. There was no way of determining whether the writers were men or women, young or old, rich or poor, worthy or unworthy. The winning manuscript had to stand or fall on its own merit as a story that best suited the requirements of Warner Bros. and most strictly followed the rules and the spirit of the contest.

Therefore, it was with all the expectancy of the unfolding of a mystery drama that the original copy of ms. 109 was brought from the filing cabinet and, for the first time, the name of the lucky winner read. This gesture had all the elements of suspense and surprise that the winning story itself has. It was called—as suggested by the contest—"Beauty and the Boss," although this was not obligatory.

THE name? The writer of the mysterious yarn? "Jane E. Considine, Philadelphia, Pa.," was written in the upper right hand corner of page one.

She is twenty-one years old.

She is medium height, with dark hair and eyes and an olive skin. She loves sports, is a great movie fan and does not believe in diet.

She is a typical young American girl—modern, up-to-date but not a flapper. Thoughtful, but not solemn. She has stamina and courage. She is the highest type of American young womanhood.

And this yarn of hers that won first place in an international contest that attracted writers of much greater maturity and experience and produced numbers of promising picture stories, is the *first attempt at story writing for a motion picture that Jane has ever made!* It bears out the theory that was advanced at the beginning of the contest that there is always a place in the movies for good *original* stories, whether they be written by professionals or not!

Three years ago, when Jane was a high school junior in West Philadelphia, she won first prize in a newspaper essay contest for that year. That was just before her eighteenth birthday. The name of the essay was "Words, Words, Words" and the second paragraph read:

"Only words, but what important things they are! A world of usefulness and beauty is embodied in their letters. . . . 'Tree' is a beautiful word. It is free and green and leafy all at once. 'Leaves' belong to a tree and not between the confining covers of a book. But sometimes, when the book is opened and its world of words are quickened to life by your mind, they are suddenly living 'leaves.' "

At twenty, entering her junior year at college, Jane Considine proved that when "quickened to life" by the mind, words might become "living leaves." For Jane's words, 1700 of them, quickened by her imagination and her orderly, clear thinking into a story, have won the \$2,000 cash award offered by Warner Bros. through PHOTOPLAY!

Since writing the prize winning story Jane has had another wonderful experience as a direct result of her literary and general scholastic attainments.

As a pupil of Rosemont College, a beautiful school for girls just outside of Philadelphia, Jane stood highest of the four girls, who, because of excellent grades, are privileged

Lovely Marian Marsh, who will play the leading rôle in the story selected by the PHOTOPLAY-Warner judges

STORY number 109 wins!

The PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. story contest is over. The judges—who read and re-read those 10,000 manuscripts—are resting at last. Warner Bros. are preparing to film the now famous "Beauty and the Boss," with Marian Marsh and David Manners in the leading rôles.

Story number 109!

What does this mean? As the 10,000 manuscripts were received they were given to a corps of stenographers to be

Won by Girl

From Philadelphia

to spend their junior year at the affiliated school in Switzerland, the University of Fribourg.

So, three weeks before the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. award was made, Jane sailed for Europe and a thrilling year at the foreign university. Two days before the boat landed in France, she celebrated her 21st birthday.

Her parents are not wealthy. Sending Jane to college abroad means sacrifice to them. Just before she sailed Jane said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could do something to earn my own way?" So that is where the \$2,000 will go, to continue the education of a girl who may some day be one of the great literary figures of America.

And yet her parents did not know that their daughter had entered the contest! That's the sort of girl Jane is. She did not want them to become unduly excited or disappointed if she did not win.

But the family were all singularly unsurprised by the announcement. Jane has always had a way of coming through with unexpected victories and triumphs. No one had known of her entering the newspaper essay contest three years before until the publication announced it by a telephone message and reporters from the Philadelphia newspapers asked her to pose for their cameramen!

Apparently Jane's family wouldn't be bowled over if they were suddenly told that Jane had been elected President of the United States.

And not until this issue of PHOTOPLAY appears on the news stands will Jane receive the cable telling her that she has won the contest.



Here's the lucky girl. Name: Jane Considine. Age: 21. Her first attempt at writing for the screen has brought her fame and fortune. She typifies the best of young American womanhood

This is our handsome hero, David Manners, who will have the other principal part in Miss Jane Considine's winning story, "Beauty and the Boss"



A reporter from PHOTOPLAY made a trip to Philadelphia to discover what manner of person Jane Considine is. She is a native of Philadelphia, born in the house, comfortable and unpretentious, that she and her family still call home, in a pleasant section of the city. She has an older sister Mary, a sixteen-year-old brother Jimmie, and little sister Betty, who is twelve.

Jane's father, James P. Considine, was manager of the old Philadelphia North American newspaper for twenty years. Mary E. Considine, Jane's mother, was for many years a contributor to the magazine section of the Philadelphia "Record," writing articles and stories of interest to children and advice on marketing and household helps for the women's pages. So there's "printer's ink" in Jane's veins.

Jane had already sailed for Europe when the fateful manuscript was chosen, but from the family the reporter learned much about the winner.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

When *THEY* Were *VERY*



Just a wistful little fistful, or Portrait of a Flaming Youth Before They Put the Torch to Her. Joan Crawford at the age of six, when she was just Mrs. LeSueur's little girl, Lucille. Do you see any resemblance to the dashing Joan of today?



This young lady really believed there were birdies in cameras when this was taken, but that was because she was only eight months old. Bebe Daniels knows a lot different now



Booful! That's what we'd say that hat is. Or rather, what we'd say it is if we were Winnie-the-Pooh. Being ourselves, we'll just say, "Some Hat!" And the little girl? Norma Shearer, of course

Young

Can You Tell Whose Ittie Bittie Baby Is Oo Without Reading Names?



We won't even try to fool you with this one, for it doesn't take a *Philo Vance* to see that the five-year-old charmer above and the grown charmer on the left are both Marlene Dietrich. No difference at all, is there? Except Marlene's showing a little more leg these days

Three poses of a little lass who seems happy enough to be in her Seventh Heaven. But she didn't get there until many years later, for Janet Gaynor was just five when these were taken



The Unknown HOLLYWOOD I Know

Part Three

Filmdom's sinister underworld . . . Cecil B. De Mille's pose . . . what Mary Pickford's mother thought about her daughter . . . and a lot more inside stuff



This coy damsel in natty shepherd's plaid suit (how about it, Seymour?) is the author as a comedy queen

By Katherine Albert

HOLLYWOOD, in those days, had a back door which was mean and ugly. Through it there came, in the night, dark and sinister figures—fantastic shapes with furtive movements, sharp eager eyes and shifting hands ready to pounce upon foolish girls who wanted to become actresses.

They played upon ambition.

In the last two chapters of this story I've told you of the brighter side of Hollywood, the gay days at the Griffith and Metro studios. I was soon to discover the ominous underworld that operated on the small side streets of the little town.

The place was covered by a hord of petty racketeers as a democratic convention is covered by reporters.

Anybody can buy an ad in a newspaper. It was through these columns that the tawdry underworld sent out its slimy octopus-like feelers.

The legends read, "Big opportunities in show business and movies for ambitious girls—very little experience necessary!" It sounded great.

HOW many stupid girls answered these calls I don't know. The returns must have been tremendous. My first experience was fairly typical of them all.

The address given was a shabby office approached by rickety stairs.

I discovered two tobacco-smoke laden rooms in one of which sat a sleazy girl making a few false gestures on a decrepit typewriter. A greasy lock of hair hung across her forehead and her lips were scarlet. I told her I'd come in answer to the advertisement.

deep wrinkles cut into his cheeks appeared.

His mouth was curled into a smile but his eyes, as they met mine directly, were humorless. I was stupid enough to believe that honest men were those who looked you square in the eye. I've since learned that this is the trick of the crook. I've never known a first class confidence man who did not give you a direct, straight-forward gaze.

He motioned me in—the girl had left through some outer door—and offered me a seat across from the mean, littered desk.

"SO, you're an actress, are you?" he began, rubbing one jeweled hand over the other.

"Yes, I suppose I am," I said, "I've been at the Griffith studio and I've just finished a part at Metro in 'The Saphead.'"

His lips drew back from his broken teeth. "Ah, you know Griffith, then?"

I nodded. "But he's in New York now," I said.

"Who directed this 'Saphead'?"

"Herbert Blaché and Winchell Smith."

He leaned back and tapped his teeth with an unkempt forefinger. "I've a great proposition for some bright girl—like yourself, for instance." He leaned forward. "My partner and I are starting a motion picture company. We've a great story and it will put some girl right on the top of the heap. But what we need is a great director. Now you've been in Hollywood long enough to know that the personal contact is what counts and if you're to play the starring rôle in the picture . . ."

I interrupted. "Oh, I couldn't



"Jack has caused me heartaches. Mary hasn't!" Thus spoke Mrs. Pickford—that amazing human dynamo who made movie history. Here she is with her children many years before her death



Here he is! Cecil B. De Mille in his old office. Here it was he surrounded himself with the pomp and ceremony befitting one of the world's greatest personal showmen. He terrified young actresses by having them walk the length of floor to his desk. All a trick!

play a starring rôle yet. I haven't had enough experience."

His mouth smiled and his hand waved aside my protest. "Nonsense. Why, I can tell by looking at you that you were born to act. You'll be a great little actress with the proper director. Sure, you can play the star part. You've possibilities—wonderful! But you'll need a director you understand and who understands you. I want you to pick your own director. The Blaché who directed this 'Saphead'—he sounds okay. So here's what you're to do. Get to know him socially—see him a lot and . . ."

Amazed, I listened to the tale unfold. After the clumsy beginning the real idea began to seep through. It was one of the oldest rackets in the world—the oldest blackmailing stunt. I was to compromise a director and my benefactor was to rush in to act as my champion, accusing the director of making advances to an innocent girl who had come to him on a business matter.

The director would, rather than be subjected to the scandal which the racketeer threatened, settle for money. Simple, easy, direct. By using a young, naive girl the director would be taken off his guard and more easily victimized.

I FLED from the office as quickly as I could. But there were other girls who remained to play his game and many important directors and executives have been duped in just this fashion.

A few days later—through a friend of my mother's—I secured an interview with Cecil De Mille, and that remains one of the most fantastic experiences of them all.

De Mille was, at the time, at the peak of his bathroom career and, if that be possible, a greater *poseur* than he is today. He guided the figments of his imagination through impossible antics at the old Paramount studios, that low rambling green building on Vine Street that has now passed into the limbo of forgotten things but which once so proudly boasted Wally Reid, Bebe Daniels, Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson and little Lila Lee. De Mille was, then, preparing to film "Fool's Paradise" with Dorothy Dalton, Conrad Nagel and Mildred Harris.

I came to the studio dressed in my ordinary street clothes but I was whisked immediately to the wardrobe department

where the head designer, Claire West, told me it would be better if I saw De Mille in evening clothes. She proceeded to have brought in the most amazing assortment of gowns I've ever seen. It was a dress that Gloria Swanson had worn in one of the director's so-called society epics that Miss West at last chose—a thing of heavy silver cloth trimmed with ropes of beads and hanging fringe. It had a long train but no back at all.

I was helped into this dress feeling pretty doggone silly about the whole affair. There is nothing that makes you feel quite so absurd as the wearing of evening clothes in the broad daylight. The gown hung on me. My unformed shoulders were but barely able to hold the weight of all those beads. Young and silly as I was, I realized it was a mistake and would rather have seen the director in my comfortable street clothes in which I felt at ease. But Miss West assured me that De Mille enjoyed interviewing embryonic actresses in décolletage. Mine not to reason the why of a god.

We trailed into the outer De Mille office. We waited the proper number of minutes and then, at last, word came from on high that I was to be admitted into The Presence. I had expected that Miss West [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Ten years ago Mary Miles Minter, although a "snooty" kid was a beautiful one. She assumed an attitude of boredom at parties



Now, retired from films, this is the way Mary looks. Note the extra poundage. What! No diets, Mary?

Beauty! Charm! Poise!

ASK yourself what you want to be—and be honest about it! Look deep into yourself, at that inner person that is really you. I am willing to wager that nine out of ten of you will say that you want to be a person that has charm, that is sought after by men and women alike, that is a real personage and not just another face in the crowd. Am I not right?

A very delightful friend of mine was once asked before a class in high school what she wanted to be. The other boys and girls who had answered the question before her had said that they wanted to be nurses, lawyers, etc.—but she arose and made the startling admission that she wanted to be a siren in Hollywood! She was honest with herself, she wouldn't kid herself that the most natural of all feminine desires is to be fascinating. Today, she is one of the most popular women I know. The sense of humor of high school days, the honesty and the individuality that prompted such an answer are still there—she is unspoiled, she is *real*.

When I say that you can be what you want to be, I mean just that. Furthermore, I think I know whereof I speak. I watch closely the women I meet in both the social and business worlds, I study women that I have never met—and I know that the secret of feminine beauty and charm lies within the easy grasp of everyone. How can it help but be there at hand when the couturiers, the cosmeticians and every modern agency are directing their ingenuity toward making you the thing of loveliness you yearn to be?

If you are one of those girls who say, "I

could be lovely, too, if I spent as much money and time on myself as she does," I feel sorry for you. Really I do, because you must have been joggled off the bandwagon of this generation.

Why don't you put yourself on a paying basis? Sit down in front of a mirror and go over yourself as a business that has been steadily losing. Look your liabilities in the face but don't let them floor you. Don't fail to count your assets. See just where you are failing now and how with a boost mentally and physically, you can pay dividends in beauty, personality, charm, popularity and poise. It can be done, you need only to make a career of yourself for awhile!

Every day I receive letters from you who lament a freckle or two, or the fact that you wear glasses, or that your hands are too large. What of it? Hundreds of attractive women have similar troubles but they overcome their slight imperfections by playing up their good points. Beauty is a manner that you wear

gallantly these days. Perhaps you are not perfection feature for feature, if analyzed—but few people will notice it if your skin looks fresh and well made-up, if your smile is gay, your eyes sparkling and your hands exclamation points of animation.

Just the other day I had a letter from a woman who had read my article recently on make-up. She said that she answered the description of the woman I mentioned, who had never realized how lovely she was until one day she found herself in a beauty salon by the simple aid of rouge! And so she wrote to tell me that she had achieved a flashing new self, too. "And to think," she said, "that a light coating of liquid rouge over my whole face under my powder could transform me from the drab Cinderella that I was."

How do you acquire personality and what is it? I wish I could tell you how many girls have asked me that burning question in the past few years. Asking what personality is, is another way of asking how to be popular. The two go hand in hand. It is the girl with personality and lots of it, who is sought after in business and society, whose telephone starts ringing at nine in the morning. Personality is the iron in beauty's dish, charm, the flavoring. You can't put your finger on personality, in many ways it is an elusive something. However, you can analyze yourself to find the missing ingredient. See if you can find where you fall down by asking yourself:

Do I have a sense of humor?

Am I well dressed, carefully groomed?

Do I appear well in public?

Am I a sympathetic friend and good listener?

Have I a good disposition or am I short tempered and caustic in my remarks?

Have I tried to talk entertainingly?

Do I make an effort to dance well, to be a good sport?

Can I see both my bad and good points?

Friendly Advice on GIRLS' PROBLEMS

I will gladly send you an answer to any personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type, and shades in make-up. Merely send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Ask for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Or for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne.

Address Carolyn Van Wyck at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Here's Claire Dodd's recipe for slender ankles: Walk on tiptoe, without shoes, for ten minutes each day. Also take a stationary position and alternate the body weight from the toes of one foot to the other. Lastly, bandage your instep and ankles in gauze before doing strenuous sports



Personality and Popularity!

Any Girl Can Be What She Wants To Be Says Carolyn Van Wyck

The writer of these pages is a well known and cultured New York society woman whom PHOTOPLAY secured several years ago to assist our young women readers in their problems. Write her about yours, no matter what they are. She will be glad to help you

See yourself with impartial eyes, then build for personality.

Don't overlook poise along with personality. The girl who can stand alone with assurance, who is at ease, is the girl with personality. Self-consciousness can ruin the best of social and business opportunities. You don't have to be conceited to have poise, you merely need an intelligent evaluation of yourself. Know that you are well-dressed, carefully groomed, charming—and people will know it, too. That's the magic of it!

I don't know why but the word *charm* seems to have a warm glow about its very sound to me. I always feel so satisfied after meeting a woman who radiates it. I like to have you

Do You Know That—

Fewer really smart women are wearing those bizarre shades in nail polish?

Shrugging the shoulders is an excellent exercise for filling out those hollows in the neck? Try from twenty-five to fifty high, wide shrugs a day and just see what they do for that new neckline!

The body is composed of eighty-five per cent water? And that drinking water daily is essential to good health?

Your feet should be given a daily "breathing spell" if you would avoid irritating foot ills?

A prominent beauty authority has introduced a new rouge that she says is "the essence of the 18th century blush"?

A porcelain tone is the basic ingredient for new powders that give you that new transparent look?

Silver blue, silver green and silver

Are You Thinking of Someone?

ARE you an active, worthwhile, enthusiastic friend? Does your friendship really mean something—or is it just an empty term that stands for nothing at all? Do you show your friendship in those little, but all important ways? Do you, for instance, let your friends know that you are thinking of them?

In other words—do you write letters to your friends? Or do you put off letter writing until it is perhaps too late to express the friendship that you feel? Do you find your days so full to overflowing that the writing of a letter becomes an unpleasant task?

There are ever so many things that crowd out the business of writing letters. Shopping and sewing and cooking and contract—housework and homework! They all cut into our time, one way or another. And then the day is gone—and the friendly letter is still unwritten.

It's a horrid thing to neglect

the people of whom you are fond, isn't it? And it's unnecessary, too! Because you can let a friend know that you are thinking of her (or him!) without going to the worry and fuss and work of writing a long letter. It's that thing which the French call the *beau geste* that counts, really. It's the beautiful gesture—the letting a friend know that you have her (or, again, him!) in mind.

Here is a simple and satisfactory solution to your letter writing problem. Instead of giving up a whole evening—or a whole week, for that matter—to caring for your correspondence, try this: Buy some ordinary postal cards, and write—on each one—the address of some dear but neglected friend. And then, on the message side of the card, write simply this—

"The answer to the question on page 75 of the current issue of PHOTOPLAY is—

"YES!"

write to me about your little problems of beauty and manners because every letter I answer, I like to feel that I have given each of you a gift of charm. Seymour, in his section every month, is contributing his bit to making charm widespread. He knows fashion and he knows how important a factor it is to a girl's charm. He makes fashion a refreshing picture full of hints on how to carry your clothes off with the air of a star.

And popularity is the sum of these attributes. If you have them, you have popularity without asking. You can't be popular if you are self-conscious—but you can't be popular either if you are overbearing. I had a letter from a girl this morning who frankly admits that she is not popular with either men or women. She has no friends. How pitiful, you say, but wait! She finds single girls silly and shallow, and married women too busy to introduce her to men. Is she at fault or are they? She is, of course. She would be angry if told that she is conceited. She thinks she has an inferiority complex—instead she has a disastrous feeling of superiority! She needs to look at herself rather searchingly

and then unlock some of the doors on her ego.

There must be balance, a happy medium of knowing when to do and say the right thing in order to achieve lasting popularity, to be *wanted, beloved* as every girl does.

LOUISE:

You will find that it is necessary to take especially good care of your hands in cold weather.

Cold has a tendency to absorb the natural oil of the skin, leaving the hands red, dry and rough.

Be sure to dry your hands well after subjecting them to water. Keep a hand lotion close by, rub it into your hands several times a day. Most of the lotions dry immediately so that your hands do not remain moist. Never go out without gloves.

If you do housework to any extent I would suggest that you wear gloves.

Try creaming your hands at night before retiring, then cover them with cotton gloves so that the grease will not rub off in sleep.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

mauve are new shades in eye shadow that another well-known beauty authority is promoting for evening? She says they give the eyes a starry lustre.

This same house puts out a midnight blue mascara that shades and curls the eyelashes to intensify their natural coloring?

There is a new type of eye glass frame that is beautifying? It comes in flesh-colored gold and is scarcely discernible at a distance.



Above, Dorothy Sebastian in the part that was to make her a star—the part she didn't get, after all! A scene with John Barrymore in "The Tempest." In circle, little Camilla Horn, the German girl who was given the rôle when Dot was eased out

These

It's a brutal place, this jolly Hollywood, where the sun always shines and fame is given and snatched away between breaths

By Kay Evans

It is not, really, the producers who are heartless brutes. It is the town itself. It is the form of the fourth largest industry. Other businesses are not so personal. The films deal with emotions and hopes and dreams instead of buttons or linoleum or automobile accessories.

IF the president of a soap factory makes a mistake it costs him merely a million cold dollars, perhaps. If a picture executive uses a little bad judgment he not only sacrifices his money but the hearts of dozens of people as well. It is this, this distinctly personal, emotional element, that makes Hollywood as brutal as a black snake whip.

A girl named Lucille Powers fought her way along the perilous path that the extras tread. At last came her big chance, the chance she'd been waiting for all those months. She was given the leading woman's rôle in "Billy the Kid," a big special picture.

It was filmed. She did good work. But when it was put together and the powers that be looked at it in its rough state they found that she was not mature enough for the part, not yet wise enough in all the tricks of the camera. It was nobody's fault. Heaven knows, the producers would have prevented such a catastrophe to their pocketbooks if they could.

Lucille was replaced by Kay Johnson. The executives were out a good deal of money. And Lucille suffered that deep seated heartache of the ambitious person who has tasted the first sweetness of success, only to have the cup snatched away.

And there have been others—so many, many others. Do you remember the story of Dorothy Sebastian and the leading rôle in John Barrymore's picture, "The Tempest"? I shall never forget the day she got it. "It's going to make me a star!" she said earnestly, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

She played in the picture for five weeks and did the best work of her career when Director Tourjansky (a Russian who had just had his first big American break) was taken off the picture and another director put on. Just at that moment Camilla Horn arrived from Germany and the studio wanted to give her every advantage. So she replaced Dorothy, who had said, "This part will make a star of me."

The fate of some of the foreign importations is woven into the tragic history of Hollywood. Perhaps nothing was so cruel as the bringing to this country of Eva Von Berne, an

FOUR men sat at a bridge table. "Three spades," said the first. "Pass," said the second.

The third looked up. "By the way, Mabel Doakes' contract is up at my shop. I'm not renewing. She's a bad actress. She cost me a lot of money. Pass."

"Thanks for the tip," said the fourth. "I was going to sign her for a part in our new vehicle. Four diamonds."

They were four of the biggest executives in Hollywood. Each controlled the destiny of one of the major studios and there, over a bridge table, they had put the professional finger on the mythical Mabel Doakes. She may or may not have been a bad actress. She may or may not have cost the producer a lot of money. But the executives did not stop to ask for motives. She was doomed. It was enough.

It is done like that in Hollywood, the cruelest town in the world. As finally, as brutally, as that. And Mabel's heartaches, her sleepless nights, her pitiful alibis to her friends—these are but the tiny threads of suffering in the merciless pattern of Hollywood.

Hollywood Cruelties



The part opposite John Mack Brown in "Billy the Kid" was to make Lucille Powers a big leading woman. Here she is in a scene with John. But they decided she was too inexperienced, and Kay Johnson, in circle, finally played it



inexperienced Austrian child. Young, eager, breathless with excitement, she arrived to have her little taste of fame and glory—a lead in a Jack Gilbert starring vehicle.

Those were halcyon, brightly colored days for Eva that became clouded with gray when she was found to be too plump for American beauty standards. She was shipped back home

THE hundreds who suffered when the microphone came into vogue; the dozens who had to give up their careers because they grew too fat for the two-dimensional camera; the great stars whose popularity wanes with the years; those vital actors who can be accepted no longer because of telltale wrinkles under the eyes and sagging muscles at the throat—these are but some of the heart throbs that are known to Hollywood.

Nor are the directors immune. I remember, one day, seeing King Vidor walk off his set after a day's work with the tears standing in his eyes.

It had happened like this. He had made what he thought was a perfect picture, "The Crowd." It was life. It was realism. But the producers were afraid of that very realism, that raw beauty. They had asked him to make a "tag," which is a substitute half reel or so for the end of a picture. In this "tag" King shot a banal happy ending. He must have his wretched characters suddenly become rich and happy.

King Vidor is an artist. The making of that final half reel cost him something infinitely precious. As it happened, this "tag" was not used. A better one, that satisfied everybody to some extent, was at last made.

Clarence Brown was forced to make the same gesture when he directed "Flesh and the Devil." The—to him—odious happy ending was filmed for release in the smaller towns.

A mistake that cost a producer a neat \$300,000 and plenty of heartache to all concerned occurred when the genius Maeterlinck was brought to this country to supervise the making of his immortal "The Blue Bird." The picture was a failure. Its beauty did not register. Maeterlinck left, to ponder on the strange ways of the movies.

Perhaps no more bewildered writer than the late William J. Locke ever came to Hollywood. The author of "The Beloved

Vagabond" discovered that his great talent had no place in the studios.

With the loud trumpets of press agents and the usual hullabaloo that accompanies a visiting celebrity, Max Reinhardt, one of the greatest minds in the theater in Europe, was brought to this country.

IT was his task to direct Lillian Gish in "The Miracle." He was a god in Europe, a failure in Hollywood. Somehow he could not adjust his ideas to the requirements of pictures. For months they worked to find something suitable for him. He returned, at last, minus the trumpets. The same tragic fate seems to be the lot of the Russian director, Eisenstein.

Mind you, these people may go home. They may go back to occupy the same positions they held before. But there is something devastating about failure, as far as an artist is concerned.

One of the most merciless circumstances took place during the filming of that exciting, amusing picture, "In Old Arizona."

Maria Alba was given the woman's lead in the film because of her excellent histrionic ability and her natural Spanish accent. Delighted, she helped design her own costumes and evolved a fascinating way of wearing her hair. The company worked for two weeks when it was discovered that Maria's natural Spanish accent was not understandable on the sound track. So Dorothy Burgess, an American girl, was given her rôle.

It was Maria's assignment to coach Dorothy in the accent, to dress her hair and to sit on the set watching her play the rôle she loved, while she showed her correct Spanish mannerisms.

There is no helping all this. For mistakes are bound to be made. And each one spells the suffering of dozens of hearts!

Sally Eilers was in pictures four years, played twenty rôles, and was a Wampas Baby Star before she was given her big chance in "Bad Girl"



She couldn't get extra work, but when Carole Lombard brought her to Mack Sennett, she was in a big part with Carole ten minutes later

Sally's Not A "Bad Girl"

By Maude Lathem

WHEN Sally Eilers played in "The Good-Bye Kiss," Mack Sennett said she was the best bet in pictures. It was three years later that she was given a long-term contract by Fox. In 1930, Ziegfeld declared she was the most beautiful brunette in California, but not until she made "Bad Girl" did six directors ask for her at once, and three studios try to borrow her from her own lot.

She is married to Hoot Gibson and much in love with him. Thinks he is the most distinguished-looking man in California in evening dress and handsome enough for anybody in his riding togs.

The only time she gets angry with him is when he is dressed first and hurries her by saying "come on." Then she wants to throw something at him.

The only time "Hooter" ever got mad at her was when she went "blonde" for her last picture. He wouldn't speak to her for two days.

Sally loves children and takes care of Hoot's little girl. Hopes to have children of her own later. This is her first marriage, though she was once engaged to Matty Kemp and later to William Hawks. Thinks every woman can act better when she knows about life. Therefore advises all girls to get married, but only after an engagement of at least six months.

Loves associating with men and women of intelligence. Likes to keep her own individuality and make her own money, but is not a "Lucy Stoner." Has a fine sense of loyalty and fairness; a great sense of humor and love of fun. Likes playing jokes on her friends and will take one, too. Has many superstitions and never stays alone at night. Despises vicious gossip but loves "dishing the dirt" if no one is hurt.

A MEAL to her is a quick route to the dessert. Her favorite dish is peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce. She can eat anything without increasing her weight, much to the chagrin of the other girls.

Blue is her favorite color. She wears it a lot. Wears clothes well, designs many of them, but does no sewing. Likes tailored clothes best. For evening, prefers velvet. Has light brown hair, beautiful brown eyes, weight one hundred nine pounds.

Rides a horse well, pilots a plane perfectly. Doesn't talk about her golf score, but plays a fast game of tennis. Would rather dance than eat, but will swim if you prefer.

Has a poor memory for faces and has to meet people several times before she remembers them well.

Among her close friends are Bebe Daniels, Marian Nixon, Joan Bennett and Marion Davies. She has all the buoyance of youth, with an amiable temperament, willing to meet people at least halfway.

If they don't like her then, it's just too bad.

All classes of men are attracted to her. They love her beauty and bright repartée.

BEFORE she was married she lived at home with her mother and father. Her father insisted that she be in from dates at a certain hour. Her mother usually sat up for her.

Yet she was, at this time, a leading woman, earning a good-sized pay check.

She was one of the most popular Hollywood debts and is now a popular matron. Belongs to several clubs. Entertains a good deal. One of the favorite methods of entertaining is giving barbecues at Hoot's ranch.

Friends drive the forty miles from Hollywood, arriving about two in the afternoon and staying until they get ready to go home.

There's always grand food, cooked outdoors before your eyes.

Weekends are usually spent at Hoot's cabin in the mountains, although they always have loads of invitations from their friends for weekend parties. She and her husband fell in love with each other while Sally was playing leading woman in one of his pictures.

They thought it would be a grand idea if she'd be his permanent and personal leading woman.

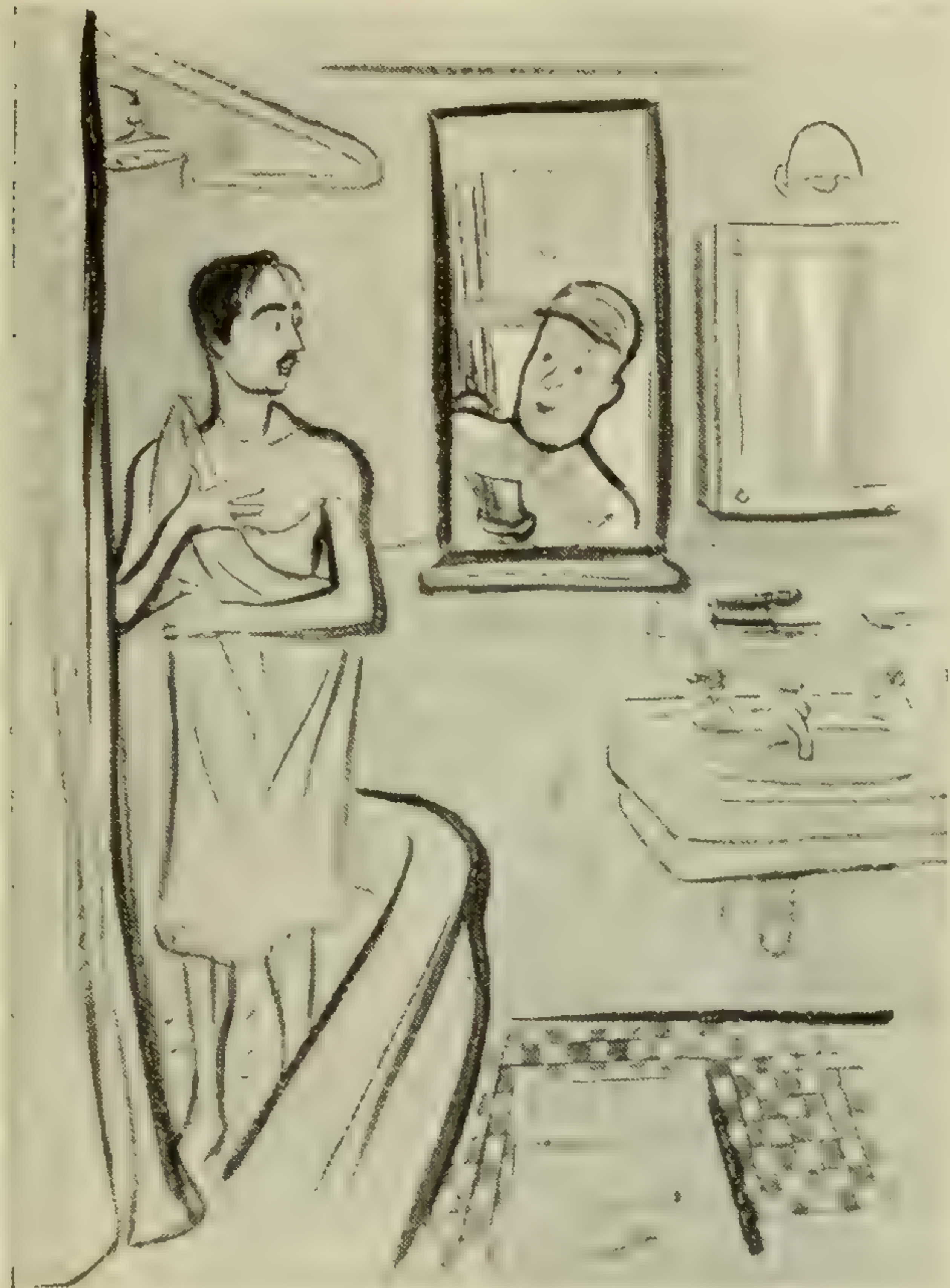
She loves to play bridge and usually lunches with a different girl friend every day she isn't working. She's the type of person in whom people are always confiding. Maybe that's because she looks sympathetic.

Hollywood has pronounced our "Bad Girl" good!

HOLLY HOO

[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

You Can't Fool A Horse-Fly



"Putting on weight, ain't you, Mr. Menjou?"



"In this big, vast movie industry of ours, we mustn't forget the dear little kiddies; there's millions in it!"

Speed Queen—
Blanche Tweet crossing the finish line at Daytona Beach. Experts declare that she never would have won this thrilling race is she hadn't taken the bonnet off the car and put it on her head



*The Latest Thing Ingagi—*This exclusive photo of the Marquise de la Malaise was taken just after she won her third consecutive tree sitting contest. Note the hands, extended in the proper position for landing. Note also the streamline body. Note the string of croix de guerre on the head. Note anything you want

Seemore, Our Out-of-Fashion Expert,



*The Bull's Eye—*And one hundred per cent bullet proof, too. Those things sticking out of the lady's head are spears thrown by African savages. Absolutely no harm was done to the lady, as you can see by the unruffled expression on her face



*The Crow's Nest—*A headgear designed for ladies who are fond of pets. Dogs, cats, rabbits, canaries, marmosets, parrots — almost any small animal can be carried in it with comfort and safety. We advise you not to try goldfish, however. The lady in this illustration did, and they ate up all the lining. The ingrates!



*The Hollywood Bowl—*This smart creation serves the double capacity of style and utility. Made of solid oak and trimmed with re-enforced concrete, you can break beer bottles over it without causing any discomfort to the owner. The lady in the picture is about to sock someone. Look, she is putting on her brass knuckles, too!



*The Ocean Spray—*A practical, yet fetching hat for yachting, surf bathing, or other rough water sports. The tulle which you see floating off into space can be worn in a pile at the top or let down over the face, depending on the weather. Also, it can be taken off entirely, but you will need a crew in order to do that



*The Stop-Go Hat—*Invented by Gloria Swanson years ago. A very useful, in fact indispensable, article for motoring. The furry growth on the top conceals a periscope which enables the driver to see where he's going and where he's been. For night driving the periscope is equipped with a red and green light, making you practically your own traffic cop

Rummages In Photoplay's Old Files



Ready, Take Aim, Thrust!—This unique parasol is known as the "Don't touch me, Sir!" Here Miss Wanson is shown demonstrating it on a studio electrician who walked into her dressing-room without knocking



Vacation Time—Going South this winter? You will need your beach pajamas, and here they are! Absolutely the last word in lounging comfort. Smart, easy to slip on or off, they suggest the woman of today more nearly than anything else. Here you see Dorothy Gish with pail and shovel, on her way to dig in the sand



Keep the Home Fires Burning—A very useful trinket for Hollywood winter nights. The bracelet around the lady's leg contains a bellows. It will start up a fire in no time, and it's always easy to get at. Also can be used as a flask at night clubs or dinner parties. The lady here is on her way out now, but whither is she going? we ask



The Kick-in—Popular among football players, but equally correct in the boudoir. The toes are designed from an old Chippendale model and are finished in bird's eye maple. Buckles by the American Locomotive Company



"Between you and me, professor, do you really think that Doug and Joan are going to have an—er—addition to the family?"



The inventor of Slow Motion Pictures plays bridge



"So that's the stuff that dreams are made of"

This Drawing by
Norman Anthony

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman

YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races . . . at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester . . . dancing at the most exclusive night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men—young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"**C**OMPLICATED beauty preparations" she calls "needless extravagance" . . . "The Pond's Method keeps one's skin fresh and clear, in less time, at less cost."

Follow its four steps, and you'll agree:

1—Amplly apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. *At bedtime*, never fail to repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—*Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer.* This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!



"For practical home beauty care," Mrs. MORGAN BELMONT says, "Pond's Method carries off all honors" . . . See Pond's four famous preparations, which she uses for the care of her dazzlingly fair skin, at right.



Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening
9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra.
WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

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114 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK

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Copyright, 1931, Pond's Extract Company

Nance O'Neil in her first stage appearance at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco.

Nance O'Neil at the time of her first appearance on Broadway, when she scored an overnight triumph that swept New York.

Nance O'Neil as "LADY TEAZLE" in the *School for Scandal*.



"I'm over 45!" SAYS NANCE O'NEIL

Famous Stage and Screen Star tells the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

"I'M over 45—you see I admit so much," says Nance O'Neil. "Perhaps I should admit more, but it is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels."

"One of these photographs of me was made last summer. The others were taken along the way from the time I started in the theatre."

"For my part, I don't think any-

one, especially women, should tag themselves with dates, and I believe the world in general would be happier and better if birthdays were never recorded, for as time goes on it cannot but bring with it a sense of limitation which I am sure we all want to be free from.

"Constructive thought and care of the skin are certainly two things that always help one to escape the marks of time."

"Any woman who knows how to keep her complexion youthful can be charming at any age."

"Stage and screen stars know that

a skin softly smooth and aglow always has appeal. Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin, and now I am among the scores of stage and screen stars who use it regularly."

Hollywood's favorite Complexion Care

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 heartily agree with this beautiful star! So devoted are they to this fragrant white soap that it is official in all the great film studios!

Lux Toilet Soap



Nance O'Neil as "RAIMUNDA" in *The Passion Flower*. This rôle was one of Miss O'Neil's greatest successes.



NANCE O'NEIL

Who would dream, looking at this recent photograph, that Nance O'Neil is over 45! With so many stage successes behind her, she is today a popular screen favorite, still radiantly charming as when she first appeared behind the footlights. "Stage and screen stars *must* guard complexion beauty above everything else," she says. "It's youth that wins hearts!"

Shopping *WITH* Marian

IN *NEW YORK*

Here are three of the smart things
Marian Marsh brought back home



How to achieve glamour in one lesson! Wear a dress like this. It has *it*—from its lacy black bodice to its gleaming ciré satin hem. Marian says it's for those late afternoon or early evening formalities. Designed by Sally Milgrim



If you are slim you can dare red and white horizontal stripes like these—if not, beware! The blouse is hand-knitted, the skirt of red tweed. From Jay-Thorpe



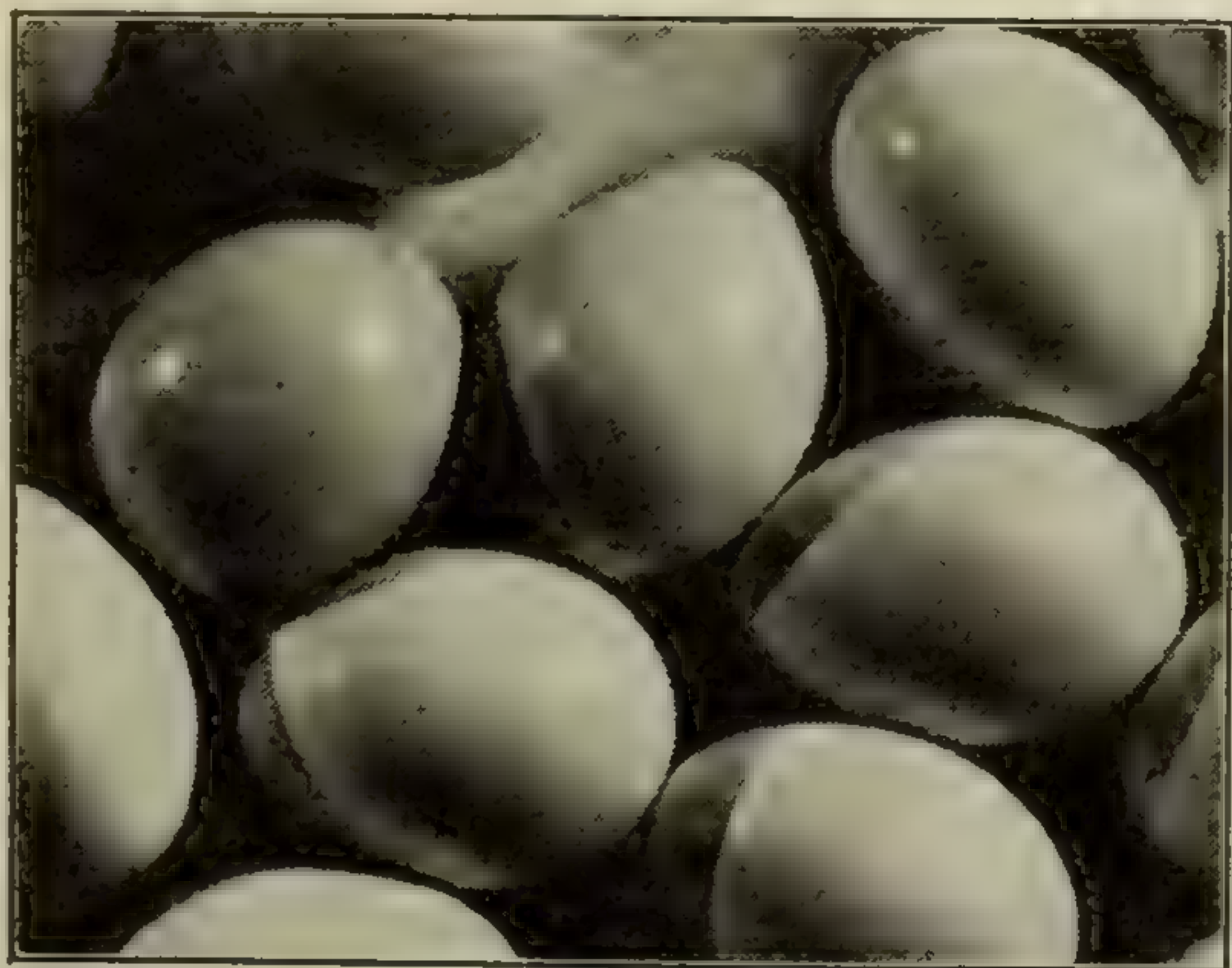
"Oh Marian — it's gorgeous!" That's what her Hollywood friends will say about this black and white satin dream. Note the Greek feeling this has with its peplum and shirred bodice. Slippers of white and gold metal cloth. From Hickson



25¢



**More BEAUTY for your Teeth—
More MONEY for your Budget**
—with this extraordinary tooth paste



**Buy 6 dozen eggs
with the money you save**

There are many things which you can buy with the \$3 a year each member of your family saves on tooth paste. But very few will do you and your children as much good as eggs—especially in these winter months. Eggs are a valuable source of vitamins "a" and "b." They also supply *lecithin*, important in nourishing the nerves and aiding growth. Remember, eggs are always part of the diet which doctors prescribe during convalescence to bring back health and energy.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. Yet its cleansing and polishing power, plus safety, are unsurpassed—even by imported tooth pastes, costing 75¢ a tube.

It is entirely free from coarseness and grit. It cannot scratch even a baby's tooth enamel. And it contains, in addition to all the usual cleansing elements of value—an astonishingly effective, *special polishing agent*.

*Our methods cut costs for you
with no loss of quality*

Though Listerine Tooth Paste is only a youngster in the tooth paste field—it is the biggest, most vigorous youngster ever seen. Over four million people have switched to it in nine years—and have kept on using it constantly. This demand calls for production on a huge, cost-cutting scale. You benefit by these savings.

*Try it! Learn how white
your teeth really are*

Your teeth benefit as much as your pocketbook. Economy alone could not have won and kept so many users—particularly millions of women, who prize the beauty of their teeth.

The special polishing agent clears away every particle of dirt and decay. Tartar, tobacco-stains, other discolorations—vanish without leaving a trace. Yet it is scientifically gentle in action and therefore cannot injure tooth enamel.

Besides, it leaves a remarkably fresh and invigorating after-taste. Your mouth is clean—and *feels* clean, too.

Give this tooth paste a trial. After that, we know you will keep on using it. Its economy, refreshing taste, and safe cleansing power will guarantee that. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

ASK THE ANSWER MAN

WHAT A RACE! And the newcomers are on top. Jimmie Dunn, Miriam Hopkins, Leslie Howard and Minna Gombell, all from the stage, have given such fine performances in the talkies that the fans are writing in droves asking for information about them. This month it was a neck and neck race between these four stars.

Jimmie Dunn, the lad who made such a hit in "Bad Girl," was born in New York City, Nov. 2, 1905. His father was a stock broker. After leaving school, Jimmie spent three years in his father's employ and then deserted him for the stage. His first engagement was in "Nightstick," which was later made into the movie "Alibi," with Chester Morris in the lead. Jimmie played in stock for some time and then in "Sweet Adeline" with Helen Morgan.

His picture experience was confined to extra rôles and a few bits in short subjects made in the New York studios. Fox gave him a contract in May of this year and rushed him out to the Coast for the lead in "Bad Girl."

His hobby is collecting bright-colored neckties. Pastimes include golf, swimming and tennis. Hates to comb his hair. Is unmarried at this writing. Jimmie's next picture will be "Over the Hill." He recently finished work in "Sob Sister."

Miriam Hopkins is slated for stardom. She is from the South—Savannah, Ga., to be exact. She was born Oct. 18, 1902. Has silver-blond hair and gray-blue eyes. Appeared on the stage in "Little Jesse James," "The Home Towners," and "An American Tragedy," among other plays. She entered pictures in 1930, appearing in "Fast and Loose," "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "24 Hours." Her next will be "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in which she plays opposite Fredric March. She is separated from her husband, Austin Parker.

Leslie Howard came to us via London, England, where he was born in April, 1893. His real name is Leslie Stainer and he is married and has two children. Leslie was a prominent stage actor before the talkies claimed him. He appeared with the late Jeanne Eagels in "Her Cardboard Lover," and in "Escape" and "Berkeley Square." He also authored and appeared in a play titled "Murray Hill."

He entered pictures last year, appearing in "Outward Bound," which was followed by "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "A Free Soul," "Five and Ten," and his latest success, "Devotion." At this writing Leslie is in

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W 57th St., New York City.

Europe enjoying a well-earned vacation. He has had offers to return and make more pictures, but he says that working in one picture after another is too strenuous.

Minna Gombell made her movie début in "Doctors' Wives." Then they made her voice instructor for the screen players who had had no stage experience. Back on the screen she clicked in "Bad Girl." Minna hails from Baltimore. She left school when she was about fifteen years old to go on the stage. Played very small parts at first. Later starred on Broadway in "Nancy's Private Affair," "The Great Power," and "Jimmie's Women." Her current picture is "Sob Sister." Minna likes to travel; admits she can sew and cook; is very superstitious. She is still single.

* * *

ELEANOR G. GREGORY, TABOR, IOWA.—Yes, Eleanor, the Four Marxes are really brothers. Some years ago they were touring the country as the "Four Nightingales." Their act was a musical one, all of them being masters of numerous instruments. Their program then consisted of compositions by Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart and Bach. During one of their recitals they started to cut-up and they have been at it ever since. Harpo can talk, although he does only pantomime on the stage and screen. Perhaps that's so he won't have to memorize lines. How about it, Harpo? "Monkey Business" is the Marx Brothers' latest laugh-film.

BETTY TAYLOR, JACKSON, MICH.—That li'l picture thief, Mitzi Green, was born Oct. 22, 1920, in Flushing, Long Island. She has chestnut hair and light brown eyes. She is learning

her Three R's from teachers at the Paramount Studios. They say she is *that* smart.

EVELYN HAMILTON, ROGERS, ARK.—Evelyn, the song that Claudette Colbert taught Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant" was called "Jazz Up Your Lingerie." Am I blushing!

BARBARA LYON, YONKERS, N. Y.—Did you know that you are tagged with the same name as the new daughter at the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon mansion? She is Barbara, too. Frank Albertson is married to Virginia Shelly, and David Manners' missus is Suzanne Bushnell. Dorothy Jordan is going places with Donald Dillaway, the young chap she married in "Min and Bill." Maybe they intend to make it the real thing now.

RUTH DIXON, CHICAGO, ILL.—No, Ruthie, you haven't discovered a newcomer. The young lady you saw in "The Good Bad Girl" was Mae Clarke and she has been in pictures since 1929. Mae was born in Philadelphia, Aug. 16, 1910. She is 5 feet, 4; weighs 112 and has light hair and brown eyes. She is divorced from Lew Brice, brother of the famous Fanny. Mae's latest picture is "Waterloo Bridge."

VIRGINIA HALLEWELL, BELLEVUE, PENNA.—The little picture you sent me was a shot taken during the filming of "A Woman of Affairs." The two ladies appearing before the cameras were Greta Garbo and Dorothy Sebastian. Imagine you not recognizing Greta!

EVELYN HALLOCK, RIVERHEAD, L. I.—The title of this ditty should be "Aliases of an Actress." In her short life of eighteen years Marian Marsh has had three names. She was christened Violet Krauth. When she broke into pictures early in 1930 she took the name of Marilyn Morgan and appeared in a small rôle in "Whoopie."

When John Barrymore selected her for *Trilby* in "Svengali," Warners thought her name sounded too much like Marilyn Miller's so they changed it to Marian Marsh. Probably some young man will come along some day and convince her that she should change her name to his. Ah me!

M. C. T., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Kent Douglass was born in Los Angeles, Oct. 29, 1908. He is 6 feet tall and has blond hair and hazel eyes. His real name is Robert Douglass [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



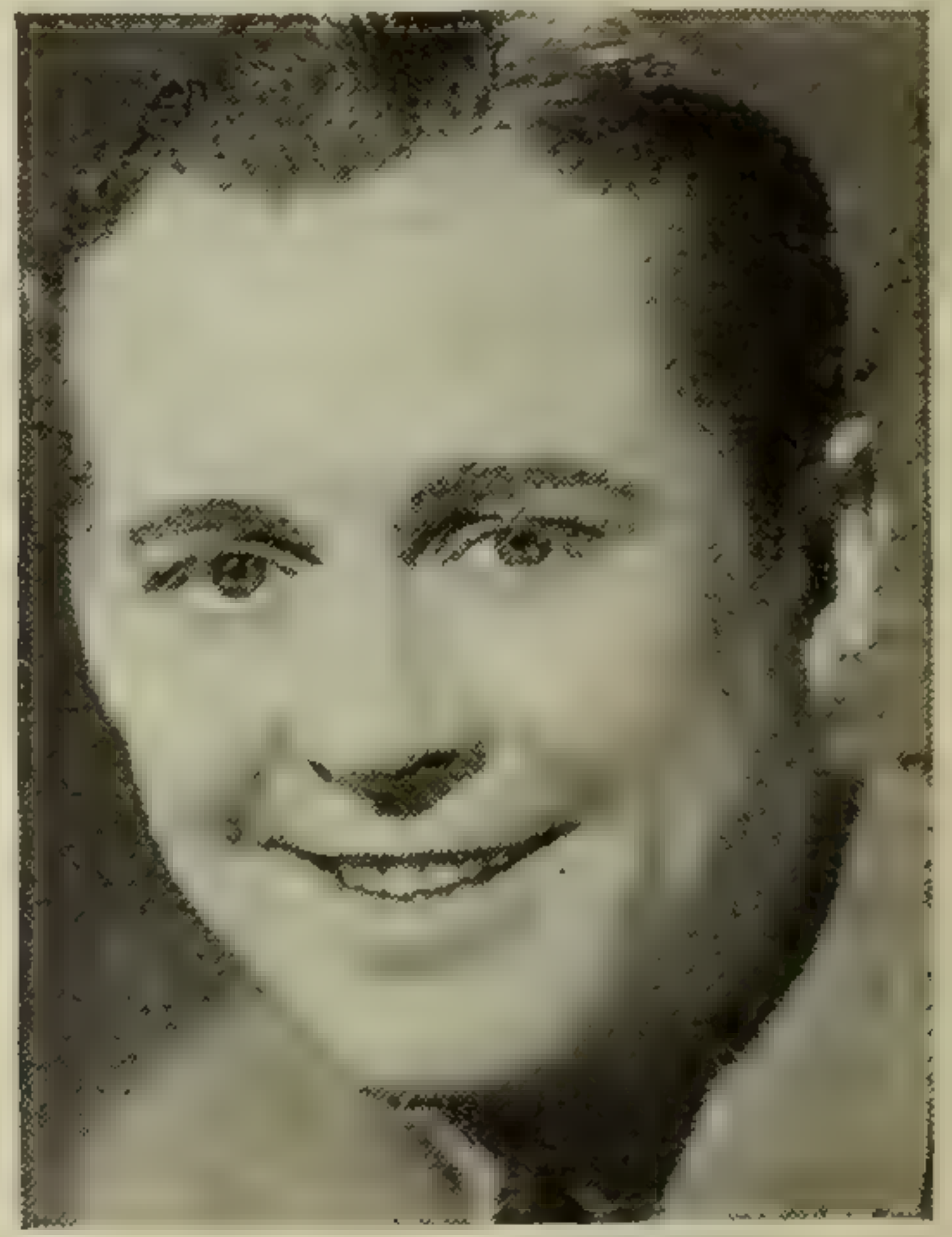
She taught them to speak



Movies are too strenuous



She's slated for stardom



He was the hit of "Bad Girl"

Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty in plaid metal box of blue and coral. Contains lovely puff. \$1.

Sachet . . . in a charming jar, is a perfect selection for the "little gift," for which one wants something new and different. 75c

Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates — and how much more, when the scent is Seventeen! \$1.25.

A Compact that gleams like onyx! . . . so sophisticated, thin and lovely. Single \$1, Double \$2.

Seventeen Perfume in enchanting bottles in 3 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of youth. Flacons at \$5, \$2 and \$1.

Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases.) Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brilliantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The Stunning box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . . \$10.00



Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page

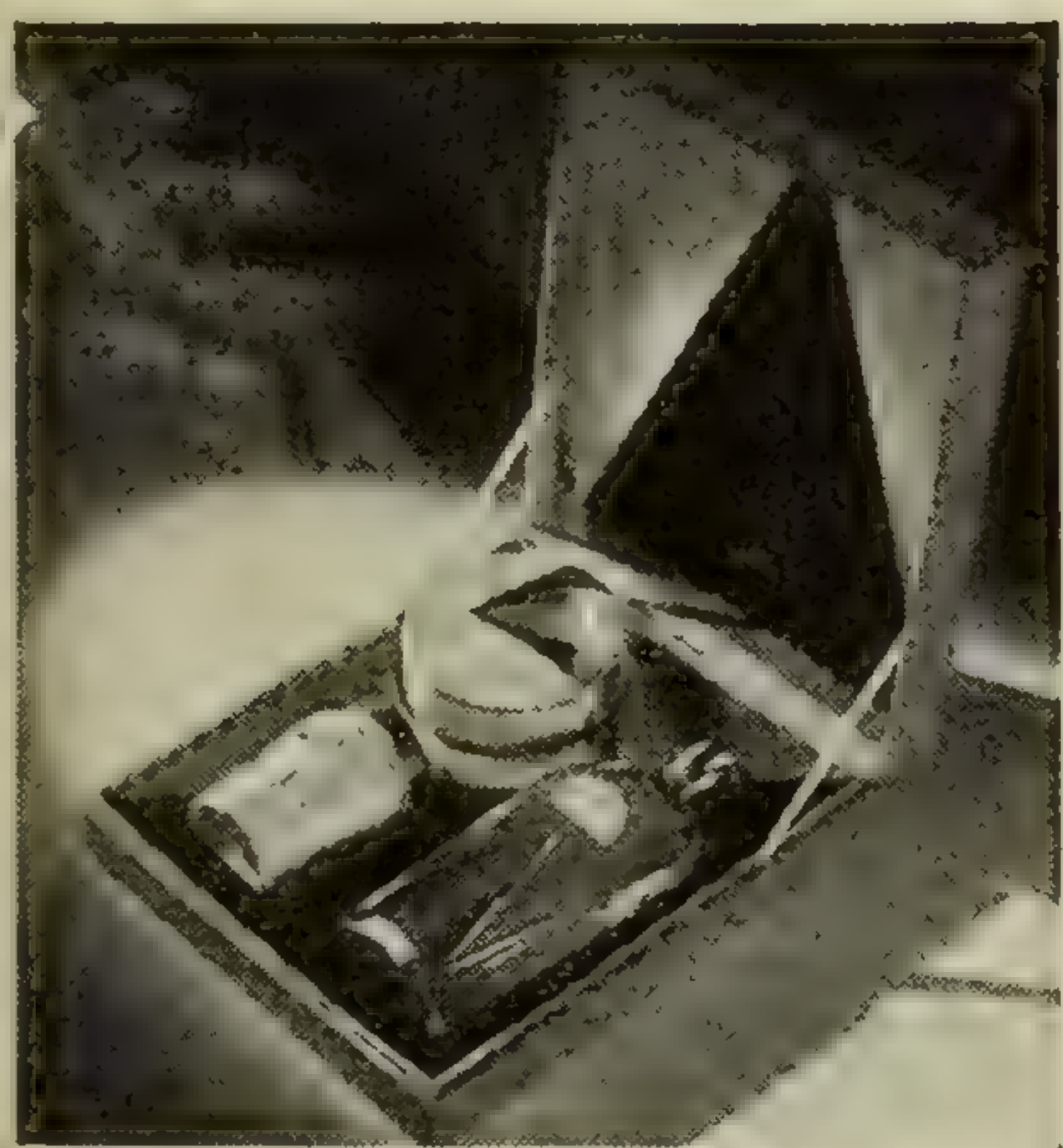
Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little.

THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries!

Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off 80% of your entire list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this.



Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! . . . \$3.



Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a costly watch. Particularly easy to mail. . . . \$2.



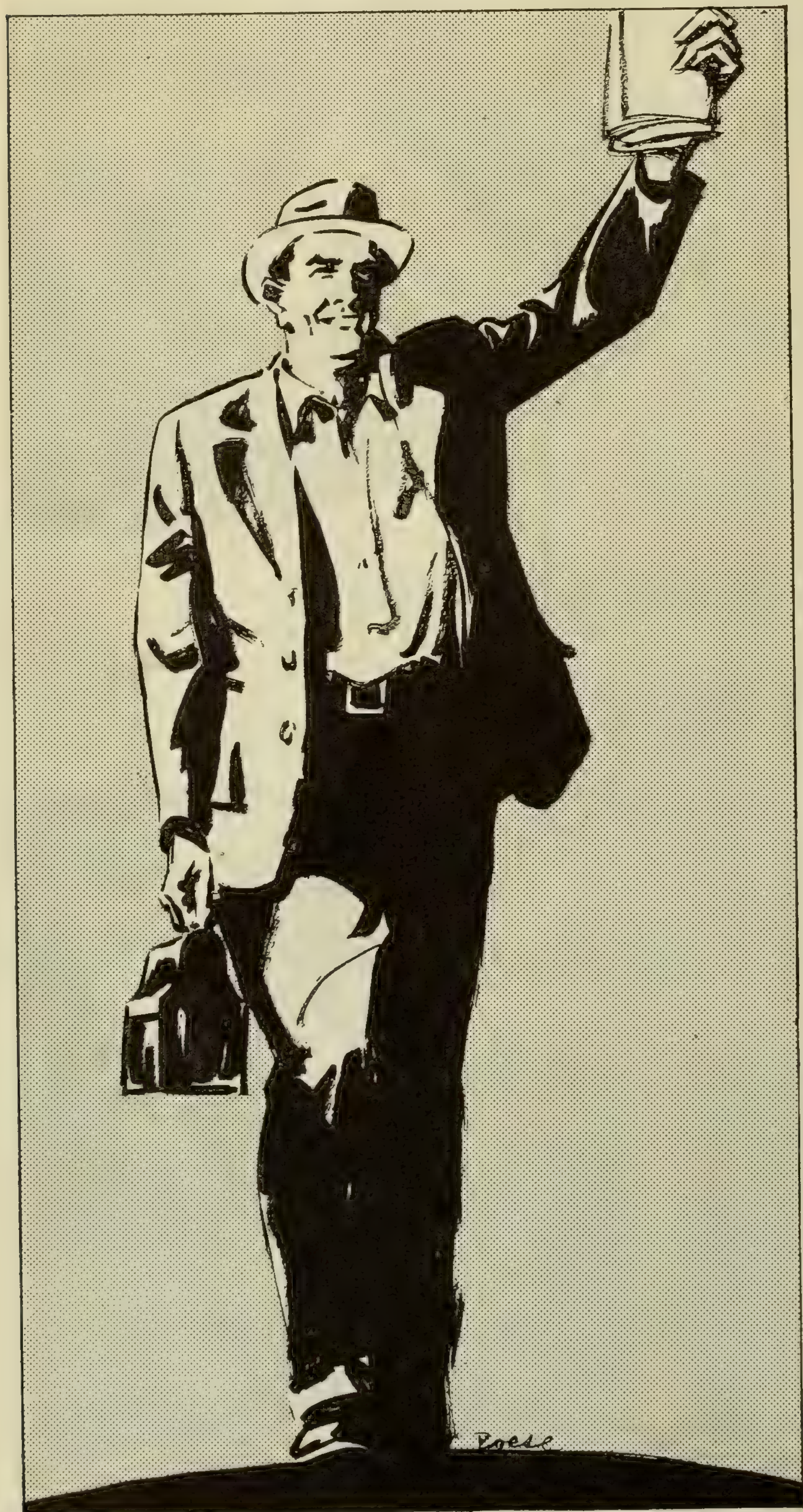
A Bath Set de luxe . . . three big, luxurious cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay metal box of Dusting Powder . . . \$2



Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for \$2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume . . . \$5

Seventeen

Keep his head up and we'll all come through!



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

*The President's Organization on
Unemployment Relief*

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

Four Famous Film Faces



HERE'S a new kind of jig-saw puzzle. PHOTOPLAY's art director (the temperamental fellow!) cut up the faces of four famous girls of the screen and scattered the pieces all over this page. Now he's sorry, and he wants you to put them together again.

Cut out the pieces with a scissors, following the outlines carefully. Then spread out a fairly large piece of stiff paper and assemble the four heads on it. As you fit piece to piece, you may find it easier to paste them down on the paper.

As a little clue, here is a brief description of each girl: One is

most often described as "mysterious," one as "sweet" or "charming," one as "smart" or "clever," and one as a "hoyden."

There are no awards or prizes offered for the completed faces, except the fun you'll get from assembling them. Please don't send them to PHOTOPLAY.

But we would like to know whether or not you like this new feature, and if you want some more cut-up faces next month. Address your letters on this subject to The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

ALL sorts of excitement about Ruth Chatterton this month. This is what was being said over those Brown Derby and Embassy coffee cups. That Ruth was determined to make her last few weeks with Paramount as unpleasant as possible for the studio; that she had gone high hat; that she refused to walk the few feet from her dressing room to the set, but must have a car; that she was late on the set; that she wouldn't work a moment after five o'clock and that she objected to Paul Lukas as her leading man.

So PHOTOPLAY sleuths got out the old two-billed hat, the magnifying glass and the trusty bloodhounds and found out the straight of the matter.

Every Paramount star is provided with a car to go from dressing room to set, so that make-up and costumes will stay intact. She has been a bit late once or twice and she has *always* stopped work at five or five-thirty. She did object to Paul Lukas, because she and Mrs. Lukas who were once the best of

friends are having one of those girlish tiffs and Ruth, no doubt, thought that an "atmosphere" on the set wouldn't help the production. She did, however, want her last Paramount picture, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," to be a wow.

THERE have been difficulties. Paul has had trouble learning the English lines, as he always does. And his accent bothers him.

But wait until Ruth gets to Warner Bros. How's this for a few fancy contract clauses? She has absolute say-so-or-no on the stories in which she will star. Her contract includes not only herself but her hairdresser and her electrician—the one who knows all the tricks about lighting Chatterton and making her look that gorgeous before the camera. And her Warner cameraman is to be especially instructed by her former Paramount cameraman.

She'll have Colleen Moore's old bungalow as her dressing room.

Zowie! Her contract gives her more than any other star on the Warner lot.

HERE is Cliff Edwards' definition for a lawyer, told since his divorce in which Mrs. Edwards came out the money-victor!

"A guy who gets paid four times as much as you do for talking five times as much and saying nothing."

CLARK GABLE has become a second Greta Garbo. No, no, little Oscar, he's not walking in the rain and going mysterious on the home folks. It's simply that he's become so popular with the lads and lassies who go to the movies that scores of reporters follow him wherever he goes, trying to get hot news about him.

Our faithful secret service makes the following burning discoveries:

He hates dark suits. If he had his way he'd wear only grey. He dislikes tuxedos because he doesn't dare have them made in light material.

His one objection to pictures is that he can't wear grey suits on the screen.

He has a new polo costume and two horses laid by against the day when he'll have a string.

And—oh, this *is* fame—a salad has been named for him.

The Clark Gable salad, on the M-G-M commissary menu, consists of green chicory chopped with romaine, a deep covering of hard-boiled eggs and a circle of slivered beets. French dressing.

Which reminds me that the Garbo sandwich now appears on the menu, as well as Garbo salad. But you'll be fooled on the sandwich because it's just plain Swiss cheese. The waitress confided that Garbo eats imported Swiss cheese "morning, noon and night."

JANET GAYNOR is making her first trip to Europe. Husband Lydell Peck, her mother and the girl who dresses her hair at the studio are with her.

It was a surprise voyage. She had planned on Honolulu with her mother. When she learned she could have two months between pictures she changed the tickets.

Incidentally, Janet and Charlie Farrell have both signed new contracts with Fox. The old figure of \$2,250 weekly for each has been increased.

EVER since the publication of Rilla Page Palmborg's book, "The Private Life of Greta Garbo," it seems that Garbo doesn't think very much of Gustav Norin.

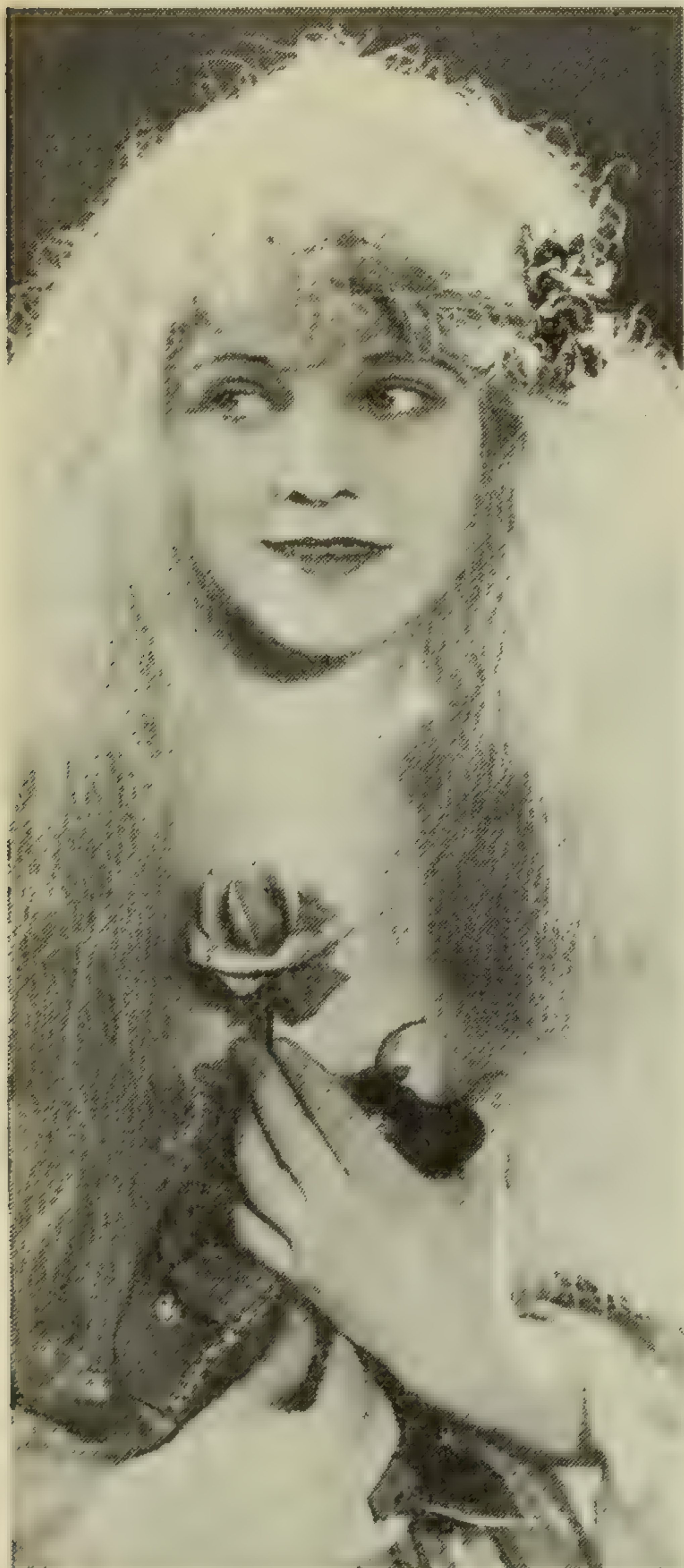
Gustav is the young Swedish sculptor who, when finances were low, worked in Garbo's house. It was from Norin that Mrs. Palmborg got much of the material for her book on Garbo.

The other day, Garbo accidentally encountered Norin on the street. She stopped short, looked him over slowly from head to foot, and then husky-voiced, in inflections of deep disdain:

"So, det are Du . . .!"

Which, in Swedish, and English, means: "So that's you?"

And is very, very crushing.



Ever wonder what became of Wanda Hawley, the lovely blonde star of a decade ago? A real fan looked up from the cosmetics counter of an Omaha department store—and there was Wanda, selling a beauty preparation made in Hollywood! Then she got into print with a kissing act before a Southern legislature



Wide World

Loretta tells it to the judge! Little Miss Young, whose blazing marital adventure with Grant Withers turned to embers and then ashes, is on the witnessstand in Los Angeles. "Please, Judge," says Gretchen, for that's her real name, "Grant didn't support me, and I want a divorce!" Poor little Young Love!

ANN HARDING wanted a vacation. She had only a week's time off. Overnight she decided to spend those days in New York, so she and a girl friend (husband Harry Bannister was working) hopped in Ann's plane and—with the pilot—flew across the country.

Ann wanted a rest. Interviews and curious eyes did not have any place in her plans, so she dressed simply, avoided the smarter places and went about New York unrecognized. The most amusing of her experiences happened at the theater. Sitting directly behind her and two friends were three people, obviously celebrity seekers. Between acts the man in the party would report to the two women that he'd just seen So and So who played a small part in some obscure movie or "there's that guy that had his picture in the paper yesterday."

One of the women remarked, "Frank has an eye like a hawk. He never misses seeing an important person. And he can recognize every movie star." When the play was over Ann turned and faced old "eye-like-a-hawk." One of the women was having trouble getting into her coat. Ann graciously helped her and was sweetly thanked. But not one of them knew that Ann Harding had been sitting directly in front of them all evening. And won't they be amazed when they read this!

BUSTER KEATON got generous one day and invited the entire cast of "Possessed" to be his guests for luncheon.

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable were the honored guests.

Then he served them corned beef and cabbage and onions. And that afternoon Joan and Clark had to do a big love scene. Oh, Buster!

WHAT a party they gave to welcome Marion Davies back from Europe!

There was a Mexican band, and one room at the Ambassador, where the event took place, was turned into a miniature Mexican dance hall. For the more formal there was a dance orchestra in the French room.

Ina Claire startled the natives by arriving with Joel McCrea. But she left the "guy what brung her" for ex-hubby Jack Gilbert who tagged it. Bobby Ames, another of Ina's boy friends, was supposed to bring Anita Page. He was working. Anita came alone.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, former girl friend of Joel McCrea, was with the Marquis and a Baron Jaunez, also from Paris. Gloria Swanson was not there.

Buddy Rogers accompanied Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, Mary's steady, was burned up about that. Dorothy Jordan was to accompany Howard Hughes, but Dorothy had to work so Millionaire Hughes tagged it.

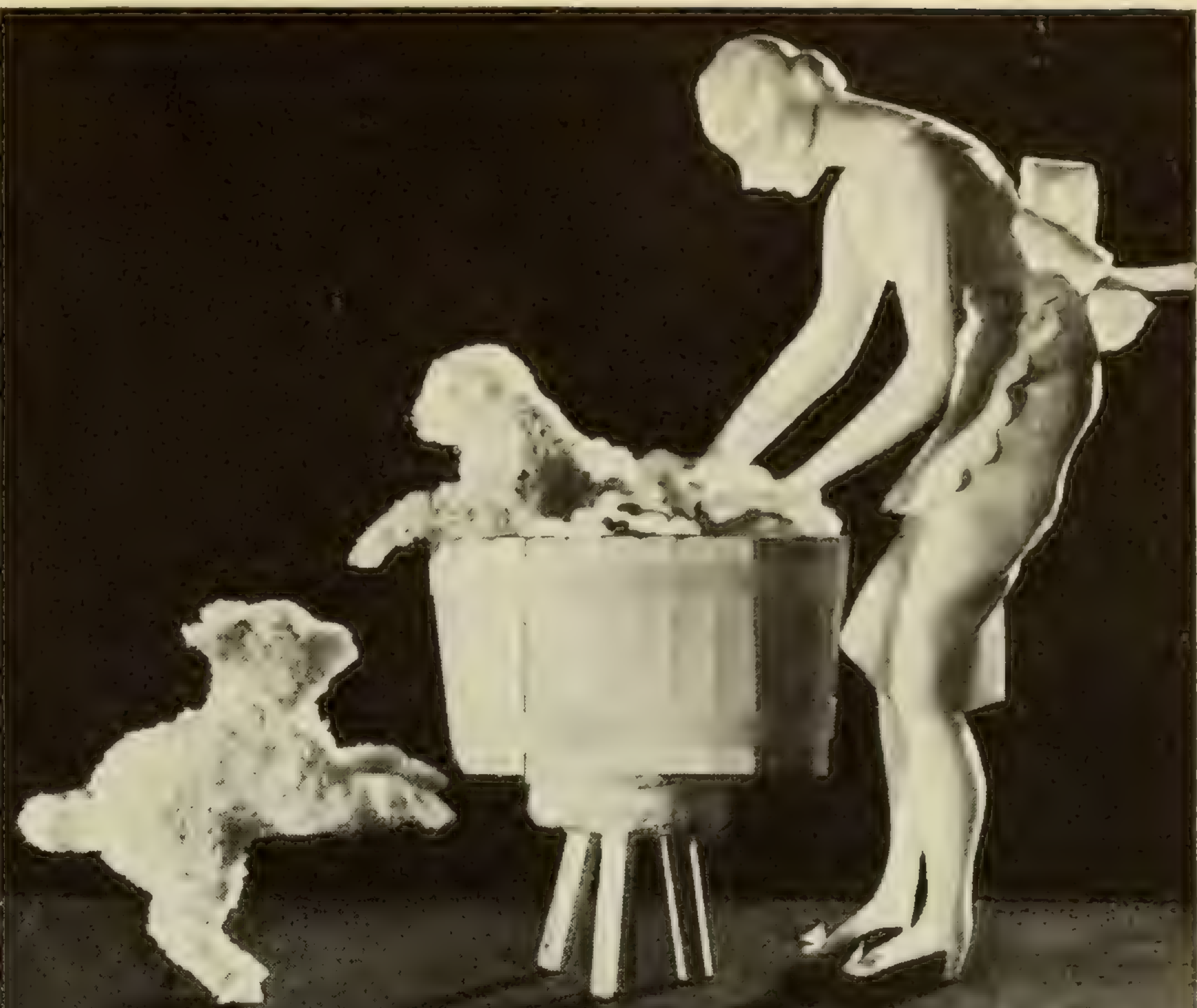
Billie Dove attended alone.

The stags included: Lawrence Tibbett, Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer was ill); Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Billy Haines; Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers working); Norman Foster (Claudette Colbert in New York).

JIMMY DURANTE, who is causing a riot in Hollywood with his wise-cracks (there's a story about him in this issue of PHOTOPLAY), was the hit of Marion Davies' party. He acted as master of ceremonies and presented Marion with the key to the city.

This was Jimmy's first appearance in high sassiety. His little wife followed him adoringly with a beaming I-knew-he-could-it expression.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



WOOLENS love their bath in IVORY SNOW

A frisk in the new quick-dissolving Ivory Snow is the easiest, safest way to wash all fine woollens.

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its most modern form—tiny, tiny pearls so fine they feel powder-smooth between your fingers. They are so eager to work that they dissolve and fluff up into velvety rich suds as soon as they

touch even lukewarm water.

With other soaps, after your hands are hot from whipping up suds in hot water, you may fail to cool the suds enough for your fine things. But Ivory Snow makes instant suds in lukewarm water. And Ivory Snow melts completely—no undissolved particles to spot the clothes!

Use Ivory Snow lavishly—the big package costs only 15¢.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woollens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

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99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]



The old and the new—four-footed pinto hoss and two-winged bronco of the air. Ken Maynard, cowboy star, and his steed Tarzan watch their pictures being painted on the side of Ken's new Stearman biplane. Movie cow-punchers used to be bucked off. Now they take off!

MARLENE DIETRICH has signed a new three-year contract with Paramount for twenty-six weeks work in America each year. The other twenty-six weeks or six months will be spent in the fatherland.

Since Marlene is not on the quota list this six months is made necessary by law. But "Legs" Dietrich doesn't want to be on the quota. She demands the six months in Germany anyhow and she considers Hollywood a place in which to work and make money; home a place to live and spend it.

CCHECKING UP ON HEART BEATS: Estelle Taylor says Jack Dempsey's Reno divorce doesn't count, and insists his decree is invalid in California. . . . Lily Damita denies she was secretly married . . . or even engaged. . . . Roberta Gale caught the bride's bouquet at the Rita LaRoy-Ben Hershfield wedding, and Hollywood learns of her betrothal to Aviator Major Roy W. Ammel. . . . Mrs. Reginald Denny, who used to be screen actress "Bubbles" Steiffel, presents Reg with a baby boy. . . . Josephine Dunn goes into court and has her divorced hubby, Clyde Greathouse, sent to jail for nonpayment of alimony. . . . Arlene Judge is now Mrs. Wesley Director Ruggles. . . . Lena Malena becomes the bride of Wilmer Anderson, banker. . . . George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill very much that way. . . . Nils Asther answers divorce rumors by giving an "at home" with wifey Vivian

Duncan, at which he amused guests by sitting on the floor playing with the baby. . . . Looks safe to predict that 1932 will find Russell Gleason and Mary Brian answering to Mr. and Mrs. . . .

RAQUEL TORRES and William B. Leeds, the millionaire, say they're just good friends. . . . Howard Hughes and Constance Cummings and Constance Cummings and Leslie McFadden. . . . Loretta Young and Mervyn LeRoy. . . . Comedian Harry Langdon and the Mrs. are going to tell it to a judge in spite of her remark the day before that they were "happy as turtle doves." . . . Anna May Wong and a wealthy Peruvian gentleman. . . . Corliss Palmer and Eugene Brewster have separated after all these years. . . . Mrs. Duncan Renaldo is opening legal fire on Edwina Booth again. . . . Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt got that divorce at last. . . . Walter Huston's wife's in Reno for the usual reason.

SIDNEY SKOLSKY reports that Marie Dressler made her stage debut as "Cupid," of all things . . . it was at a church pageant. . . . Beverly Hills and Hollywood churches are crowded by tourists hoping to see movie stars. . . . What's more, they often do. . . . There are 1,000 chorus girls in Hollywood trying to find work. . . . The movie musicals lured them and left them flat. . . . Harold

Lloyd rescued his children when a fire broke out in his home. . . . Because Helen Chandler's teeth didn't show enough, a Hollywood dentist made caps to lengthen them. . . . She wears them over her own teeth when she's making a picture. . . . When Minna Gombell (you were crazy about her in "Bad Girl") isn't acting before the camera she gives the newer Fox players lessons in diction, grace, make-up and general deportment. . . . Many newspaper reporters are trying to claim the discovery of Mary Astor's secret marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. . . . But PHOTOPLAY told you all about it first in the November issue. . . .

JACKIE COOPER'S mother is on a weekly salary as the kid's guardian. . . . His grandmother is on his payroll, too. . . . Ruth Noble, a vaudeville actress, claims that that baby Sessue Hayakawa adopted is hers—and the Japanese actor's son.

REGINALD DENNY was late on the set.

The assistant director, knowing Denny's usual promptness, called him.

"Oh, you'll have to wait," shouted Denny. "I'm right in the midst of becoming a father."

And was he pleased and how he does boast about the fact that it was a boy!

LUPE VELEZ has seventy-five hats (count 'em—seventy-five!) and enough dresses to appear in a different one every day for six months.

Furthermore, she's allowed herself thirty-five thousand dollars for clothes money while she's in Europe.

Yet, she drives to work in an old bathing suit, because it's more comfortable! Yes, Lupe is different.



Takes a goodish bit of guessing to figure this one—but it really is Nancy Carroll, as she looks in "The Man I Killed," which Lubitsch is directing. It was the German peasant-girl hair-dress that had us winging for a minute. Any chance for this style catching?

JACKIE COOPER had trouble with his multiplication tables. He couldn't learn them.

Wallace Beery heard the teacher struggling with Jackie on the set.

"Here," he said roughly, "I'll teach him."

So big Wally and little Jackie left the set and Wally pointed to the sky. "If you saw an airplane up there what would you do?"

"I'd love it!"

"Of course you would," answered Prof. Beery. "If you saw two times one airplane how many would there be? Four times one airplane—"

And now Jackie says, the words tumbling over each other, "Three times one airplane is three airplanes; four times two airplanes is eight airplanes."

If you ask him how many nine times nine airplanes is—he'll answer "eighty-one airplanes" instantly. But if you ask him what is nine times nine, he doesn't know.

WILL ROGERS has flown all over the United States and Mexico. He'll shortly be winging his way to South America.

Yet Will gets terribly sea (or air) sick from airplaning!

IT was about a quarter to five in the afternoon of the first day of work on "Mata Hari," the Greta Garbo-Ramon Novarro co-starring picture.

Greta noticed the time and said, "I think that is enough for today." And Garbo went home.

Since then Ramon Novarro is all for this co-starring business. This was the first time in ten years that Ramon had been home in time to eat dinner with his family, while he was working on a picture.

SOMEONE warned Ramon Novarro not to let working with Garbo spoil his acting. "Robert Montgomery did his only poor job with her in 'Inspiration,'" he was told.

Ramon laughed. "I know. I was so frightened when I took the test that I fell right over into her arms. But no more. Today, she missed her lines once so I missed mine *twice!*"

And isn't Garbomania strange? Ramon was a star before Garbo was heard of.

MARIE DRESSLER has a new hobby. Three guesses! No, you're wrong. It's clothes. She's wearing gorgeous pajamas and hats crooked over one eye and suits made to order.

No, she hasn't reduced. She's going to show the stout women how to look chic.

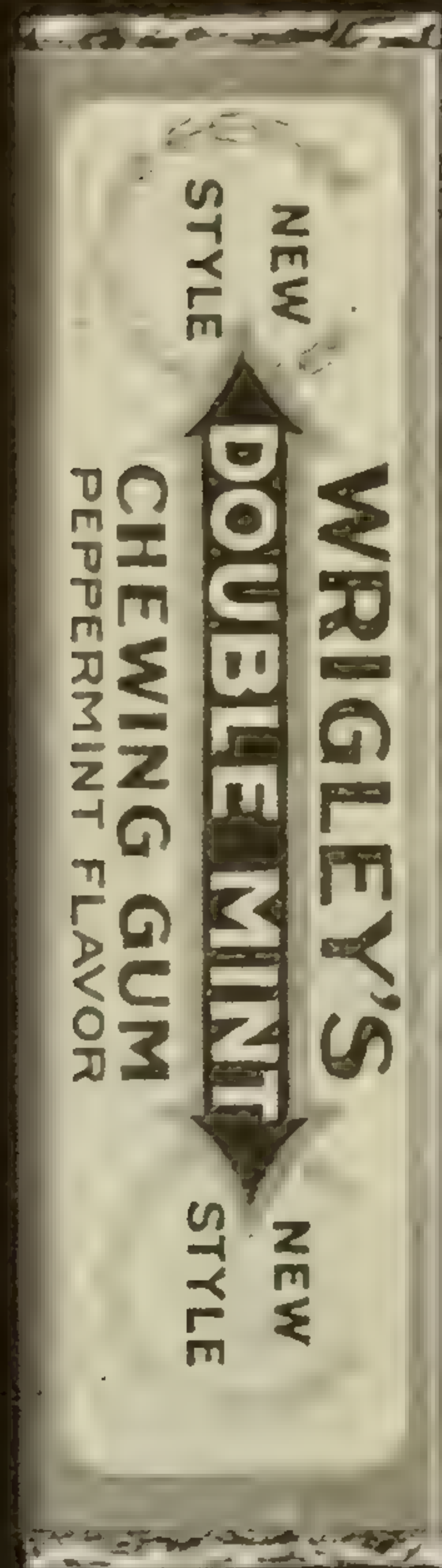
GRACE MOORE'S husband speaks no English. She speaks no Spanish. They converse in French.

GARY COOPER'S health is still not so good. . . . Lloyd Hamilton in an automobile accident. . . . He's seriously injured. . . . Newest dope on the turbulent career of Lya de Putti is that she must leave the United States by March. . . . A court ruling. . . . Unable to find wigs that looked natural, Mae Marsh bleached her hair white for the mother rôle in "Over the Hill." . . . Off screen she looks like a platinum blonde. . . . A baby less than six months old is not allowed to work before the camera for longer than thirty seconds at a time. . . . That's because of the glaring lights.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

TO KEEP *Young*

Always have a package of **DOUBLE MINT** on your dressing table. Enjoy chewing ten minutes Twice Daily. It relaxes tense lines around the mouth and keeps lips and chin lines charmingly young.



5¢

*Inexpensive
Satisfying*



WRIGLEY'S

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]



Reginald Denny, Jr., was three days old when this was snapped, and so far he doesn't seem to think much of this silly world. He'd rather snooze in the arms of his pretty mamma, who used to be "Bubbles" Steiffel. Incidentally, the proud pop took the picture

have more time to devote to herself and sight-seeing in Europe by buying her clothes before she left, instead of waiting to get them abroad.

"WHAT A MAN" GABLE is the latest nickname for Hollywood's latest heart pulmotor.

It was started by a headline in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY

THE set of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with Fredric March has been barred to all visitors.

But to bar a set is just a double-dog dare to Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl.

They sneaked from the "Sooky" set where they were working, determined to get a peep of the forbidden.

How they got through the stage door, don't ask me. But they did. When they came to the canvas encircling the immediate set, kept there as a double protection, they crawled beneath as they would get free seats at a circus.

A rain scene was in progress. They didn't dare move, the cameras were grinding! Two wet, bedraggled little rascals crawled away when the scene was completed. No one on *that* set saw them but when they returned to the "Sooky" set, they were sent home to their mammas.

And Jackie went to bed with a sore throat.

DOLORES DEL RIO and Cedric Gibbons have moved from the futuristic home in Santa Monica to the house in which Dolores lived before they were married. . . . Stu Erwin is so fussy about his food that the good wife, June Collyer, does all the marketing in person. . . . They're planning to star Janet Gaynor in all the old Pickford successes. . . . Have you noticed how much Sally O'Neil looks like Mabel Normand in her film heyday? . . . Los Angeles real estate statisticians figure that film stars' investments in real property total about \$20,000,000. . . . Black is Pola Negri's favorite color. . . . Her bathroom is done entirely in black tiles and porcelain. . . . Talulah Bankhead is going to Hollywood. . . . Oh, boy, some fun, between the two big shots—Dietrich and Bankhead—on the same lot. Old-timers will recall the professional jealousy of Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson. . . . James Cagney's studio fight is over. . . . He got what he wanted—sure, it was more salary. . . . Polly Moran wrote one of those inside gossip letters to Billy Haines while Billy was making personal appearances. . . . Billy lost the letter and the person who found it circulated all the news. . . . Colleen Moore is now one of the most smartly dressed women in New York. . . . They've banned "An American Tragedy" in London. . . . The English object to premeditated murder. . . . And Leslie Howard, in London, refused a Hollywood contract because he "can't stand the pace."



Look—poor, beautiful Dorothy Mackaill, breakfasting all alone in her lovely Hollywood home! Note the dreamy look and the pretty pajamas—not to mention pretty Dotty! Is it any wonder she's reported engaged every hour or so? And when this picture gets around, we expect her to get another bale of proposals by fast wire!

WHEN Lilyan Tashman left for a month's vacation in Europe, she had ten trunks full of brand-new clothes—every one of them created in New York and Hollywood. All of Lil's friends, who had been abroad, told her that she could save money and annoyance and

WHEN people talk about Howard Hughes playing the field and having a monopoly on all the blondes of Hollywood, it makes me a little weary. If you could only see the dozens of girls who fling themselves at Hughes and try to chisel some of the Hughes' millions you would wonder how he maintains any equilibrium at all. Recently, on a trip to Santa Barbara, there were ninety young girls on his yacht for tea at one time, all hanging on his words as passengers hang on subway straps. Yet Howard is a quiet, modest, retiring man who still blushes at a risqué story. Making pictures—and not blondes—is his chief interest.

MICKEY MOUSE celebrated his third birthday recently. . . . A New York store sued Ruth Chatterton for \$79.50—for two blouses. . . . George Arliss announces he has quit the stage forever for films. . . . Jackie Cooper goes to the Hollywood prize fights. . . . John and Lionel Barrymore will appear together in the same picture, "Arsene Lupin," for M-G-M. . . . And another Barrymore—Sam Colt, son of Ethel Barrymore—arrives in Hollywood intending to enter pictures. . . . Olga Baclanova took out her citizenship papers. . . . Will Rogers, Junior, enrolls as a freshman at Stanford. . . . William Powell's nickname is—ha! ha!—"Willie!" . . . But wife Carole Lombard calls him "Junior."

LITTLE Dorothy Jordan, who has been pictured as another stay-at-home girl like Anita Page, is stepping out in high sassiety. She's seen at all the yacht clubs, at non-professional social functions, and at the opera. Perhaps her friendship with Howard Hughes started it! Even Anita goes out three nights a week with boy friends and without papa and mama. Here, here, Will Hays, you'd better look into this.

TRICK Outfit of the Month:

Jack Oakie dancing at the Ambassador's Coconut Grove in white flannel trousers, blue shirt with white bow tie, white sweater and tuxedo jacket!

WALLACE BEERY bought a swell, new car of an ultra expensive make.

The salesman made the delivery late one afternoon. Beery started to a preview in it. Half-way there it stopped running, suddenly and decisively.

Wally went home, got his old, dilapidated Ford, drove to the new car, tied it by two ropes to the Ford and went thus to the preview, where he showed it to all his friends. The next morning he towed it to the salesroom.

"You can keep it!" he said as he drove away in the rattling Ford. "My friends know now I can afford it."

IT was like parting with an old friend when Charlie Farrell sold his yawl, "Flying Cloud." For years that boat has been as dear to him as Tony is to Tom Mix. Every free moment was spent sailing. The reason for the sacrifice? Mrs. Farrell, Virginia Valli, is not as fond of boating as friend husband.

SOMEBODY is telling the story about the man who remarked at a Hollywood party that the lad who made talking pictures possible was living in France—without a dime.

"That's swell," said Jack Gilbert. "I hope he starves."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



THIS RISING YOUNG ARCHITECT says: "My ideal girl is trim and smart—but not a peacock. People like her because she is genuine, and natural and good company."

What makes a Girl a "DREAM GIRL"?

Is it laughing eyes? Or golden hair? Or pep? Or money? Or clothes?

Perhaps. But 94 out of 100 young men told me that the one thing they wanted most in the girl they married was *natural* charm!

Natural—does that word describe you? Have you the fresh, natural look that men admire? Or is your complexion sallow, artificial, "hot-house," too obviously made-up?

Camay can help you get and keep your natural loveliness. Camay has been approved enthusiastically by 73 famous doctors as an unusually gentle soap for even the most delicate skin.

No other soap has won such medical approval.

Do try Camay today. You'll be delighted with the smoothness of Camay lather, the caressing, delicately scented softness of Camay foam. And you'll soon realize you have never found anything like it to give you a fresh, clear, vital look—the "natural look" men admire.

Helen Chase



CAMAY
COMPLEXION SOAP • 10¢

for the fresh **NATURAL**
skin men admire

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]



Jimmy Durante at breakfast in his new California home. "Just the kind of a shack for a big corned beef and cabbage brawl with a keg of beer," says the new comic sensation, he whom the world calls "Schnozzle"

DICK ARLEN has also sold his yacht. And not because of the depression but because wife, Jobyna Ralston, went on a strike.

The Arlen yacht was small but complete. Both a crew and guests could not be accommodated—so there was no crew.

Joby did the cooking, washed the dishes, made the bunks. After two years of it, she rebelled.

They are building a swimming pool at their house instead.

IT takes Connie Bennett one week to earn \$30,000. It takes Herbert Hoover nineteen weeks to get the same amount and Andrew Mellon a year. But—Connie doesn't get that every week.

The much publicized salary check was a fluke, when she was loaned for that amount for one picture.

She worked one week and then rested for several.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S baby has learned just one English expression in her six months in this country. It's "you're driving me crazy" and she says it between every German sentence.

Wonder if she learned that from mamma Marlene.

DOROTHY MACKAILL has a new pet. It's a Brazilian monkey named "Decatur." Decatur had a few scenes with Dot in "Safe in Hell."

Dot liked it so much, she bought it from the owner.

DEPRESSION note.

There are huge benches placed on the sets of a certain studio on which the following sign is painted in bold, white letters:

"Please use these benches and save possible damage to expensive furniture on the set."

JUST about the time Lila Lee, all healthy again and ready to resume her picture career, returned from that vacation in Tahiti, her ex-hubby ran away and came back married.

He's James Kirkwood, you know, who divorced Lila Lee some time ago. In an airplane, he eloped with Beatrice Powers, former Ziegfeld girl. They flew from Hollywood to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were married.

SHE'S a comedienne off as well as on, is ZaSu Pitts. And the other day she was driving in from the beach with Thelma Todd and Irene Edwards.

They stopped at a drug store for sodas and ZaSu, the little cut-up, slipped away from the others and drove the car home, leaving them stranded.

Thelma and Irene were in beach togs—very fancy pajamas—and they didn't have a cent. For one hour those two attractive girls tried to hail a car. But no luck.

At last a director they know happened by and gave them a lift.

That's how blasé Hollywood feels about beauty in distress.

BEBE DANIELS is off the sooth-sayers and crystal gazers for keeps.

They all predicted a boy and it was a girl baby.

They all missed the date of birth by two weeks, and they guessed every day of the week but the right one.

YOU remember that Kay Francis lost some valuable jewelry recently. Only the wedding ring was returned.

"They couldn't pawn that and besides it was only worth five dollars," Kay's husband, Kenneth MacKenna, said.

"Only worth five dollars!" someone exclaimed.

He blushed. "Yes. You see, I had no idea how much a wedding cost so the morning we were to be married, I stopped at the bank and drew out five hundred dollars hoping that would cover it. I paid only five dollars for the wedding ring to make sure I would have enough left.

"Then I discovered the license was only two dollars and the minister ten—only cost me seventeen bucks altogether."

IN order to rid himself of visitors who were actually impeding progress of direction on the "Frankenstein" set, Director James Whale thought up the gag of its being bad publicity for anybody to see Boris Karloff in the gruesome make-up.

Karloff is more than six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He uses forty-eight pounds of make-up and body structure.

Going to and from the set he covers himself with a white veil and it's one of the funniest sights you've ever seen.

But the weight of the make-up, plus the nerve strain and the secrecy, has caused him to lose twenty-one pounds.

THE other day Joan Crawford was so nervous she could scarcely get her make-up on.

She shook so the mascara brush would not make an even application.

"Has something terrible happened?" asked the hairdresser.

"No! No! I have to make a speech before 700 people!"

It was the first public speech of her life before 700 extras in the Philharmonic Auditorium, a scene for her picture "Possessed."

Joan (in the story) tries to get Clark Gable elected governor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Juliette Compton's quaintly "coiffed" head belies the sophistication of her black sequined gown. There is more than a bit of glitter in evening hours—even the diamond bracelets add their bit to this costume. How do you like those shorter gloves, girls? A smart change from the long, wrinkled ones

TWICE THE BEAUTY

from face powder if you use Princess Pat

the famous almond base
makes it different

Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is the softest. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its unusual softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness—beauty that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

A Difference with a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things. Consequently there really is a reason for the difference immediately notice-

For graciousness, beauty, savoir faire, complete your make-up with Princess Pat exquisite rouge, eye shadow, truly indelible lip rouge. For alluringly clear, transparent skin, use Princess Pat creams, to cleanse, nourish and refine skin texture.



Loretta Young—Star of First National Pictures—reveals a bewitching smile as she powders with Princess Pat.

able when Princess Pat, the exclusive almond base face powder, is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal*—in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat does give "twice the beauty" from face powder—and millions of women use it for this reason.

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Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked.

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☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve ☐ Tan

Name.....

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City and State.....

One sample free, additional samples 10c each

Princess Pat

LONDON

CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



There is no fluff or period influence to those clothes you wear for winter sports. Empress Eugenie probably would have swooned at such an outfit—but Marjorie King looks comfortable and happy. According to our expert, Seymour, a dark woolen suit with bright accents makes the most effective costume against snow. Note the workmanlike boots, heavy socks and woolen accessories. The blouse “zips” closed and the trousers are done in the Norwegian manner

RITA LA ROY, that gorgeous vamp of the screen, who never loses her nerve no matter what the story situation may be, almost collapsed with nervousness at her own wedding!

Rita—Hollywood calls her hard-boiled—was so terrified at the ordeal of walking down the aisle of Temple Israel, the Hollywood synagogue where she became the bride of Actor's-Agent Ben Hershfield, that she wavered at the top of the steps to the platform where the marriage was performed.

Hershfield sprang forward and grasped her arm to steady her.

And throughout the ceremony, Rita trembled so that her bouquet almost came to pieces!

THE night watchman at Universal studios was making his rounds the other evening when he heard horse hoofs. No company was working. He began a thorough search for marauders.

As he was hurrying between two buildings he heard a lion's roar.

“They *must* be showing a picture,” he mused hopefully, to quiet his fear. He dashed into the projection rooms, one after another. All was dark.

As he exited from the last one, he heard a baby whimpering.

Perspiration was dripping from his face. Just then the horses hoofs began again, followed by a cat's meow.

“I'm going to call the police—”

He started for the main building when he saw a tiny light from an upper window. He drew his gun, crawled up the stairs quietly, and heard:

“I can use this meow in that next picture of James Whale's and those horses hoofs in—”

The watchman lowered his gun. Jack Foley was taking inventory of the sound department. There was no screen. He was just running off sounds, which had been cut from other pictures, on a victrola-like contraption and filing them—just as you file names and addresses.

Now, Foley tells the night watchman when he is going to take sound inventory!

THEY were photographing fashion pictures of Linda Watkins, Minna Gombell and other feminine players in “Good Sports.”

“The background must prove that these are really taken on the set,” said the press agent. “Let's use the bar. That'll prove it's fake. There aren't any real bars in America any more.”

Pardon the yawn!

YOU will remember that Monte Blue lost out on the screen because the size of his voice and the size of his body didn't match up.

Monte has spent his time studying with Dr. Fleischman, the man who trained Warner Baxter. The other day he made a reel for a news service.

The recorder jumped from the booth to exclaim, “What a voice. It's the best I've recorded in a year!”

The story got around and now several studios are dickering for Monte's services.

THE month's heart throb!

Bodil Rosing, one of the top-notch mother actresses, played the mother in “An American Tragedy.” When the picture was finished, Von Sternberg decided that he just couldn't have a foreign woman for that rôle. So he shot those scenes over with Lucille La Verne.

And Bodil had been so thrilled at her big chance in “An American Tragedy.”

VICKI BAUM, German authoress of “Grand Hotel,” is Hollywood's latest social lioness. Here's one of her amusing stories.

Her fourteen-year-old son has been allowed

free access to his mother's library. She has never dictated his reading.

One day he said, “Mother, I have just finished reading your books.”

“And do you like them?”

He went to her, put his arms around her and cuddled her head on his shoulder.

“Mother, I think they are dull and uninteresting but you are lovely.”

NO doubt you'll thrill to know that Helen Chandler detests parsnips and cottage cheese, and likes her eggs “tight.”

“Tight eggs,” in the Chandler lexicon, means simply hard-boiled, fried or poached, and not soft.

Oh, well.

A LOS ANGELES theater newspaper advertisement announced:

HELEN TWELVETREES

in

“BAD COMPANY”

with

RICARDO CORTEZ

ADRIENNE AMES, the girl with the rich broker husband, attended the opening of Jane Cowl's “Camille” in stunning black velvet pajamas.

She wore a short llama coat and the trousers were so camouflaged that the audience divided its attention between the play and trying to answer the question, “Are they really pajamas?”



Keystone

A beautiful opera and talkie star brings her new husband home! Grace Moore and the lucky man, Valentine Parera, arriving at the port of New York. She speaks no Spanish, he no English. So they converse in French

LOIS MORAN went to Belgium between pictures to see her little adopted sister who is in a convent in that country. A nice gesture, on Lois' part, adopting this homeless youngster as her sister, giving her not only an education befitting a blood sister, but an affection which makes her cross the water twice a year to see her.

MAYBE you don't care, but Ona Munson's hobby is writing verse. Silly verse, she prefers. Here's a sample:

When springtime comes
And stern winter goes,
I weep much because
I must powder my nose.
It makes me unhappy
And robs me of ease
For powdering my nose
Just makes me sneeze.

Well, anyway, she's a good actress.

ONE of the strangest accidents in studio history gave Warner Baxter more than a week's uncomfortable vacation from acting, recently.

He was walking through a doorway on a motion picture set when the glass fell out of the transom above the door. Falling, it struck Baxter's knee, cutting a very deep gash in which several stitches had to be taken. It was days before Baxter could walk without limping, and production was held up during that time.

WARNER BAXTER gets the most English fan mail on the Fox lot, but Jose Mojica reads his in all languages. Mojica is Fox's biggest money-maker abroad not only in Spanish speaking countries but in Germany, Denmark and even Sweden, where he is running Greta Garbo a close second.

WILLIAM HAINES, Hollywood's most militant bachelor, will have plenty of woman for a while, at least.

Playing opposite him in the vaudeville act in which he's making a personal appearance tour is a girl called Cupid Ainsworth. She weighs 250 pounds.

TO raise funds for charity work among the needy in cinemaland, officers of the Motion Picture Relief Association in Hollywood devised a novel plan which is finding pledges by the score. It is simply this: each guarantor promises to pay one half of one per cent of his or her salary to the fund. Statisticians figure the plan will raise at least \$100,000 a year. And that gives a bit of an idea of how much money there is in this picture business. Conrad Nagel suggested the plan.

THERE is no surer sign that a star has really arrived than when her dog begins to be noticed. It's Hollywood's subtle way of "yesing." Recently Joan Crawford appeared in the M-G-M commissary, and three people jumped up from their tables and ran to pet her dog, "Wattles."

When Marion Davies brought back from Berlin a Dachshund named "Gandhi," it at once changed the style in dogs. Kay Francis and Allen Vincent have already followed suit. Francis calls hers "Weenie." When Lilyan Tashman left for Europe, she announced she would bring back a Dachshund and from no other place than Berlin.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



"You don't buy these tablets every day; they come in a 10-day bottle because they keep."

"It's the standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading universities."



"So small, so easy to swallow, so handy to carry with you in purse or pocket."

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

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"Being all yeast, these tablets are the richest known natural food source of Vitamins B and G."



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"This yeast is pasteurized; therefore it cannot ferment or cause gas in the stomach."

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ON THE AIR

Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

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PP

My Uncle Egbert—WHOOPS—Meets the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Uncle Egbert we should make a sightseeing tour of the stars' homes. Maybe we could peep through knotholes in their back fences and see them basking, *au naturel*, in the sun or beating their husbands.

Nunky said it sounded like a punk idea, but he couldn't think of a better one, so we drove to Beverly Hills and hired one of the mendacious youths who loiter by the curbsides and volunteer to show you all the stars' homes for a dollar—cash in advance.

THE expedition failed. It started out well enough, bent in the middle when our guide said a high stone wall was Harold Lloyd's mansion and a locked iron gate was Pickfair, and collapsed with a loud report when he, miscalculating Uncle Egbert's gullibility, tried to palm off the grammar school as Gloria Swanson's little nest and the Beverly Hills Hotel as the domicile of Clara Bow.

After Uncle Egbert bid the youth a fond and profane farewell—and bandaged his skinned knuckles with a handkerchief—he turned to me and made his position clear. "Listen here, Bogie, I c'n see houses anywhere. I'm primarily interested in architecture of the human variety."

Needless to say, this ukase disturbed me. Could my venerable Uncle Egbert—sixty-three years of age—have reference to the feminine human form divine?

"What's more," he declared, "I want to see some *real* movie stars. I never even heard of this Clara Swanson and Gloria Bow."

That night I took him to the Roosevelt, hoping to be able to show him how movie stars are fed.

We were no more than seated when, right at the very next table—

"Whis-s-st, Uncle Egbert!" I hissed. "Garbo!" I pointed with such rude enthusiasm as to almost impale the lady's eye on my finger.

Uncle Egbert looked, inquired, "What is a Garbo?"

I pointed frantically.

"Right there, Nunky—Greta Garbo, the great movie queen."

Uncle Egbert looked—but at me. His visage was stern.

"Looka here, Bogie. I come eleven thousand miles through jungles teeming with venomous reptiles—and you keep pointin' out a lot of blonde women I never heard of before. What's the idea?"

Somewhat exasperated I said, "Exactly whom do you wish to see?"

The tender light of love illumined my dear old relative's eye. "Theda Bara," he murmured rapturously. "She's the one I've really come to see."

"Theda Bara!"

"Yes, sir! That woman's a revelation in what can be done. Just before I left I seen her in that a-rag-a-bone-a-hank-of-hair picture—me'n the king."

Uncle Egbert's eyelid drooped in a devilish wink. "In fact, that's what I'm here for—to invite her to visit the king."

WHILE I was recovering from my surprise Uncle Egbert went out for a cigar—he said it was for a cigar.

He returned beaming. "It's all fixed," he said.

"What's all fixed?"

"I just met a man from Iowa who told me another man told him the real way to see the studios and the stars was on a big bus from downtown. One dollar a head—they show you everything."

I protested. "Now, Nunky, I don't think those busses—"

Uncle Egbert won.

We saw every studio in Southern California—strictly from the outside.

Fortunately Uncle Egbert couldn't complain. It was his own idea.

In desperation I drove him down to Malibu Beach—nobody lives there but motion picture stars.

We had a lovely ride and an armed guard let us get within nearly a mile of the nearest star's home.

Came evening of the last day—with Uncle Egbert hinting darkly of cutting me out of his will.

I was frantic—when suddenly the fire of genius burned.

To Nunky I said, "Would you *really* like to meet Theda Bara, Uncle Egbert?"

He gave me a look.

"Didn't I tell you I come eleven thousand miles through jungles teeming with venomous—"

"You did, Uncle Egbert—and meet her you shall!"

I rushed to the corner drug store and phoned Imogene Fitzfancy. You know Imogene—head smart-cracker of the Bon Ton Beauty Shoppe, the Wilson Mizner of the marcelling mamas.

QUOTE I: "Imogene, my moonbeam, wouldst commit a little light perjury for a friend?"

Imogene said she would break nine of the ten commandments for me—and I could pick my own nine.

I explained my predicament.

"All I have to do is impersonate Theda Bara?"

I said that was all.

"Call a taxi and deliver Uncle Egbert to me. And may heaven have mercy on his soul."

Which was correct in the light of subsequent events.

I rushed back to Uncle Egbert, called a taxi, even paid the taxi fare.

We entered Imogene's luxurious den. Imogene was encased in a lavender and gold negligée and looked like a marooned mariner's dream. Soft rose-colored lights glowed seductively.

The air smelled faintly of Oriental perfume. Imogene's breath smelled strongly of gin. She greeted us languidly from a reclining position on an Everest of silken cushions.

"Uncle," said I, "this is Theda Bara. Theda, this is my very dear Uncle Egbert from Bongoland."

"Bongoland?" said Imogene.

UNCLE Egbert was so flustered he couldn't talk. I explained he was an emissary of the king.

Imogene said, "What king?"

"The King of Bongoland."

"Never heard of him," said Imogene.

Uncle Egbert dragged his voice out of hiding and said, "He's a black king."

"Oh," said Imogene, the light dawning, "like the king of spades."

Uncle Egbert reached in his pocket and produced a picture of the king. His habiliments included a white beret, shark-tooth earrings, a Sam Browne belt, a loin-cloth, Congress gaiters and rubber overshoes. All he lacked was a neon sign saying *king*.

Uncle Egbert said:

"The king wishes me to invite you to visit Bongoland as his guest."

Right at this juncture Imogene said: "How about a little snort, Egbert?"

And right at this juncture I should have packed Uncle Egbert up and carted him home.

Unfortunately I didn't—and one snort led

to another and presently Uncle Egbert was phoning for another case of gin.

And then, one by one, the following distressing incidents occurred.

Imogene rebuked me for not bringing Uncle Egbert a round to see her the minute he arrived in town.

She said she had always been nuts to meet an emissary of a king—particularly the king of spades.

And Uncle Egbert got pretty mad about this, too.

Uncle Egbert confided to me these movie queens were great gals once you broke down their reserve.

In reply to Imogene's inquiry as to his marital state, if any, Uncle Egbert revealed the startling information that he had seven wives, which is no offense in Bongoland. Imogene said, "Gwan—an old duck like you with seven wives!"

Whereupon Uncle Egbert bashfully explained when he was a younger man his help-meets had numbered seventeen.

From then on Imogene treated him as an equal.

She's had seven husbands—although only one at a time.

UNCLE Egbert expressed a desire to meet more and more movie queens. Imogene said his wish was a command—and phoned three other dolls from the Bon Ton.

When they arrived, she introduced them as Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees.

Uncle Egbert said wasn't that fine and invited them all to be the guests of the king.

To show their appreciation they all drank seven toasts to the king. Uncle Egbert said he was having a swell time.

During a lull in the libations, Uncle Egbert removed his shoes and started doing tricks with his toes.

Because of fourteen years going practically barefooted Uncle Egbert has become dreadfully adroit with his toes. Imogene said she had never kept company with a man who was so clever with his toes.

At 11:27 Uncle Egbert removed his coat; at 11:31 his vest; his necktie followed at 11:38. At 11:42 he unbuckled his repertoire of native African dances and war whoops, with Imogene beating a wash-boiler with a potato-smasher in lieu of a tom-tom.

At exactly 12:00 M. the cops broke in the front door and interrupted Uncle Egbert in the middle of a Umangi war dance. This made Uncle Egbert pretty sore. Being in a warlike mood he kicked one of the policemen in the chin and tweaked his nose with his—Uncle Egbert's—toes.

This made the policeman mad enough to hit Uncle Egbert with a chair.

The party began to bore me about then so I left. So did the girls.

I WAS waiting for Uncle Egbert at the police station when they brought him in. I was really very proud of my old relative. It took five large officers to handle him. He sold his liberty dearly but was still able to protest loudly that was a hell of a way to treat an emissary of a king.

Next morning I bailed him out with a hundred dollar bill and took him home. He said:

"Gee, they won't let you have any fun at all in this town. I'm glad I'm going back to Bongoland."

I said amen—but not out loud.

A troubled frown suddenly furrowed Uncle Egbert's brow.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



The Ideal Gift!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Send Me to Friends for Christmas

I AM not just a little card or present that turns green with the spring. You can't lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend's house and say, "I'm here again, because your friend wants you to remember throughout the year the thoughts of Christmas time. I know you'll like me because everybody does. I won't allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year."

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12-31

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

would accompany me into the office and introduce me to De Mille. Instead she merely flung open the door of the largest room I'd ever seen and left me to stand there.

The office was enormous and very long. I had a vague feeling that the walls were heavily panelled and that it was furnished in sumptuous and over-luxurious elegance. What seemed to be miles and miles of polished floor stretched before me. This desert of hardwood was punctuated by a single oasis—a huge white bearskin rug flung upon it. The walls gave off an air of darkness and 'way, 'way off there, across that long floor, at the extreme other end of the room, was a tremendous desk behind which I saw a gleaming bald head.

I COULD see nothing else since the man who possessed the head was so far away from me. I got the impression that there was a terrific light coming from somewhere, a light focused upon the head and then shooting forth its rays at me standing in the door. Whether it was simply the expert placing of the windows at the man's back producing this effect or whether there was actually a spotlight behind him, I do not know.

I was too confused. Somehow or other my immediate duty was to accomplish those miles of floor—to trail my poor self, weighted down by my robes, over that bearskin rug. The desk and the bald head were my goal. Dangling beads hitting against my weak knees, fringe wrapping about my trembling legs, I made the supreme effort and began my journey.

They'll never say an Albert—the old "never-die-Alberts" they call us—couldn't ring the bell. I came through clean! Awed, frightened, amazed, I walked across the room. Then, just as I got to the bearskin rug, I wanted to laugh. It impressed me just at that moment as all too funny, too bizarre. But I didn't laugh. You don't laugh when you're in The Presence.

The bald head towered ceilingwards. The great De Mille, who was (as perhaps you've already cleverly guessed) its possessor, had risen from his desk. We stood there looking at each other. I began.

"Miss West dressed me up like this," I explained. "And I feel silly."

"You shouldn't," said the great De Mille, "clothes should be the frame for a woman's beauty."

"Clothes like this?" I asked, expertly entangling a couple of hundred yards of beading from another couple of hundred yards of fringe.

He did not answer. Instead he said, "Have you ever been married?"

I shook my head.

His eyes became soulful and a vibrant voice asked, "Have you ever been in love?"

Right here I made a mistake. I was flippant. "If you call that feeling that prompted me and a kid named Latimer Bates to pass notes back and forth in the English

history class, love—then we'll say I've been in love."

That wasn't the right answer. De Mille didn't like that. "Love is a Great Experience," he said. He was going to get that line over whether he got the cue or not.

"So I've heard," I said. I was tired. The dress weighed a ton if it weighed an ounce. A bead was biting into my right shoulder. I didn't care at the moment whether I worked for Cecil B. De Mille or not. "Would you like to hear about my motion picture experience?" I asked.

"Life is the Great Experience," answered De Mille. I started to say I'd heard that somewhere before. But I didn't. What was the use? I wasn't the conversational type for Cecil B. De Mille. So I thanked him for the interview and left to breathe the nice outside air.

A FEW days later I was given a call. I sat in a theater and applauded Mildred Harris upon a stage. Dorothy Dalton was in a box. She chewed gum and smoked every time the cameras weren't trained directly upon her. She seemed to like doing that and chewed the smoke up with the gum. It fascinated me more than De Mille's tirades against the younger actors in the cast.

Cecil B. De Mille was, and still is, one of the greatest personal showmen of all time. Not even the late Belasco, whom he imitated, could beat him.

Through Mary Pickford's casting director I got a few days extra work in a picture that Lottie Pickford was making. It was, I believe, her last and it was never released. We sat on a hill in Griffith Park and pretended we were artists painting pictures. Lottie was

tired and plump. It made her wheeze to run up and down the hill. She wasn't much interested in acting. She said she wanted to get back home to see her baby.

THEN I tried the quickie companies. I've neither the space nor the memory to tell you all about that. What jip outfits they were in those days! There was a small, fat Italian who was going to star me in a series of big pictures and wanted me to sell stock in the concern. There was a strange, lanky self-called director who made a test of me in a funny run down studio on Los Angeles' East Side and, like De Mille, asked me if I'd ever been in love.

There was also a fifth-rate comedian who made two-reel comedies in which I played leading lady with fire hoses turned upon me—the better to be saved from the burning building, my dears. The comedian was the son of a minister—he said—and while protesting a deeply religious nature, he told risqué stories on the set and was forever trying to get up parties to go to Tia Juana (the smart Agua Caliente had not yet been built).

Oh, Hollywood was over-run with those fly-by-nighters with small ideas for making big money. They pass before my mind's eye—a mad pageantry of faces I remember, names I've forgotten. Strange and sinister faces they were, as if they had been clipped from an Aubrey Beardsley sketch book.

There is one more incident worthy of recording. I was appearing in some sort of charity fête. Mary Miles Minter and I had a booth to sell dolls or something. Mary was a snooty kid. She was just about my age but she looked down her nose at me in an effective manner. She had just come back from Paris—

her first trip, I believe, and when I asked her about it she said, "Paris is a bore, my dear, and the clothes that the smart houses are showing this year are abominable." She was only seventeen or eighteen at the time.

While I was busy my mother happened to sit next to a woman with a sweet little girl. My mother admired the child whom the woman told her was her granddaughter and the two began to talk about their progeny. The woman said she had three children—Lottie, Jack and Mary. "Two of them," she said, "Lottie and Jack have been good children but have caused me many a heartache, but I can honestly say that Mary has never given me a single moment's anxiety. She is—and I say this without mother pride, for I'm always willing to admit my own children's faults—perfect."

Mrs. Pickford, who played such an important rôle in Mary's life and, when she died, left her heartbroken, was talking then, not for publication, not for effect—but to another woman, another mother whose name she did not



Gosh, how these stars suffer! Here's Irving Pichel doing a little high-class branding on the fair back of Tallulah Bankhead. It's a scene from "The Cheat." "Now you're mine, gal!" snarls Pichel. "Yeah?" says Tallulah.

know. It was an intimate friendly chat and these are some of the things she told.

"Mary gives away hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. I know because I keep all her books.

"She is the sweetest, most generous person in the world.

"ONCE she was on location in a small town in Northern California. The postmistress was an old lady with a bad case of rheumatism, but she lived on the outskirts of the town and had to walk to the post-office no matter what the weather was.

"Mary knew that she could never learn to drive a car, so she offered to buy her a horse and buggy to make the trip easier. The old lady said she didn't want to be so 'obligated' by accepting the gift.

"Mary thought for a moment and then said, 'I haven't any grandmother so I'm going to adopt you. People adopt children, you know, so I'll reverse it. I adopt you and I guess I can buy my own grandmother a horse and buggy.' And, what's more, she sends a check each week so the old lady can have small luxuries. No matter how busy I am and what big checks I have to write—that check goes.

"Another time Mary noticed that a decrepit gateman at the studio was looking thin so she sent him to her doctor, who said he wasn't getting enough nourishing food and would have to have three or four fresh eggs every day. He didn't have the money nor the opportunity to buy fresh ones.

"Mary worried and worried and then she had an idea. He lived in an out-of-the-way neighborhood, so she sent him a dozen hens to lay eggs for him.

"When she was making a picture once a goat was supposed to butt her. But the goat was temperamental and wouldn't butt. They tried valiantly but it was no use. Mary is very religious and believes in prayer so she went over in a corner of the set and prayed that the next time the goat would butt her properly. 'And if he does,' she said to herself, 'I'm going to give an extra five hundred dollars to charity.' She went into the scene. The goat butted and I wrote a check for the crippled children's hospital."

THE love and admiration that Mary Pickford and her mother bore for each other was one of the most beautiful that Hollywood ever knew.

The movie game was becoming more and more difficult for me. My career—which, honesty makes me admit, had not been what you might call exactly a sensation—was in the doldrums.

Extra work and promises were about all I got, so I tossed the remains of my make-up kit out the window along with my acting ambitions and got a job on a newspaper.

During this time I worked in Los Angeles and had no close connection with Hollywood. It was a few years later—1925, to be exact—that I went to work in the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A publicity woman, I discovered, is supposed to be the well of understanding and the mother confessor for the stars.

It is her duty to get things in the paper as well as to keep them out. She must see all, know all and tell nothing. Some of the secrets told me and the sights I witnessed are almost too weird for belief.

But next month I'll tell you incredible stories of the stars of six years ago. I learned to know intimately Lillian Gish, Lon Chaney, Jack Gilbert, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, as well as the younger players who were getting their first breaks—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Billy Haines. You may read their hitherto unpublished stories in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY.



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TWINS**

TAKE the Ridgeway twins, Ches and Wal. Looked alike as two peas in a pod. Couldn't tell themselves apart except at dinner, and the only way they knew which was which then was because Ches liked navy beans and Wal didn't.

Well sir, you might go so far as to say they had equal chances in life if any two young fellers ever did. It was this way at the age of twenty when they went to work in the bank. Now Ches is president of the bank and Wal has seven more years to serve at the penitentiary.

It jest shows home conditions and trainin' ain't everything. Jest like Ches would eat navy beans and Wal wouldn't, Ches would eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box, and Wal wouldn't. Ches felt good and thought the world was with him while Wal felt bad and thought the world was agin him. So they traveled different roads.

Of course I ain't sayin' these little tablets will keep you out of the penitentiary. I'm jest tellin' about Ches and Wal, twins.

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Short Subjects of the Month



You'll love freckle-faced, grinning Ray Cooke as *Torchy*, the nonchalant office boy. Dorothy Dix is the blonde. Comedy reviewed below

TORCHY

Educational-Burr

Introducing Ray Cooke and his engaging grin in the first of a series of comedies based on the famous "Torchy" stories. *Torchy* is an office boy, you know. Dorothy Dix offers good blonde interest. Great stuff. You'll be looking for the next one.

OLD KING COTTON

Paramount

George Dewey Washington, negro singer, dashes off some grand tunes in this dramatic little short about a young darkie who leaves the plantation for Harlem, only to discover that old scenes are best. You'll like it.

THE STARBRITE DIAMOND

William J. Burns-Educational

In this latest William J. Burns mystery thriller, suspicion rests on everyone at a house-party. The diamond theft and fake shooting will hold your interest right up to the last flicker. The authenticity of these stories gives them added punch.

RHYTHMS OF A GREAT CITY

Warner-Vitaphone

This is German film art made in Brooklyn, N. Y.—weird camera angles, flashes that last five seconds, street cars, silken legs and skyscrapers. Among the lightning-like shots is the tragic love story of a shop-girl and an iron-worker. Mad, but well done.

ISTANBUL TO BAGDAD

Fox

Different from the usual travelogue, this covers a wide scope. Beautiful photography adds enchantment to Far Eastern cities. Worthwhile.

SPEED

Educational-Sennett

A riotous comedy, and beautiful color photography which shows scenic grandeur

from the Rockies to the Eastern Coast. Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Alberta Vaughn are splendid and there's a water scene that will leave your sides aching.

ROUGH SAILING

Warner-Vitaphone

This is fast and it's funny. It's all about a clothing store dummy who gets mistaken for a sea captain and has to handle a ship. Joe Penner is the lad who provides the chuckles.

TAXI TROUBLES

Educational-Sennett

All Andy Clyde has to do is bring that bewildered expression into a picture, and the comedy is funny. This time Andy is a taxi driver with more troubles than a traffic policeman.

SCREEN SOUVENIRS

Paramount

See this first of a series of cuttings from old newsreels and dramas. There's Theodore Roosevelt at the opening of the Panama Canal; Christy Mathewson doing his stuff and bits from "The Curse of an Aching Heart." Great fun.

HONEYMOON TRIO

Educational-Cameo

Two's company, three's a crowd when it comes to honeymooning! But sad-faced Al St. John, as a much bullied bridegroom, finds it isn't always easy to lose a chaperon when he happens to be the bride's ex-suitor. Entertaining.

THE GALLOPING GHOST

Mascot

Red Grange, football hero, comes back to the screen in a twelve-episode serial thriller. All the old-time thrills are given a background of college football. Grange is a versatile athlete, but Francis X. Bushman, Dorothy Gulliver and Gwen Lee take acting honors.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames	Lenita Lane
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
George Bancroft	Paul Lukas
Eleanor Boardman	Frances Moffett
William Boyd	Rosita Moreno
John Brendon	Jack Oakie
Chas. D. Brown	Vivienne Osborne
Juliette Compton	Eugene Pallette
Jackie Coogan	Ramon Pereda
Robert Coogan	Irving Pichel
Gary Cooper	Charles Rogers
Frances Dee	Jackie Searl
Marlene Dietrich	Peggy Shannon
Claire Dodd	Sylvia Sidney
Tom Douglas	Lilyan Tashman
Junior Durkin	Kent Taylor
Stuart Erwin	Regis Toomey
Marjorie Gatenon	Dorothy Tree
Wynne Gibson	Allen Vincent
Mitzi Green	Anna May Wong
Phillips Holmes	Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson	Mae Marsh
Hardie Albright	Victor McLaglen
John Arledge	Thomas Meighan
Warner Baxter	Una Merkel
Joan Bennett	Don Jose Mojica
El Brendel	Conchita Montenegro
Joan Castle	Goodee Montgomery
Paul Cavanagh	Ralph Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Greta Nissen
Marguerite Churchill	George O'Brien
William Collier, Sr.	Sally O'Neil
Roxanne Curtis	Lawrence O'Sullivan
Jesse DeVorska	Maureen O'Sullivan
Donald Dillaway	Cecelia Parker
Allan Dinehart	William Pawley
James Dunn	Yvonne Pelletier
Sally Eilers	Gaylord Pendleton
Charles Farrell	Howard Phillips
Janet Gaynor	Terrance Ray
Minna Gombell	Manya Roberti
William Holden	Will Rogers
Olin Howland	Peggy Ross
Warren Hymer	Rosalie Roy
J. M. Kerrigan	George E. Stone
James Kirkwood	James Todd
Elissa Landi	Spencer Tracy
Edmund Lowe	Linda Watkins
Jeanette MacDonald	Marjorie White
Helen Mack	Charles Williams
Kenneth MacKenna	Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames	Kitty Kelly
Mary Astor	Geoffrey Kerr
Roscoe Ates	Rita LaRoy
Evelyn Brent	Ivan Lebedeff
Joseph Cawthorn	Dorothy Lee
Lita Chevre	Eric Linden
Ricardo Cortez	Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lily Damita	Lord
John Darrow	Joel McCrea
Dolores Del Rio	Ken Murray
Richard Dix	Edna May Oliver
Irene Dunne	Lawrence Olivier
Jill Esmond	William Post
Noel Francis	Lowell Sherman
Roberta Gale	Ned Sparks
Morgan Galloway	Ruth Weston
John Halliday	Bert Wheeler
Hugh Herbert	Hope Williams
Leyland Hodgson	Robert Woolsey
Rochelle Hudson	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Al Jolson
Charles Chaplin	Evelyn Laye
Ina Claire	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gloria Swanson
Jean Harlow	Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell	Buck Jones
Richard Cromwell	Loretta Sayers
Susan Fleming	Barbara Stanwyck
Ralph Graves	John Wayne
Jack Holt	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres	Bela Lugosi
John Boles	Slim Summerville
Lucile Browne	Sally Sweet
Bette Davis	Genevieve Tobin
Sidney Fox	Lois Wilson
Rose Hobart	

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby	Dorothy Jordan
Nils Asther	Buster Keaton
William Bakewell	Marjorie King
Lionel Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Wallace Beery	Alfred Lunt and
Charles Bickford	Lynn Fontanne
Herbert Braggiotti	Joan Marsh
John Mack Brown	Adolphe Menjou
Jackie Cooper	John Miljan
Joan Crawford	Rav Milland
Kathryn Crawford	Robert Montgomery
Janet Currie	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Karen Morley
Reginald Denny	Conrad Nagel
Marie Dressler	Ramon Novarro
Jimmy Durante	Ivor Novello
Cliff Edwards	Monroe Owsley
Phyllis Elgar	Anita Page
Madge Evans	Irene Purcell
Clark Gable	Marjorie Rambeau
Greta Garbo	Ruth Selwyn
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Charlotte Greenwood	Gus Shy
William Haines	C. Aubrey Smith
Neil Hamilton	Lewis Stone
Helen Hayes	Lawrence Tibbett
Jean Hersholt	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Lester Vail
Leslie Howard	Robert Young
Leila Hyams	

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong	Pola Negri
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
Bill Boyd	Marion Shilling
James Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees
Ann Harding	Robert Williams
June MacCloy	

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Stan Laurel
Mickey Daniels	Gertie Messinger
Dorothy Granger	Our Gang
Oliver Hardy	David Sharpe
Mary Kornman	Grady Sutton
Harry Langdon	Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss	Walter Huston
John Barrymore	Leon Janney
Richard Barthelmess	Evalyn Knapp
Joan Blondell	Winnie Lightner
Lilian Bond	Ben Lyon
Joe E. Brown	Dorothy Mackaill
Anthony Bushell	Mae Madison
Charles Butterworth	David Manners
James Cagney	Marian Marsh
Ruth Chatterton	Marilyn Miller
Donald Cook	Dorothy Peterson
Bebe Daniels	William Powell
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	James Rennie
Kay Francis	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Hall	Loretta Young
Ralf Harolde	Polly Walters
	Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead	Miriam Hopkins
George Barbier	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Marx Brothers
Nancy Carroll	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Gene Raymond
Claudette Colbert	Charlie Ruggles
Tamara Geva	Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Marguerite
Clark

was kidding us then. Doug, Jr., won't talk about his age now.

We gave three rousing cheers and a tiger over the news that Marguerite Clark was giving up the stage completely and remaining on the screen. She was one of the brightest of stars in those days. Now she's content to play a starring rôle in her own home in Louisiana, where she's happily married and is one of the social lights of New Orleans. It wasn't easy for an outsider to open the closed book of Creole society, but little Mag has managed to do it, just as she broke into movie circles so long ago.

A LITTLE boy celebrated his seventh birthday this month. PHOTOPLAY ran his picture along with that of his proud mama and papa. The little boy's name was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Now add fifteen to seven and you've got Joan's Dodo's real age, unless he

And guess what Cal York was getting excited about? The depression—of all things—and the fact that so many extra players were out of work. And that was fifteen years ago!

The style in screen villains has changed. Stuart Holmes, the most popular "male vampire," admitted that he could sleep only in a round bed and had his picture taken in one to prove it.

Our reviewing editor gave five pages to "Intolerance." "Spades are not once termed garden implements, nor are kisses paternal or platonic," said he with a sly wink. In those days that was something for comment!

"The Common Law," with Clara Kimball Young, "Ashes of Embers," with Pauline Frederick and "Manhattan Madness," with Douglas Fairbanks were also reviewed.

The starry-eyed beauty on the cover was Marie Doro and the gallery subjects included Irene Castle, Bryant Washburn, William Desmond, Bessie Love and Mary McClaren.

Cal York items: Norma Talmadge will shine as an independent star. . . . Gertrude Robinson and James Kirkwood are married.

10 Years Ago



Mae
Marsh

enjoy both truth and art." Then it was only the most daring producer who would admit a screen plot that did not end in a sunlit garden with hero and heroine in one of those fade-out kisses. But times have changed. Letters to PHOTOPLAY indicate that the public wants real, human situations.

We announced that little Mae Marsh, of the wistful face, was going to make a screen comeback and we stood up and sang a hosanna. Recently we made that same announcement. The song still goes. You'll soon be seeing Mae (so long in retirement with her husband and children) in "Over the Hill."

THE most important story in PHOTOPLAY ten years ago was called "The Unhappy Ending," and the writer said (with just pride and a slight blush), "The mental standard of motion picture patrons is a mature and intelligent type of mind which can grasp and

Remember Betty Blythe who was "The Queen of Sheba" in six strands of beads and a cloud of dust? Here's a story about her in which she admits that she once went hungry and the writer was thankful that she had the courage to say it when her fans had thought of her as forever lolling in indolent luxury.

We asked "Why Does the World Love Mary?" We meant Mary Pickford, of course, who at that time stood alone. A picture of Constance Talmadge and mama "Peg" was used. "Peg" is still going strong as one of Hollywood's favorite wits.

Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Charlie Chaplin's "The Idle Class" got the two long reviews, but we were enthusiastic over Pola Negri's "One Arabian Night" and a film called "Bits of Life" in which an actor named Lon Chaney did a small rôle.

From the cover Lillian Gish's quaint smile shone through a mass of tulle.

Cal York items: Gloria Swanson and Herb Somborn (now proprietor of a string of Hollywood restaurants) have definitely split and Gloria declares she will never marry again.

5 Years Ago



Greta
Garbo

Garbo, under Fred Niblo's subtle direction, puts over a new kind of vampire." Garbo, always ahead of her time, was then starting the glamour school. It took five years for others to catch on. The rest—Dietrich, Chatterton, Bankhead and Landi—had not then set foot in Hollywood.

We wrote a large welcome on the mat for Emil Jannings. Already a big shot in Europe, he had just come to America. He didn't know then that in a few short years the hysteria caused by the microphone would drive him back home before it was realized that his accent only added to his artistry.

THIS was the month of Greta Garbo's second picture! Can you believe that the lady of the Scandinavias has been with us for only five years? "The Temptress" caused a sensation. It was so good that it got editorial comment and we remarked that "Greta

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year was awarded to "The Big Parade." (This year another war film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," walks away with the medal.)

John Barrymore was a startling figure who said startling things. With his famous nose tilted upwards he remarked, "Hollywood can't exist—but it does!" He was appalled by the "stupidity of the film colony." Now he owns one of the finest homes in Beverly Hills and is a family man with a wife and baby. What's more, he seems to like living in Hollywood.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Sorrows of Satan," "The Quarterback" and "The Better Ole" received favorable comment. Aileen Pringle graced the cover, with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Pauline Garon, who isn't Mrs. Sherman any more), Vera Reynolds, Corinne Griffith, George O'Brien, Adolphe Menjou, Belle Bennett and Carol Dempster in the gallery.

Cal York items: Constance Talmadge and Alastair Mackintosh are quits. Connie has patched up her difficulties with Buster Collier.



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The Comeback Champ

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

in Paterson, New Jersey. A paper had printed he was an old stock player. People must never know this was his initial stage appearance.

A reporter came back after the performance. "Vaudeville isn't so different from stock, is it, Mr. Cortez?" He shook his head. He didn't speak; his teeth chattered.

"You proved you were an old hand, all right."

He is prouder of his vaudeville success than any which may come to him. He will talk by the hour, if you let him, of how he sang for the first time in Boston. He'd never sung in public before in his life. No training. But he was fighting for bread and butter. People do what they have never done before for bread and butter.

A breakdown. Alma was playing in vaudeville in the same section of the country. She was fighting another kind of fight. She was losing. The long strain of the past three and a half years was too much for the husband. He cancelled his tour and took the money he had made and went to Europe.

There, Ricardo Cortez thought it over. Fight had been born during the vaudeville tour.

You have seen the sun burst through black clouds when the storm has spent its power? The sun burst through Ricardo Cortez' life when he returned from Europe. A telegram from Pathe asked if he was open for picture engagements. What had happened in Hollywood, he didn't know; he doesn't know today. But picture producers have a way of forgetting the past when vaudeville producers prove there is box-office in the present. He took an airplane to Hollywood at his own expense. He made "Her Man." It was the elevator from the bottom of that toboggan slide.

How the man on that elevator had changed from the one who stood on the peak four years before! Charles Rogers, head Hollywood producer for Pathe, said he thought William Le Baron at the sister studio, Radio, would give

Cortez a contract. Le Baron told him at two o'clock one afternoon that he would let Cortez know by six that evening.

Ricardo went home and waited. He admits his nerves were frayed, and he doesn't hang his head when he tells it. He also prayed.

Salary? Parts? He would leave them to fate and his own ability—once he secured steady employment.

They gave him the contract. He has played the-man-after-the-other-man's-wife ever since. Now, they're going to remove him from the stereotyped rôle and make him a hero. He plays Mary Astor's love-interest in a new film for Radio Pictures.

His brother lives in his big house at Beverly. Ricardo lives in an apartment. He has no valet; no chauffeur; no secretary. He plays golf, rides and plays polo. "I play on other people's horses; I can't afford a string. I would like to play on Darryl Zanuck's team, but I would have to get my own horses. I can't do it."

"You don't talk like an actor, Mr. Cortez," I ventured.

"I wasn't one for so long that I hope I learned something about being a man," he answered.

You know, I really like these people better when they are comebacks. Gloria Swanson had a bodyguard when she first hit the big money. Not today. Joan Crawford has one today. But Joan has never slid down the toboggan. "Bad Girl" was Sally Eilers' elevator, and it is the best picture she has made, before or since.

Ben Lyon was formerly a national play-boy. Since his comeback he is a model husband and father. Pola Negri is a different human being, she thinks of others—and all Hollywood loves her now.

Yes, those who live in our little hamlet of comebacks prove the one-word explanation of the champion. "Fight!"

what fun to be good-looking!



WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle*!

Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline*. It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce*, remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

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Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-121, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



Here's a brand-new one! Marjorie King, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress, makes sure of remembering Bob Montgomery's birthday by pasting his picture on her calendar. But she was pretty sad just the same when Jack Gilbert left for Europe

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SIDE SHOW—Warners.—Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

SILENCE—Paramount.—Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

SKY RAIDERS, THE—Columbia.—Gangsters in the air! Thrilling stuff and good entertainment. (July)

★ **SMART MONEY**—Warners.—Moves as fast as the money on the gambling tables in it. Plenty of laughs and excitement. (July)

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE**—Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

SON OF INDIA—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (Aug.)

SPIDER, THE—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STREET SCENE**—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (Oct.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg)—UFA.—Rolling tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathé.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA.—A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (Aug.)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Nov.)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (Oct.)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not bother. (Nov.)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WICKED — Fox. — Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathe.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY — Headline Prod. — Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)



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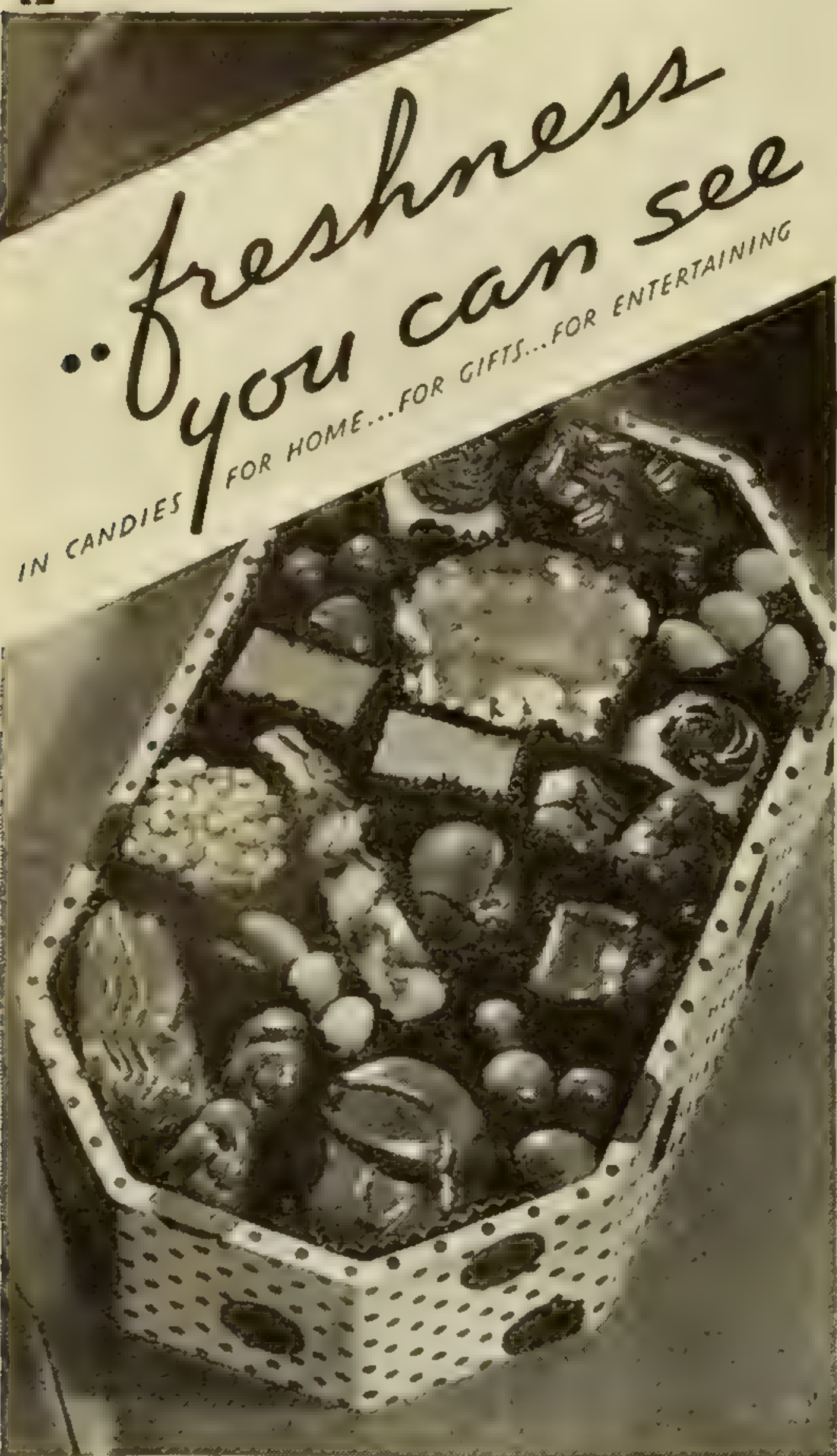


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Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

Montgomery. For several years he appeared on the stage under the name of Douglass Montgomery. When he entered pictures he had to change his name so that people wouldn't get him confused with Bob Montgomery, also at M-G-M. His first talkie was "Paid," in which he appeared with Joan Crawford. At this writing he is back on the Broadway stage again under the name of Douglass Montgomery, appearing opposite Fay Wray in "Nikki." Kent's latest picture is "Waterloo Bridge" with Mae Clarke.

MARIAN L. ROSS, OAKLAND, CALIF.—Your old friend Pat O'Malley is appearing in "The Homicide Squad" for Universal. Others who appear in this picture are Leo Carrillo, Mary Brian, Noah Beery and Russell Gleason.

MARGARET WEHR, TECUMSEH, MICH.—"The Magic Garden" was released in 1927. Margaret Morris and Raymond Keane played the leads. Douglas Fairbanks made a picture titled "The Black Pirate" in 1926. Billie Dove was his leading lady.

ADAMAE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You are quite right. Richard Bennett was Connie's *reel* father in "Bought," and he is her *real* father, too.

MARY HARDY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your little puzzle was really quite simple. Raymond Milland was the rich young fellow that Connie Bennett was engaged to in "Bought."

MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON, DETROIT, MICH.—Here is the information you want for your scrap-book. Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Penna., Oct. 29, 1898. She died in Paris, Sept. 10, 1920. William Russell's real name was William Lerche. Earle Williams always used his own name in pictures. He was born in Sacramento, Calif., Feb. 28, 1895, and died April 25, 1927. Alma Rubens was a native of San Francisco.

F. LESLIE KELLY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—You picked a promising young star when you chose David Manners for your favorite. David was born April 30, 1902, stands 6 feet tall, weighs 169 and has brown hair and green-gray eyes. He hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

VERA DOHM, NEW YORK CITY.—Yes, Vera, Clark Gable has made many a fair movie-goer's pulse race. Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, Feb. 1, 1901. He stands 6 feet, 1 inch in

height; weighs 190 and has brown hair and grey eyes. That's his own name he uses in pictures. Clark has been married three times. Don't be alarmed, he married his second wife twice. That's what you call making it a sure thing, eh? Over a year ago he married Ria Langham in an Eastern city before his California divorce from his first wife became final. Therefore, the second marriage wasn't recognized out there. When picture plans demanded that Clark remain in California, he and his wife were remarried there to avoid any legal tangles. His next picture will be "Hell Divers."

HILDA EMERICK, DAYTON, OHIO.—The lad who played opposite Alice White in "The Girl from Woolworth's" was Charles Delaney. Alice is now busy making personal appearances via the vaudeville stage.

A. C., BUFFALO, N. Y.—BRRRR! How I shudder when I have to answer questions about Bela Lugosi. If I don't say the right things about him, he's liable to pop out of an ink-well or the waste-basket and chase me. Bela left his native soil, Lugos, Hungary, in 1921, and came to America. He appeared in a great many plays and then made several silent pictures. Later he returned to the stage, coming back to the screen after the advent of the talkies. His most recent pictures are "The Thirteenth Chair," "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Dracula," which he also played on the stage, "Women of All Nations," and "The Black Camel." His next will be "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Bela recently took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

BERTHA BRYON, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Bertha, you have 'em all wrong. There are plenty of movie actors and actresses who have stayed married. For instance, Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, Warner Baxter, Jack Mulhall, Esther Ralston, Joe E. Brown and Mae Marsh have all been married to their same mates for ten years or more.

ROSIE, PORTLAND, ORE.—What is this you would have me do? Tickle the tootsies of the stars till they tell me the size of their shoes? Well, here they are: Gloria Swanson has a pair of the smallest feet in filmdom. She wears size 1½. Janet Gaynor, wears size 3; Joan Crawford, size 3½; Mary Brian, Norma Shearer and Bebe Daniels each wear size 4½; Clara Bow and Marion Davies, size 5; and Greta Garbo wears size 5½AAA.

The Answer Man Says

"The women-folks certainly are interested in that lad Fredric March. There's not a month when the questions about him don't roll in, even though he's one of the married stars that *act* married."

This month, on page 52, you will find a story about Fred and wife Florence Eldridge and their moving-day woes—an amusing, human story about interesting, real-folks people.

And next month there will be more, for you girls who want to know all. Fred's sister-in-law, the wife of his older brother John, has written a story of Fred as she knows him, from a lad in knickerbockers dreaming about college to the popular star of today.

An intimate, humorous story about a typical American family and a typical American boy. You won't want to miss it.

In the January PHOTOPLAY out December 10

ONE WHO WISHES TO SETTLE A BET.—Farina, the black dot who formerly appeared in "Our Gang," is a boy. Believe it or not. His full name is Allen Clayton Hoskins and he is a Bostonian by birth. He entered pictures at the age of two years and played little girl rôles. When he started to grow up a little, he was given boy rôles and continued in them until he finally outgrew the "Gang." Now he is in vaudeville. Mathew Beard, another dusky lad, known as "Stymie" on the screen, has replaced Farina in the "Gang." These lads *will* grow up.

F. H. L., BOSTON, MASS.—Yes, Monroe Owsley, who played the rôle of Ann Harding's brother in "Holiday," is the same lad who played Joan Crawford's hey hey boy friend in "This Modern Age."

JAS. MOORE, DETROIT, MICH.—You asked me how those hooch-drinking scenes of Eddie Robinson's got by the censors in "Five Star Final." I am leaving at you. That was only tea.

LESTER, DOTHAN, ALA.—No, Tallulah Bankhead has never been married. Her next picture will be "The Cheat." Harvey

Stephens, a newcomer from the stage, plays opposite her. Lew Ayres' latest release is a football picture, "The Spirit of Notre Dame," reviewed in this issue. This is the picture that Knute Rockne was on his way West to make when he met his death in an airplane crash. J. Farrell MacDonald, who looks enough like Knute to be his brother, was rushed in to fill the rôle of coach. The football fans (and others) will go crazy about this picture.

ALICE, UNION CITY, N. J.—The musical selection that was played and sung in "Merely Mary Ann" was "Kiss Me Good-Night."

M. SMITH, MONTREAL, CANADA.—John Darrow has been in pictures quite some time, in fact he was in 'em long before the talkies came along. He was born July 17, 1907, in New York City. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 160 and has brown hair and brown eyes. He played in "The Racket," "The Argyle Case," "The Bargain" and his latest is "Are These Our Children?"

LUCY M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Charles "Chic" Sale who played the grandfather in "Star Witness" is really only 38 years old. What that chap can do with make-up!

"All Quiet" Wins Photoplay Medal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

to see all the films released in 1930 and cast their votes. And the responses have come from all parts of the world, from peoples of all races.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal which will go to Universal Pictures Corporation is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" was rated as the best picture of the month in the June, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, Lew Ayres and John Wray winning "Best Performances."

PHOTOPLAY Magazine doffs its hat and makes a low Chesterfieldian bow to the Laemmles, *pere et fils*, director Milestone, writers Anderson and Abbott, cameraman Arthur Edeson and all the members of that remarkable cast.



One of the gripping scenes from the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal prize winner of 1930—"All Quiet on the Western Front." Louis Wolheim, who died a few months ago, and Lew Ayres are shown as *Katczinsky* and *Paul*

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"Ginsburg!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

human hands and a human throat. "Although she may be late, I trust in fate and so I wait for my ideal." Mr. Joy looks to Chevalier for his verdict, Chevalier looks to Mr. Joy. They shake their heads simultaneously. It may sound perfect to your ears or to mine, but their trained senses have detected a flaw. The whole thing has to be done over again.

ONCE more the signals sound, once more Chevalier sings and the young violinist plays his solo between choruses, once more a judiciary group forms about the machine. Chevalier sits with lowered head, his hands hanging between his knees. This time he makes no comment when the song is ended. "Does that sound better?" the conductor asks him anxiously. Gravely he raises his head, gravely he looks Mr. Leonard Joy in the eye.

Then, with a comic effect impossible to convey, his polite Parisian voice solemnly pronounces the single word "Geenzborgh!" which wise-crack is greeted with roars of delight from his audience, and is enjoyed by no one more hugely than the perpetrator himself.

The test having been found good, the master-records may now be made—three in all, from which the best will be chosen for ultimate use. The procedure is the same, except that the song does not come back through the Victrola; but the mechanical reception is different, and it is the engineer in the control room who passes judgment on these final recordings.

And still Chevalier hasn't done his duty by "My Ideal." There remains the French version to be sung for the clamorous and profitable French market, for his American triumphs have multiplied a hundredfold his popularity in his own country. Whereas formerly he sang to perhaps two thousand people a night in Paris and was hardly more than a name to the great majority of his compatriots, he has now through his pictures become a beloved figure in every town and hamlet that boasts a cinema, and "notre Maurice" bids fair to achieve a place that has hitherto been reserved for *Charlot* (Charlie Chaplin) alone.

So smoothly does the machinery of this studio run, so well do the leader, the orchestra and the singer understand their business and one another, so intelligently and considerately do they work together, that this whole laborious process of tests and master-records, English and French, involving some dozen repetitions of the same song, which must—and does—sound as fresh and lively the dozenth time as the first—all this has been completed in something less than an hour. A well-earned respite of five minutes is announced, and the "chiselers" repair to the corridor to stretch their legs and smoke a cigarette, while Chevalier in his courteous fashion sits down to entertain the visitor.

"THESE fellows," he tells me, "are really wonderful." The appreciation of good craftsmen for one another. "I like always to come here and work with them. It cannot perhaps be seen by one who is not a singer, but usually it takes hours to rehearse such a song. Yet here they know the music already before I have come, and when I have sung it with them once, it is—" interlocking his fingers, "like this!"

He comments on the tunefulness of the air he has just been singing, and I ask him about the next song.

"Ah—the next! The next is a gay bird! That is how it should be—eh? First a sweet one, then a merry one. It goes like this—" and he hums a few bars. "It's a great life if you don't weaken; you're a great guy if you won't weaken." When we were making the picture in Hollywood and someone on the set

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looked—how do you say?—with the mouth down, then I sang him this song, and at once he felt much better. Or so they told me. It may be—” and his smile flashes “—it may be they were just kidding me.”

The musicians are returning to their places and Chevalier goes into consultation with Mr. Joy. A moment later the first sprightly strains of the “gay bird” strike the air. The effect is instantaneous. Feet begin beating time, shoulders lift, heads sway, eyes brighten.

Chevalier is at the microphone. “If you don’t lose heart, the hardest part is the first hundred years.” And the microphone is suddenly transformed under your very nose from an instrument of wood and steel into a human being of flesh and bone—a human being with his “mouth down,” whom Chevalier is trying to cajole out of the blues as he cajoled the people on the Hollywood set.

“YES, a great world with a kick to it!” He laughs exultantly, yet sobers down at once, seeing that the man he’s facing remains unconvinced. He reasons with him, his hands plead, his eyebrows go up into his hair. “If you let him *biff* you, Mr. Gloom will knock you cold!” The words don’t matter—you hear only the serio-comic coaxing in the voice, you see only the solicitous pucker of the brows that is belied by the quizzical glint in the eye. Any second now he’s likely to throw an encouraging arm around the microphone’s neck.

Mr. Joy, glancing up from his score, catches that fugitive look, and grins helplessly across at me. We are bound by a moment’s fellowship in laughter—and it is just here perhaps that Chevalier’s greatest charm lies—in the warmth that kindles an answering warmth in his audience, that makes strangers turn to one another and laugh together as if they were old friends.

He’s coming dangerously close to the end. His arguments are exhausted, and this is a tough customer. He pins his faith to repetition and emphasis. “It’s a great life if you don’t weaken,” he chuckles, nodding his head vigorously and beaming his most radiant. “You’re a great guy if you won’t weaken!” Maybe he can flatter this fellow into a good humor. “If you do—ah, well—” Tolerance is also a virtue. “It’s *still* a great life!” he shouts defiantly, flinging out both his arms as if he would embrace not only the Melancholy Mike but all the world as well.

“Ginsburg!” comes in thunderous acclaim from a score of lusty throats. And heartily you respond, Amen.

December Birthdays

December 5—Virginia Lee Corbin, Grace Moore

December 6—Dot Farley, Elissa Landi

December 8—Paul Cavanagh

December 9—Eddie Dowling, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

December 10—Una Merkel

December 11—Sally Eilers, Victor McLaglen, Gilbert Roland

December 13—Norman Foster, Lillian Roth

December 16—Barbara Kent

December 18—Mary Nolan

December 24—Ruth Chatterton, Howard Hughes

December 25—Marguerite Churchill, Helen Twelvetrees

December 27—Marlene Dietrich

December 28—Lew Ayres

December 30—Greta Nissen

18th Prize

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Charles Swartz, New York City

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Bread Line

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

Bowery stuff. That new gang picture, you know."

The girl with the list was reading names aloud. Here and there one of the shabby, tired men brightened. A girl in a sleazy frock sobbed in relief—and the stout man was beaming. Now the girl was looking at Molly, who drew herself up and tried to appear smart.

And then all at once her shoulders sagged miserably and, as she lowered her eyes to hide the swift tears in them, she heard the magic sound of her own name.

IT was the irony of fate! Where her pretty clothes and pretty smiles and pretty features had failed, hopelessness and shabbiness and grief had turned the trick. But Molly was too tired—and far too hungry—to feel any sense of triumph as she went with the others through the magic door that led to the motion picture lot that had once been the mecca of all her dreams. Only once she spoke, and then it was to the girl who had stood next to her, in the line. And, who, also, had been chosen.

"What are we to do?" she asked. "Do you know?"

A spark of humor glowed for just a minute in the eyes of the other girl, and then it flickered out.

"I hear," she said, "that we're to stand in a breadline—that's to be our job for today. Well, it oughtn't to be hard!"

Again it was the irony of fate. A bread line—when she was actually hungry enough to eat a dry crust of bread and thank Heaven for it!

Molly found that she was laughing beneath her breath, just a little bit hysterically—but the laughter died on her lips as she, with the rest, walked down through the set.

For suddenly the set, hopeless and ugly though it was, made her homesick. For the set, placed in the torrid center of a California studio, stood for New York.

An ugly part of New York, a dark, dreary part of New York—the Bowery. But New York, nevertheless!

Grim and sordid and crowded with failure—that was the set on which Molly and the other extras stood awaiting their turn. The dingy building that made its background was only a shell, really—a shell strung with wires and lights.

But it would photograph like a certain Bowery mission front that Molly had passed more than once, in Preston's car, on the way back from a Sunday drive.

Standing in the door of that hollow mission was a slender, flashing-eyed young man in a uniform. A man whom Molly had often, in happier days, watched breathlessly upon the screen.

She recognized him as the Star of Stars—but she was too beaten to feel any sense of excitement over that moment of recognition, of nearness.

THE girl next to her was talking again, explaining things—but the girl's very words came to Molly through a sudden confusion and blur.

"He's supposed to give us a hand-out," said the girl, and her thumb jerked in the direction of the star in the doorway. "He's supposed to be a minister working in the mission . . . See that baby—" her hand moved toward a man in the back of the line, a heavy, bulking fellow with an underslung jaw, "he's the villain of the piece. You recognize him, don't you?"

Molly tried to nod a "Yes," for she did recognize the villain. She had seen him on the screen, also, countless times. But her head was all at once a little wobbly. Perhaps

it was the heat of this closed-in set—she didn't know.

Perhaps it was something else. She tried—with a certain bravery—to get hold of herself, for somebody, somewhere, was speaking. Was giving sharp, curt orders.

"You're to move along," the somebody was saying. "All of you! Try to walk with a sort of shuffle. Act like—like you're hungry, like you're starving. When a coffee cup is handed to you, gulp the coffee down. Bite into your bread as if you haven't had bread for a couple of days. Remember that this is a year of unemployment, this is—"

THE star in the doorway laughed with white, flashing teeth, and flashing dark eyes. He held in one hand a dirty chunk of bread, in the other a cup of something dark that might have been coffee.

"This way, folks," he shouted, boyishly—"First call for dinner in the dining car!"

Molly looked over the heads of the extras who stood in front of her—there were only a few, two or three or four—at the star. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been fascinated by the play of expression across his mobile face, but somehow today, she couldn't keep her eyes on his face. Her eyes kept dropping, with an odd fascination, to the cup and the chunk of bread that he held in his hands.

And all at once, under her breath, she was laughing again. Once more she was thinking of the butterscotch pecan sundaes back in New York—once more she was remembering a time when she had toyed with the thought of a diet.

THE set—oh, it was a noisy one! There was confusion all around—there was noise and excitement. Half a dozen people bellowed orders, a woman expostulated violently with the director, and a man who was to be the villain tickled the girl who stood in front of him in line. Taken by surprise the girl squealed a protest.

But to Molly the noises, the excitement, the sounds were just a painted, soundless backdrop, against which the star stood with a cup in his hand. Things glittered in front of her eyes, and she realized that she was tired—that she hadn't slept very much lately, what with worrying.

The confusion continued. Molly never could have told for how long. And then at last the orders and the shouting and the giggles had died away, and everything was suddenly still, so still that you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. And Molly found she was holding her breath, and realized that somebody had whispered a plea for silence.

And then, all in a moment, the line was moving, shuffling through masses of soiled cotton batting that would photograph with the mud-like quality of city slush.

The line in back of her was moving like a soft, blurry caterpillar.

The few extras in front of her moved like another caterpillar.

Molly felt that she was a part of some body—that she wasn't in any way a person, alive, whole and disconnected.

The star was smiling, was nodding. Was saying—

"Here's your hand-out, brother. Here's your coffee, sister," in the resonant voice which she had heard so often in her favorite movie theater.

The two men and the girl just ahead of her were being given their cups, and their chunks of bread.

And now—now it was Molly's turn. It was the great moment when Molly—who had

dreamed of making movie history—was at last acting in front of the camera. Only, all at once, she wasn't acting. She wasn't one of fifty extras, playing hungry in a pseudo bread-line.

It was at last her moment, but now that the moment had come she didn't realize it!

For reality had gripped her, and with a sudden hysteria she was reaching up to snatch the cup and the piece of bread from the star's hand.

With a little scared, stifled sob she was sinking her teeth into the bread, and was placing the cup to her lips.

Yes, it was coffee—not very good coffee, but coffee nevertheless.

She realized that as it ran gurgling down her throat.

AND then, suddenly, she was crying wildly and was slithering down in a heap at the star's feet and the star was saying—

"My God, she really acts as if she *is* starving!"

And Molly was looking up into his face, still clutching the bread and the cup. Looking up at him with the coffee dribbling in pathetic little drops from her chin. And she was saying—

"But I am so hungry!"

And then she fainted.

PERHAPS it was an hour later that the world began to move again in its appointed path—perhaps it was only a few minutes later. Molly opened her eyes weakly, felt an arm around her and knew it must be the star's arm because his face was so close above her own.

She sneezed and knew that somebody was holding smelling salts under her nose.

But, somehow the thrill of having the star's arm under her shoulders wasn't a thrill. She couldn't help wishing that it was the more familiar arm—Preston's arm—that she had known in the old days. The wonder of the star's eyes looking down into her own wasn't wonderful!

Not while she remembered that her hands

were empty—that the cup and the bread had gone from them.

She looked up, tragic-eyed, into the roof above her head, with its light and apparatus, with all the magic of a motion picture studio. And then she said very politely, "Can I have a sandwich, please? You can take it out of my day's wages!"

THERE was, once more, a buzz of sound, just as there had been before the line of extras had started to move. Again someone, somewhere, was speaking to someone else. Molly couldn't see either the speaker or the spoken to, but she heard dimly the words they said.

"That's as pretty a piece of acting as anyone will ever see!" said one voice. "We'll give her a close-up."

And the other person whom she couldn't see was answering—

"You said it, baby—that kid's got something."

Molly heard the words subconsciously, but it was the star's voice that brought realization to her mind.

"Why, sure you can have a sandwich," the star was saying. "And you can have a job, too, as far as I'm concerned. I guess I've got enough influence to manage a sandwich and—a job. Why, my gosh," the rest of his sentence was drowned out by the sea of violent sensations that was creeping in on Molly.

She tried to speak again and couldn't quite make it.

But even as somebody thrust a sandwich into her hand, even as somebody proffered a glass and a silvery thermos bottle, she realized what she was going to ask for next.

NOT for the job, certainly. Even if the star could manage it! She didn't want a career, now. All she wanted was twenty-five cents, or maybe fifty cents, so that she could send a telegram. A telegram saying—

"I've changed my mind. Come and get me."

Biting gratefully into the sandwich, Molly felt a sudden sense of peace. Almost she was able to smile.

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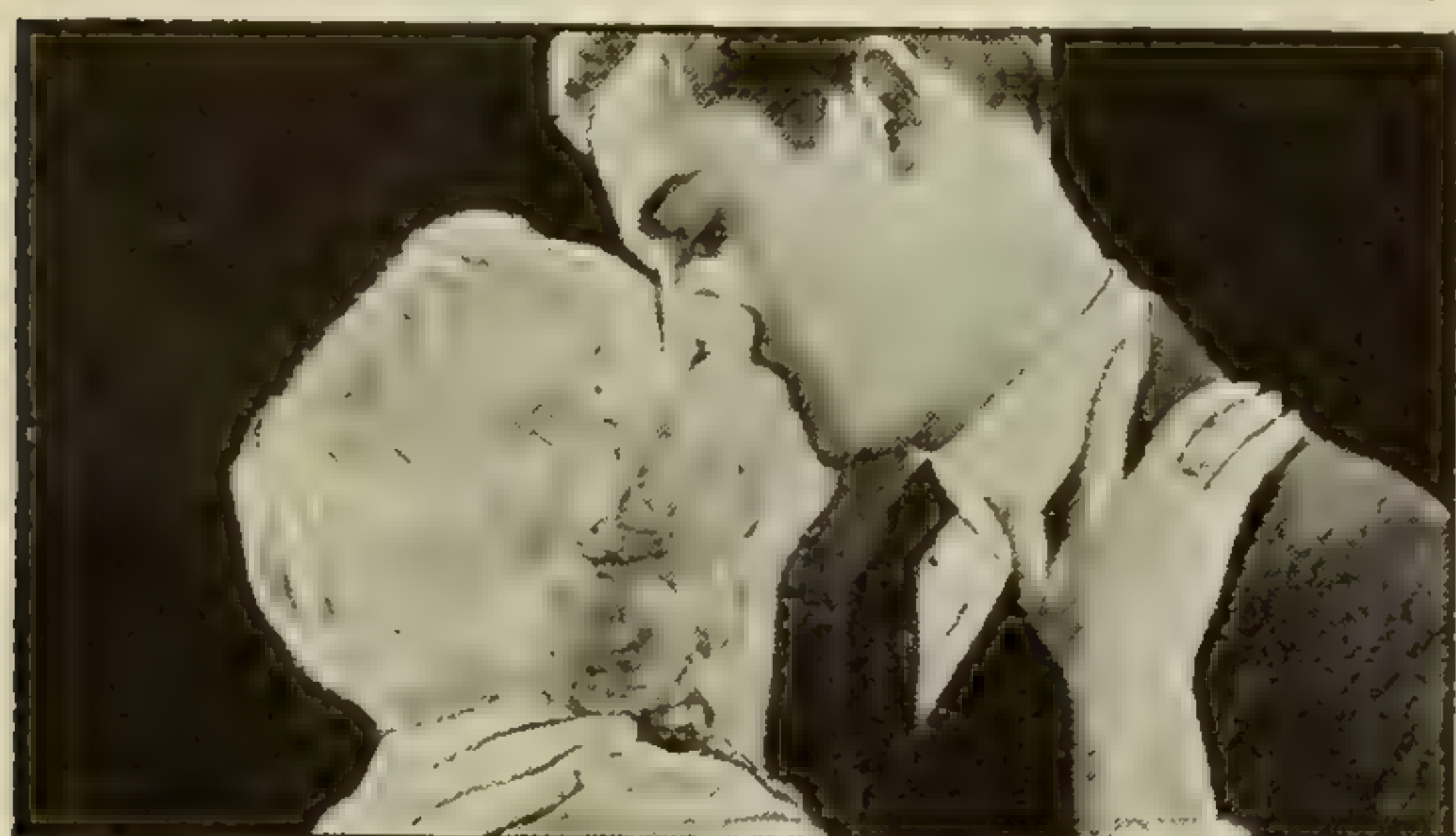
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Fashion Foibles of HOLLYWOOD STARS by Seymour

HOLLYWOOD is a fashion free lance as
far as the rest of the country is con-
cerned. Or even Paris for that matter.

Paris can make a fashion clamor over a new
style, but it will only be a hoarse whisper if the
fashionable feminine set of Hollywood says
thumbs down.

LILYAN TASHMAN was one of the leaders
in the Eugenie boohing society. And then,
of course, the competition started—you know
how those girls are rivals for the "best dressed"
cup. So Constance Bennett, Kay Francis and
a number of others were found to be no-ing,
too.

That clever French designer, Chanel, came
out to design screen fashions for Mr. Goldwyn.
Having recently viewed some of her first
costumes for "The Greeks Had a Word for It,"
it rather looks as if she had done a bit of
tongue-in-cheeking with scissors in hand.
Of course, Chanel was a good choice for such
a job for she is as daring a designer as any of
the lovely ladies she will be designing for.

HOLLYWOOD was shocked at her appear-
ance when she burst upon them bedecked
in innumerable ropes of pearls, sundry brace-
lets, and a gray wool suit! Could this be
Paris?

Ina Claire, for whom she is designing par-
ticularly, is an old client of hers. Ina loves
the things Chanel does and she wears her
unusual clothes to perfection.

Watch out for the wedding dress Ina wears
in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." It is
a revolutionary model.

There will be more than one shout and mur-
mur when these clothes appear.

Anyone who didn't know there was a Mrs.
Clark Gable must have had insomnia after a
recent big Hollywood opening, because that
fair lady appeared there in her husband's

wake decked out in black velvet and white fox.

THESE openings are gala affairs; all the
best fur tippets are taken out, the dresses
pressed and the florists' shops completely de-
orchidized. At the same opening, Loretta
Young wore a black velvet frock that had puff
sleeves of ermine—cute and young like
Loretta, even though she is looking sophisti-
cated these days.

Wonder if the smart stars who have been
growing longer tresses are going to fall for the
new windblown coiffure Paris is advocating?
Watch your screen and report the first shearing!

Even though you have shelved the derby,
don't start pushing your hat back on your head
again.

The line still forms over the right eye!

NORMA SHEARER is wearing some very
smart new clothes in her screen version of
"Private Lives."

You know it is the story of a very gay divorcee
who remarries and regrets it.

You can imagine what an opportunity it gives
her for wearing some grand things. It is nice
to see her going tailored again—those whoopsy-
doopsy things she has been wearing in some of
her other pictures were not nearly so flattering
to her type.

Watch screen skirt lines! You will find them
taking the straight and narrow more and more
frequently.

YOU would do well to keep an eagle eye on
some of the clever accessory tricks that
popular stars employ.

Sometimes only a new way of tying a scarf
—but a similar treatment of your own will
prove surprisingly refreshing. This business
of being screen fashion-conscious has more
possibilities than anyone has even started to
try out. Those girls know how to wear their
fashions.

Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

GLADYS P.:

If you favor Dolores Costello in looks you
must be very charming, indeed. Why don't
you copy her type of hairdress? I think it
would be very flattering. Brush your hair up
to reveal a bit of ear on either side. I do not
care for long pieces hanging down on either side
of the face.

It is not neat looking.

You are about two pounds underweight, you
should weigh 117 pounds. The difference is so
slight, however, that you need not give it
another thought.

Girls like you with golden brown hair and
blue eyes will find the following colors most
flattering:

All soft shades of green, most shades of blue,
especially those that tend toward the deep
tones, gray with a warm cast, golden brown,
burnt-orange, tomato reds, black with color or
white.

Pale pinks, white and orchid for evening.

Light floral bouquet perfumes are most suit-
able for a girl of your age.

MALANE:

I do not think that much rouge would be-
come you, but if your face is both long and
wide, I would advise that you use some. Apply
the rouge lightly, shading it in toward the nose.
Do not bring it out and up toward the edges of
the ears. And do not put any rouge on the tip
of the chin.

You are about 30 pounds overweight as your
doctor said.

If you will send me a stamped, self-ad-
dressed envelope, I will send you my reduc-
ing booklet which will give you specific exer-
cises for reducing the hips and legs.

The massage I have suggested for Joan
will help you, too.

I think if you had your hair waved, it would
be easier to handle.

Try a soft knot in the back of the neck,
rather than a roll.

Don't tamper with your eyebrows. Use a small brush on them daily and brush them to follow the natural line.

Send for my complexion leaflet, it will help you with the blackhead and large pore problems.

MERMIA:

The most becoming make-up for you would be a pale cream powder combined with a red rouge that tends toward the orange. A rather vivid lipstick, also with an orange tinge. At night you could stress the blueness of your eyes with a touch of blue eyeshadow.

Note the colors I have mentioned above for Gladys P., they will become you, too.

BEE:

Premature grayness is sometimes a matter of heredity. You are still young enough to try to prevent complete grayness, however. Good care will put off the final loss of pigment.

Keep your hair and scalp in good condition. Massage it regularly to give the hair life and help it retain its natural color. Even though the way you wear your hair is becoming, I would suggest that you comb it another way to cover up the streaks.

The basis of hair beauty is health because the hair gets its substance, like every other structure of the body, from the blood. When your vitality is lowered the hair always shows it.

You should weigh about 135 pounds.

JOAN:

Of course, there is such a thing as being too eager when you meet boys for the first time. You must learn to be interested but not too eager in your manner. That old fashioned idea of a bit of pursuit is still good in this modern age!

MARY S.:

Don't start worrying about your figure yet! At your age a girl is just at the threshold of the development she will attain in the next few years. As you grow older, you will become more perfectly proportioned. If you don't, then there will be time enough to do corrective exercises.

JANE:

I think you are being a bit severe with this lad.

You say he is a very respectable, nice chap and he has really only made one false step since you have known him.

Probably he is regretting it deeply now.

If he apologizes to you, I believe that I would accept it in good faith.

If he does not make an effort to say that he is sorry then I am afraid that you will have to wait until he does.

JOAN M.:

You will find that stretching exercises are most beneficial for reducing the ankles. The very simple one that consists of rising on tip-toe, up and down twenty times each day, is excellent.

Massage will help to reduce them, too, but it requires patience. Grasping the tissues in both hands and forcibly twisting them upon the ankle bone with the leg encircled so that the thumbs meet at front, is a good massage. You should work upward and knead the tissues as much as possible.

Reducing the bust is difficult. You must be careful not to try massage yourself, it might be injurious to the delicate tissues. An exercise that you will find helpful is one that goes as follows:

Raise the arms straight in front of you to the height of your shoulders, palms inward. With a vigorous motion, throw them apart as far as you can.

Lower them to your sides for a moment. Repeat ten times.

You did not mention your age so I can not say how much overweight you are.

I would judge that you are a trifle heavy, however.

MARY:

Glasses no longer are considered a handicap to beauty. Since your face is thin, avoid heavy rims. Hats with brims are far more flattering than those without, they shadow the eyes and do not emphasize the fact that you are wearing glasses.

If you do not need to wear them constantly, why not wear oxford type glasses on a chain?



Gene Kornman

Note the knowing smiles on the faces of Director Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson, as they sit on a porch beside the blue Pacific and grin for the cameraman. They've been keeping company for months—are they holding out a sweet secret on us? Is betrothal in the bag and matrimony just around the corner? Herr Lubitsch and cigar seem to be saying, "Take a good look, folks! I own a Munson!"

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Latest Beauty Fads of Hollywood Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

eyebrows are one of the most important parts of a woman's face, since she expresses so much with them, and Gloria takes great care of hers. Leila Hyams combs her eyebrows with a little fine comb, first brushing them upwards and then shaping them into an arch. Combing keeps life in the brows. Plucking them takes care of the width. A pencil should be used to add the proper length.

General Face Make-Up

YOU know, of course, what rouge will do. It should be applied high on the cheek bone into the area of puffiness under the eye—but it should be a mere shadow when it goes that high—and then blended downwards into a lighter shade of rouge. The shape of the face should be considered. Marilyn Miller, for example, has a round face, so she applies her rouge with an up and down movement, while Loretta Young, with a long face, uses a circular movement. And if the ears show, rouge the tips slightly.

I believe you know enough about general face make-up, but here's a swell trick from Claudette Colbert. She uses a soft pipe cleaner as her last gesture after the make-up is on. It cleans up the face and gives it a finished look. She runs the cleaner along her eyebrows, under her eyes to remove the powder and around the outer edge of her lips to make a defined line between them and the rest of her face and (and here's a trick worth remembering) she runs the pipe cleaner from the base of her nose to the top of her lip in that natural indentation in the lip. This removes the powder and casts a shadow, bringing out the depth of the indentation—which is always a beauty sign.

It is a mistake, according to Elissa Landi, for women to try to make their mouths look smaller than they are. Elissa has a small mouth naturally. She makes it up so that it will look larger. And Irene Dunne soaks her lips in a good cream to keep them from cracking and to make them full and attractive. It softens the lips without wrinkling them.

Lil Dagover uses a great deal of oil (being careful to get the kind that does not cause hair to grow) on her face to keep it soft yet free from wrinkles. She also takes a tablespoon of olive oil every morning of her life. And Dolores Del Rio, who has never had a face blemish, adds to the general use of creams and softeners, the drinking of four glasses of milk daily as her secret. She has done this ever since she was a little girl in Mexico.

Between pictures, the stars spend hours of their time on beauty culture, but when they're working they have even less time than the average girl. None of the things I've told you about take up much time (with the exception of the false eyelashes, which need only be done every week or ten days).

What it takes to be beautiful is the use of many different cosmetics, perseverance and vigilance. Nobody knows this better than the Hollywood actresses. You can profit by their experiences in the quest of beauty.



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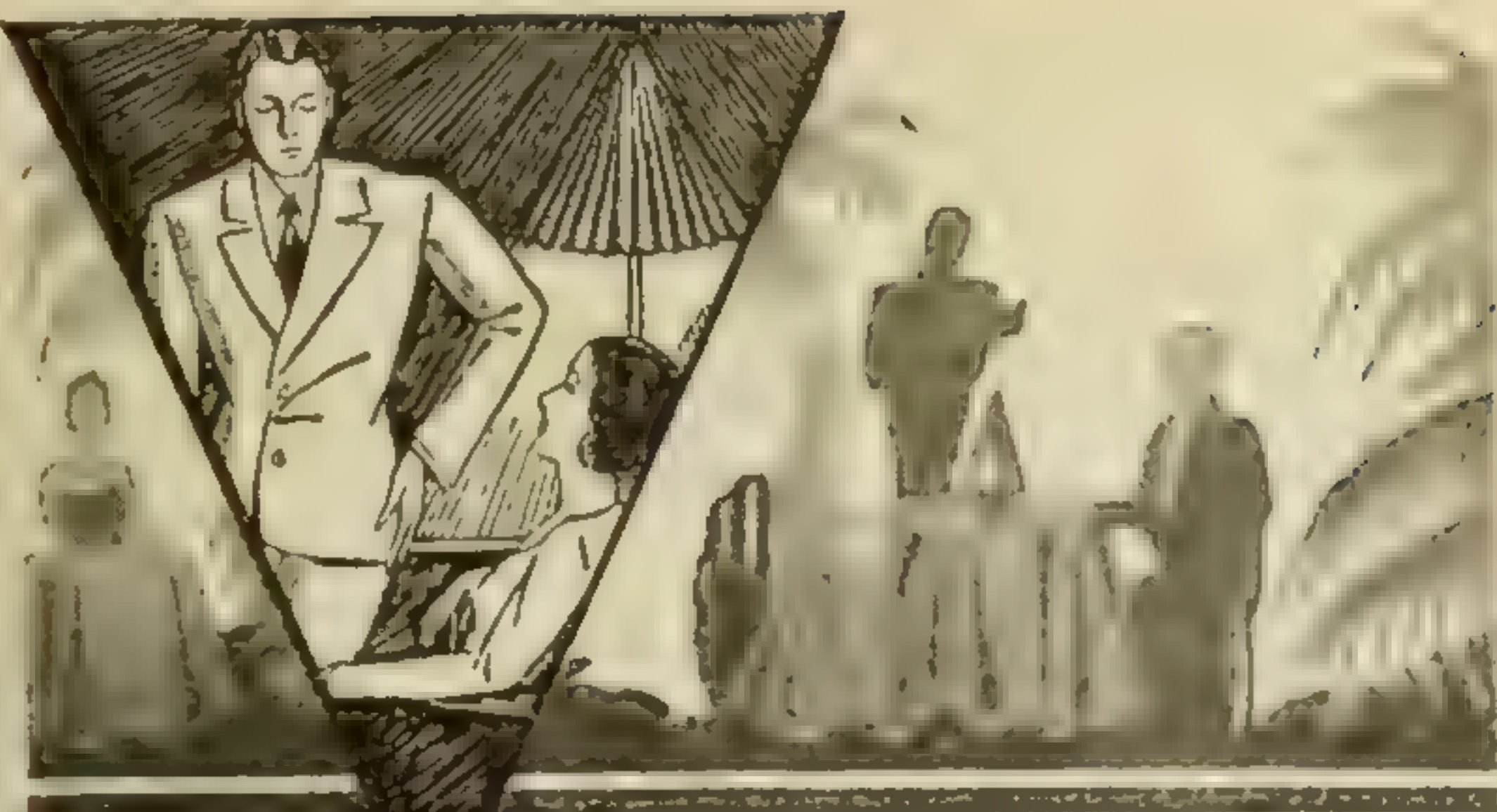
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TURN TO PAGE 103

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

THE ONE WAY TRAIL—Columbia

THE children will fall off their seats with glee when they see this one, even though the adults may find a few inconsistencies. Tim McCoy is the star and you know how handsome he can look. For support he has pretty Doris Hill, Polly Ann Young and Carroll Nye. Great entertainment for the kids.

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)—Osso Prod.

A VERY gay little French picture. The story (you get the idea from the pantomime if you don't understand zat ooh-la-la French) seems to concern a prize-fighter who is torn between his real sweetheart and the heartless, wealthy siren. The camera angles are charming and it all moves in a brisk, spritely manner.

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions

THIS is a splendidly-directed mystery tale that's packed with excitement and suspense. If you can guess the answer to Who Is The Murderer and How, before the finish, you're good! Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts score best in a splendid cast, both being good for a lot of laughs to season the melodrama.

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield

ADD a locked door, a barred window and a strangled actor to a group of suspects, all of whom have good alibis—and you have the plot of this mystery drama. It is pretty weak throughout, even though you don't know who is guilty until the end. John Holland plays a reporter. Barbara Kent is the love interest.

THE LOVE STORM—British International

A LIGHTHOUSE and the sea serve as background for this slow-moving story. It tells of the emotions aroused in three men by one woman when they are all exiled in a lighthouse. A murder is committed and the lives of the others are all but wrecked.

CONVICTED—Supreme Features

A MURDER mystery at sea—something on the order of "Transatlantic," and quite as baffling. Aileen Pringle, as an actress, is suspected of two shipboard murders. Jameson Thomas, reporter-detective, finds the real killer after thrills aplenty. Harry Myers, Dorothy Christy and Richard Tucker add fine performances to a story that will provide you with more than the usual quota of excitement and suspense.

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.

THIS is one of those north woods things where the Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. Noah Beery is the man, and James Murray is the redcoat who gets him, after Sue Carol, as Noah's daughter, gets all balled up 'twixt love and duty, and, between times, goes swimming in some pretty north woods pools. Beautiful photography; minimum of dialogue; but only fair entertainment.

THE HURRICANE HORSEMEN—Willis Kent Prod.

HERE'S Lane Chandler, playing the honest-to-goodness hero of a fast-moving thriller, with a Spanish atmosphere. That boy has the goods. He is supported by pretty Marie Quillan. The narrow escapes and happy ending will make the young off-spring say: "Mom, let's go to another Western."

CAPTIVATION—Capital Prod.

TWO things of interest in this British-made talkie—a mature, stouter but still possessed-of-that-certain-something Conway Tearle, and the leading woman, Betty Stockfield. In a better story, with better lighting and photography, Miss Stockfield might (we say *might*) out-Dietrich Garbo. This one reaches its climax in one of those wife-in-name-only situations; as passé in motion picture stories today as knee-length skirts in fashion.

How Madge Evans Grew to Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

all the pull in the world could make them see her as dynamic or dramatic. She played Ina Claire's young sister in "Our Betters." What she wanted was the type of rôle Ina played. Sophisticated, smart, intelligent, emotional. But the only rôles she secured were those in which she could be natural.

With one part after another coming to her as involuntarily as rain patters in your garden, Madge turned her back upon them. She was going dramatic, youth or no youth; producers or no producers. She went to Elitch's Park, Denver, and joined the same famous stock company that cradled Fredric March, Raymond Hackett, Don Cook, C. Henry Gordon and scores of others.

You know stock! She played young flappers and old, grease-painted, bed-ridden women. She returned to New York—with experience. Only—producers looked at her and forgot the

experience. She was still young; still immaturely-figured; she still gave the impression that something was interfering with the sound in her adolescent throat.

There was nothing left to do but make the best of her ingénue opportunities. When "Phillip Goes Forth" was written especially for her and a salary of \$350 a week tossed on as shiny a silver platter as has ever been moulded, she took it.

This was last spring, when motion picture companies were making a new search for potential star material. They sought Madge Evans. She was indifferent; sincerely indifferent. Dislike of the screen had become a more and more deeply rooted complex; love for the stage, ambition to overcome youth and prove dramatic ability, more and more of an obsession.

Madge knows now that film companies and

\$2,000 Prize Won by Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Not interested in acting, she would like to direct or write for pictures. In high school she wrote, produced, cast and costumed a play about Henry the VIII. She averaged seeing three pictures over the week-end. Not allowed to go on school nights, she went to the movies with her family every Friday evening, took a group of girl friends every Saturday afternoon, and often went with a bunch of young folks on Sunday evenings.

HER favorite players are Janet Gaynor, Dolores Del Rio, John Barrymore, Fredric March, Bill Powell, Billy Haines and George

have written the essay without your help and encouragement."

The teacher took it. A few weeks later Jane was in the school library and she noticed a fine new revolving bookcase for reference volumes.

"How did this happen?" she asked. "We've needed such a thing for a long time."

"You ought to know," said a friend. "You gave it."

The teacher had used the money to buy the bookcase.

What will grow out of this nobody knows. But undoubtedly the \$2,000 for the PHOTO-

HERE is the way that one writer feels about the contest. Mary G. Power, of Pasadena, Calif., writes the following letter in a spirit that should give all who submitted manuscripts a message of courage. She says:

"Thank you—PHOTOPLAY and Warner Bros. for holding your recent scenario contest. Here's what you did for me. For two long years, trying to lick the old T.B. I planned to write some day. Your contest was the direct stimulus to my completing a scenario. No, I probably won't win a prize, but the joy of creating is now mine. Vividly, keenly,

it seems as though, while my body remains in bed, my spirit climbs distant peaks and sails happily into strange, fascinating waters.

"Mona, the heroine of my scenario, has become a living person to me. In this great world of imagination, the handicaps of ill health, the aching loneliness of long nights are forgotten.

"Thanks to the kindly tips of the story editor of Warner Bros., one has some specific idea of what the companies most desire. Some day, I hope, my brain children will achieve success and recognition." Mary G. Power.

Arliss, and her favorite type of picture is the mystery story, especially "The Maltese Falcon." When she saw that she did not dream that some day her own story would be produced by the company that made it—Warner Bros.

Yet her own story is not a mystery. For obvious reasons, the plot cannot be sketched here. Suffice that it is different in theme, yet not "tricky."

It is a human, absorbing tale.

With the contest money received for her essay, she made a beautiful gesture. When the \$50 check was given her she endorsed it and handed it to her English teacher saying, "This rightfully belongs to you. I could not

PLAY-Warner Bros. award has started a fine literary career.

It's our guess that you'll be hearing more of Jane Considine!

And soon you'll be seeing Marian Marsh and David Manners playing the leading rôles in "Beauty and the Boss." You'll enjoy the picture.

YOU who participated in the contest will have a keen interest in discovering the story that was chosen. And think of the thrill that Jane Considine will have in knowing that her brain children have come alive in the person of two such good actors as Marian Marsh and David Manners!

TO the thousands of amateur writers who submitted some excellent stories but failed to win a prize, we say: Try again. Turn that idea into a short story or a novel and then sell the picture rights after publication! It's been done before, you know.

But don't ask us to try to market your stories to picture companies. That's not part of our business, except when co-operating in a special contest of this sort.

And don't ask us to return any

manuscripts submitted in this contest.

The rules have stated clearly, and it has constantly been reiterated that no manuscripts will be returned under any circumstances.

Now that formal announcement of the award has been made, rights to the other manuscripts automatically revert back to their authors.

We hope you kept a copy of yours, and we wish you better luck next time!



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agents who sought her to make tests, sign contracts, etc., thought she was merely being clever. Although they were completely unconscious of the fact she was Madge Evans, the child actress, they thought she knew that indifference breeds interest among picture producers as dampness breeds moss. But Madge never thought of that angle. She was merely being sincere.

She refused to take tests until a boy in her company asked her to help him make one. You know how she photographs. When the hungry producers saw this accidental test, they knew it, too.

THE offers poured in. She shook her head. She told an M-G-M executive, "If I go into pictures it will be solely for the money. I am not interested. But if you offer me enough, I cannot refuse it. I am getting \$350 a week on the stage but there are always long periods when stage people do not work. When I am offered \$500 a week for steady employment I will have to say yes. But the only thing you have which can possibly interest me is money."

She went to Philadelphia with "Phillip Goes Forth." Metro called her mother to say they had met Miss Evans' figure. The play closed Saturday; they left for Hollywood Sunday.

In truth, Madge was heartbroken. Oh, she felt lucky. Five hundred a week with options calling for much more, could not be shrugged off like a too-easy compliment. But she really didn't want this to happen to her. Aside from her distrust for pictures, there was love. She was deeply in love with a New York business boy. They were even considering marriage. Hollywood was so far away!

Madge knew how to cherish love which is returned. Like Joan Blondell, her first experience in life's greatest thrill had been unrequited. She had *loved* him; he had *liked* her. She had spent her nineteenth Christmas and New

Years sick in bed from suffering. She had sworn it would never happen again. But it had. And this time it had happened to both parties. And now, to trail to Hollywood just for money—

What happened to Madge Evans in Hollywood was instinctive. I don't think she, herself, realizes it. I believe she will be amazed when she reads what the New York woman says about her in the first paragraphs of this story.

Nothing nurtures sophistication like indifference! Find me the most openly indifferent woman in any city and I will point her out as the one labeled "the most sophisticated." That I-don't-particularly-care attitude has become synonymous with poise and worldly knowledge.

Madge was sincerely indifferent; she innocently became sophisticated!

Furthermore, she was unconsciously giving way to a long pent-up desire. She had wanted to be like Ina Claire. She had longed to play sophisticated women. Well, no one knew her in Hollywood. She could be what she had pictured herself for years but what producers had never been able to picture.

This was sub-conscious, of course. But the sub-conscious ploughed through the conscious. Involuntarily, her voice deepened. Unaided, that youthful tonsil-twang disappeared. Her figure had long been developed but she had not known how to show its development. An undeliberated tightening of the waistline; another unpremeditated tightening in the front and the back. Hands and arms that unwittingly imitated women whom she had long wanted to imitate, without knowing the secret of imitation.

MADGE EVANS blossomed from a child to a woman at twenty-two because a new environment loosened inhibitions of a lifetime. She had wanted to be like Ina Claire since she was ten. Her desires became actualities as instinctively as a boy turns from the pretense of



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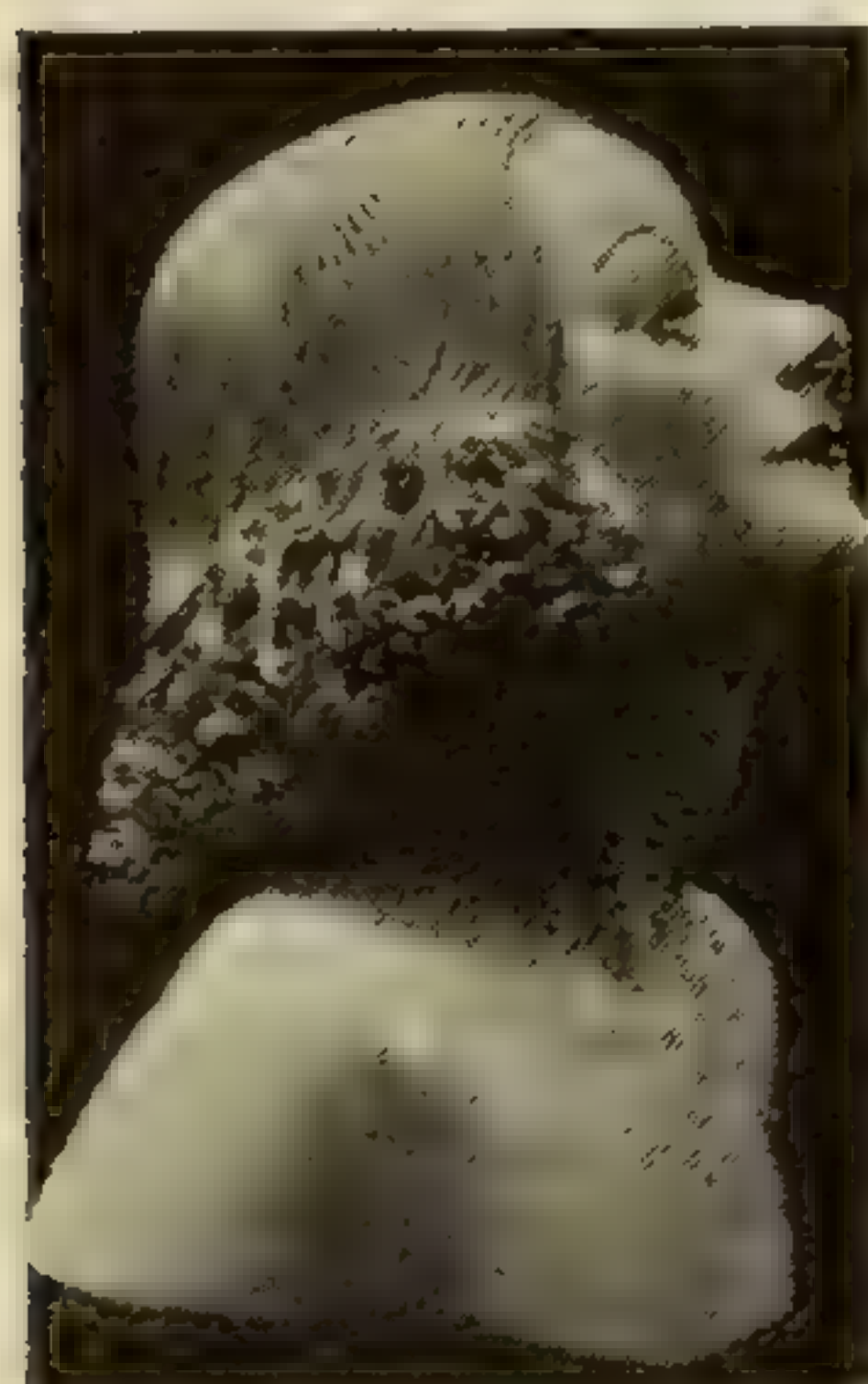
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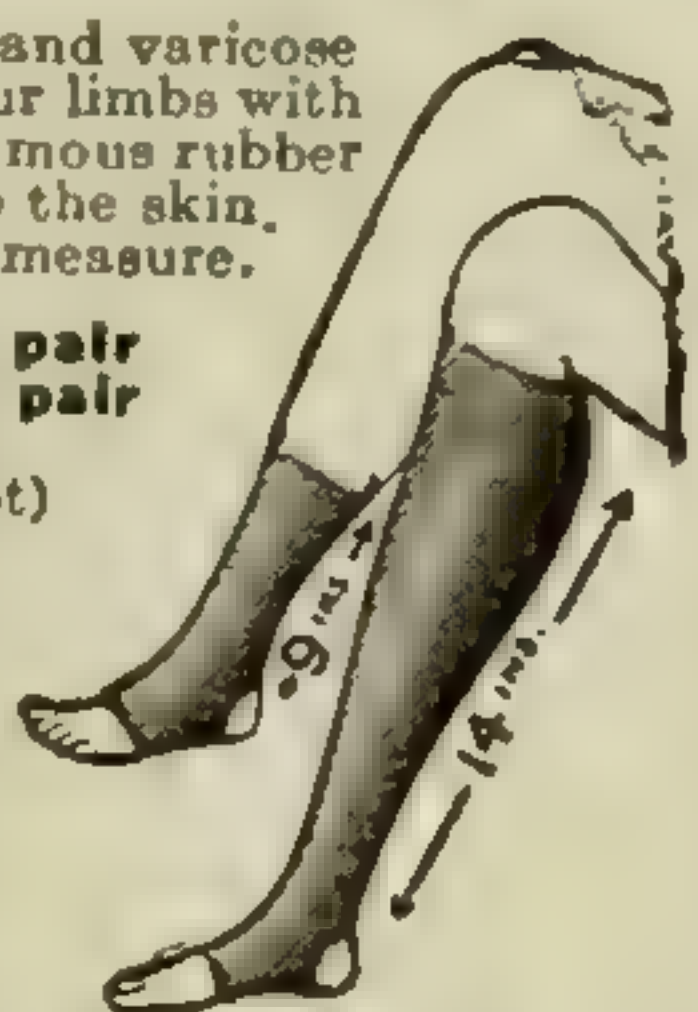
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shunning women to an open chase after them.

Supervisor Hunt Stromberg must have noticed this subtle change I have been describing. She came to Hollywood to play opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." A more unsophisticated, ingénue rôle has never been depicted. Her contract was for this one picture with an option for five years. She hoped they would not take up the option.

"Sporting Blood" was ready for casting. They were searching for a tough, worldly young woman who could play Lew Cody's mistress adroitly. Stromberg, who had supervised "Son of India," sent for Madge. "I believe you can do it," he said with a baffled, I-wonder-why-I-think-that expression. "Make up for the test."

She slicked back her hair, pulled her dress sleazily about her, walked in a slouchingly indifferent manner before the camera. Behold! The new Madge Evans stood before the watchful eyes of Hollywood producers. She played the part.

She returned to the unsophisticated girl with Charles Farrell in "Heartbreak" but with an unsophistication which hints of subtlety—a sort of invitational unsophistication—as different from the unsophisticated Madge Evans of the stage as a twenty-dollar-a-month tenement apartment differs from a thousand dollar apartment on Park Avenue.

Right now she's busy mulling over the problem: Shall I marry the man in New York? Do I really love him enough? Will we be truly happy?

The proof of all I have said in a nut-shell. A sophisticated woman wonders about love—weighs it as carefully as a housewife measures her ingredients for cake baking. An unsophisticated woman loves without weighing.

Wandering with the Marches

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

she saw another Barrymore pose. One night she couldn't stand it any more.

"Please be yourself," she cried, "or I'll think I'm living in sin with another man."

I shudder to think what happens when he leers home as *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

They're really a great pair together, romantic and sentimental. They're married four years and on the fourth anniversary Fred wanted to do the Big Thing. He came home with three dazzling diamond bracelets. Florence was to pick the one she liked, and they'd send the other two back. She sent them all back.

"This is enough for me," she said, showing a small diamond engagement ring, set in iron.

"Yeah," Fred explained. "I gave it to her while we were playing in stock together. I had the diamond and a friend of mine gave me the idea for the iron setting. It was different—and cheaper!"

She wears this engagement ring above a slim platinum wedding ring. Fred wears a wedding ring just like it on the second finger of his left hand. Engraved in both of them is the quotation: "No more beyond thine eyes." It is taken from a line in "The King's Henchman," Edna St. Vincent Millay's libretto, "Now I shall look no more beyond thine eyes."

That's the kind of couple the Fredric Marches are.

As an actor he enjoyed the part of *Tony Cavendish* in "The Royal Family." It was an actor's rôle, and he relished sloshing around in this satire on the Barrymores as much as Barrymore himself revels in grease paint and whiskers and make-up.

But he doesn't enjoy the stamp this rôle put on him—that of a Barrymore imitator. He wants to be himself, preferably in light comedy rôles. As a matter of fact, the part he got the greatest kick out of playing in the movies was the young artist in "Laughter."

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"AMBASSADOR BILL"—FOX.—From the story "Ambassador From the United States" by Vincent Sheean. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Bill Harper*, Will Rogers; *The Queen*, Marguerite Churchill; *Ilka*, Greta Nissen; *King Paul*, Tad Alexander; *Lothar*, Ray Milland; *Prince De Polikoff*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *The General*, Arnold Korff; *Senator Pillsbury*, Ferdinand Munier; *Monte*, Edwin Maxwell; *Northfield Slater*, Ernest Wood; *Littleton*, Tom Ricketts.

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Wesley Ruggles. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Eddie*, Eric Linden; *Mary*, Rochelle Hudson; *Nick*, Ben Alexander; *Florence*, Arlene Judge; *Giggles*, Roberta Gale; *Grandma*, Beryl Mercer; *Dumbbell*, Mary Kornman; *Benny*, Robert Quirk; *Heinie*, William Orlamond; *Bobby*, Billy Butts.

"BELOVED BACHELOR, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Edward Peple. Adapted by Raymond Griffith. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Michael Morda*, Paul Lukas; *Mitzi Stressman*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mitzi*, at 6 years, Betty Van Allen; *Jerry Wells*, Charlie Ruggles; *Elinor Hunter*, Vivienne Osborne; *Julie Stressman*, Leni Stengel; *Jimmy Martin*, John Breeden; *Winthrop Cole*, Harold Minjer; *Hortense Cole*, Marjorie Gateson.

"CAPTIVATION"—CAPITAL PROD.—From the story by Edgar Middleton. Directed by John Harvel. The cast: *Hugh Somerton*, Conway Tearle; *Ann Moore*, Betty Stockfield; *Lady Froster*, Violet Venbrugh; *Graves*, Robert Farquharson; *Muriel Froster*, Marilyn Mawn; *Col. Jordan*, A. Bromley Davenport; *Fluffy*, Louie Tinsley; *Skipper*, Frederick Volpe; *Hotel clerk*, George De Warfax; *Adventuress*, Dorothy Black.

"CHAMP, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Continuity by Leonard Praskins. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Champ*, Wallace Beery; *Dink*, Jackie Cooper; *Linda*, Irene Rich; *Sponge*, Roscoe Ates; *Tim*, Edward Brophy; *Tony*, Hale Hamilton; *Jonah*, Jesse Scott; *Mary Lou*, Marcia Mae Jones.

"CONVICTED"—SUPREME FEATURES.—From the story by Edward Barry. Continuity by Joe Van Ronkel and Barry Barringer. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Claire Norvelle*, Aileen Pringle; *Bruce Allan*, Jameson Thomas; *Constance Forbef*, Dorothy Christy; *Anthony Blair*, Richard Tucker; *Sturgeon*, Harry Myers; *Fenton*, Niles Welch; *Wellon*, John Vosburgh.

"CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by G. Gardiner Sullivan and Bess Meredyth. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Terry*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Nenita*, Lupe Velez; *Romance*, Ernest Torrence; *O. O. Jones*, Jimmy Durante; *Crystal*, Karen Morley; *Elvira*, Louise Fazenda; *John*, Hale Hamilton; *Aunt Rosa*, Mathilda Comont; *Terry, Jr.*, Phillip Cooper.

"GIRLS ABOUT TOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zoe Akins. Screen play by Raymond Griffith and Brian Marlow. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Wanda Howard*, Kay Francis; *Jim Baker*, Joel McCrea; *Marie Bailey*, Lilyan Tashman; *Benjamin Thomas*, Eugene Pallette; *Jerry Chase*, Allan Dinehart; *Mrs. Thomas*, Lucille Webster Gleason; *Alex Howard*, Anderson Lawler; *Edna*, Lucille Brown; *Webster*, George Barbier; *Simms*, Robert McWade; *Winnie*, Judith Wood; *Anne*, Adrienne Ames; *Dot*, Claire Dodd; *Joy*, Hazel Howard; *Billie*, Patricia Caron.

"GRIEF STREET"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Jean Royce*, Barbara Kent; *Jim Ryan*, John Holland; *Mrs. Merle*, Dorothy Christy; *Alvin Merle*, Crauford Kent; *Pamela Gregory*, Lillian Rich; *Frank Murray*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Ted*, Creighton Hale; *Jardin*, James Burtis; *Ralph Burns*, Larry Steers; *Michael*, Lafe McKee; *Blake*, Ray Largay; *Wall*, Arthur Brennan.

"HEARTBREAK"—FOX.—From the story by Llewellyn Hughes. Scenario by William Conselman. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: *John Merrick*, Charles Farrell; *Count Carl Walden*, Hardie Albright; *Countess Vilma Walden*, Madge Evans; *Capt. Wolke*, Paul Cavanagh; *Jerry Somers*, John Arledge; *Count Walden*, Claude King; *U. S. Ambassador*, John Sainpolis.

"HURRICANE HORSEMAN, THE"—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by Douglas Dawson. Adapted by Oliver Drake. Directed by Mandy Schaefer. The cast: *"Gun" Smith*, Lane Chandler; *Tonita*, Marie Quillan; *Foncho Gomez*, Walter Miller; *Bull*, Dick Alexander; *Don Roberto*, Lafe McKee; *Cinco*, Charles Schaeffer; *Sheriff Jones*, Yakima Canutt; *Rand*, Robert Smith.

"IN LINE OF DUTY"—MONOGRAM PROD.—From the story by G. A. Durlam. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Felice Duchene*, Sue Carol; *Jean Duchene*, Noah Beery; *Jacques Dupres*, Francis MacDonald; *Corporal Sherwood*, James Murray; *Hugh Fraser*, Richard Cramer; *Constable*, Frank Seider; *Inspector*, Henry Hall.

"LEFTOVER LADIES"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Ursula Parrott. Adapted by Robert Presnell. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Pat*, Claudia Dell; *The Duchess*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ronny*, Walter Byron; *Jerry*, Alan Mowbray; *Amy*, Dorothy Revier; *Vera*, Rita La Roy; *Scoop*, Roscoe Karns; *Churchill*, Selmer Jackson; *Benson*, Franklyn Farnum; *Buddy*, Buster Phelps.

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "The Poor Nut" by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *John Miller*, Joe E. Brown; *Julia Winters*, Dorothy Lee; *Marjorie Blake*, Ruth Hall; *Spike Hoyt*, Edward Woods; *Doc*, Wade Boteler; *Colonel Small*, William Burruss; *Wally Pierce*, Edward Nugent; *Coach Jackson*, John Harrington.



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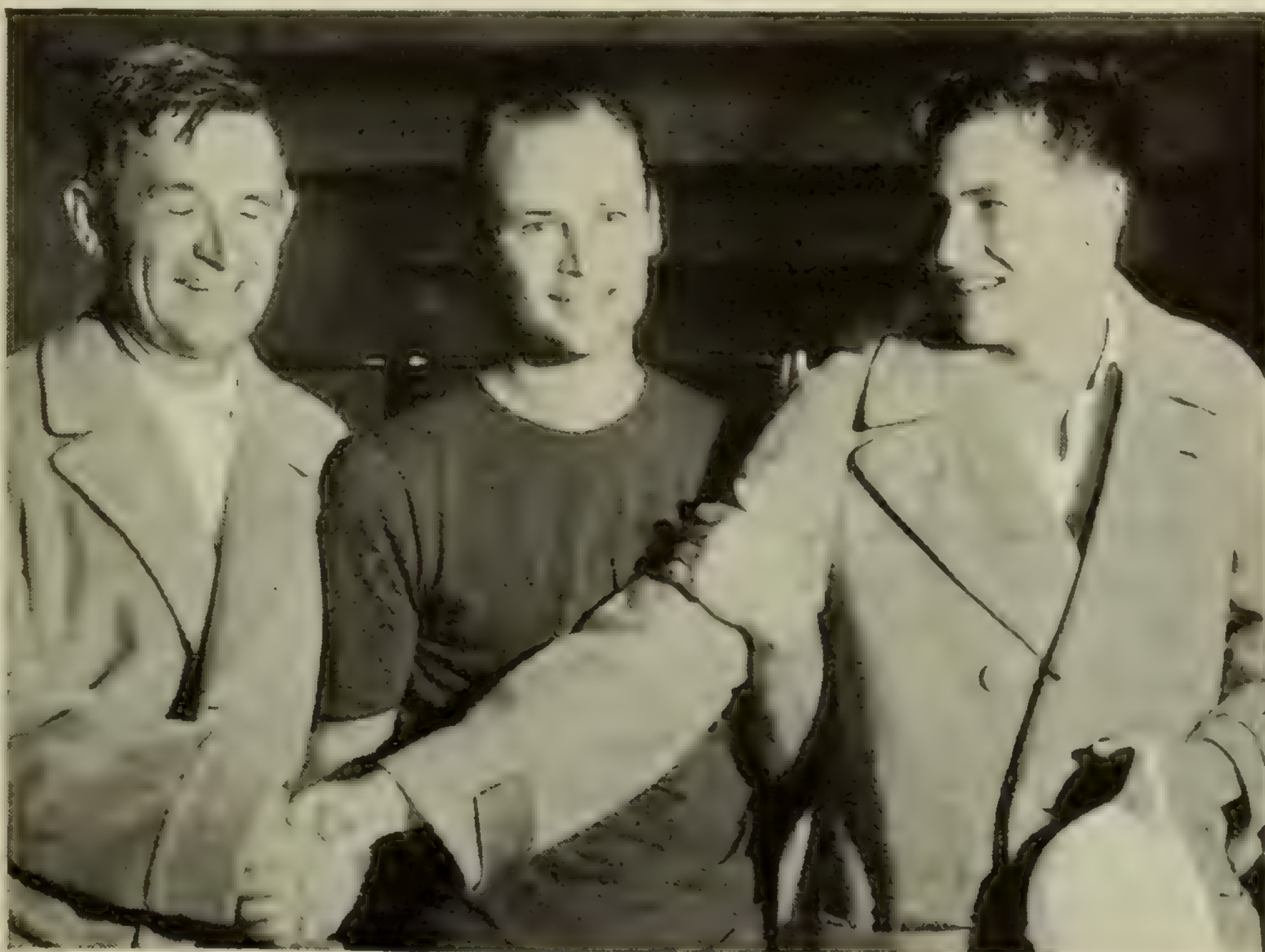
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"LOVE STORM, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: Eileen Kell, Fay Compton; "Captain" Kell, Frank Harvey; Gordon Kingsley, Ian Hunter; Cass, Edmund Willard; Parsons, Donald Calthrop.

"NIGHT RAID" (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)—Osso PROD.—From the story by Henri Decoin. Directed by Carmine Gallone. The cast: Georget, Albert Pre-jean; Mariette, Annabella; Le Baron, Lucien Baroux; Yvonne, Edith Mera; Fred, Lerner; Charly, Constant Remy.

"ONCE A LADY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Rudolph Bernauer and Rudolph Oesterreicher. Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: Anna Keremazoff, Ruth Chatterton; Bennett Cloud, Ivor Novello; Faith Fenwick, Jill Esmond; As a child, Suzanne Ransom; Harry Corden, Regis Toomey; Jimmy Fenwick, Geoffrey Kerr; Lady Ellen, Doris Lloyd; Roger Fenwick, Herbert Bunston; Mrs. Fenwick, Gwendolen Logan.

"ONE WAY TRAIL, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Claude Rister. Continuity by George Plympton. Directed by Ray Taylor. The cast: Tim Allen, Tim McCoy; Helen Beck, Doris Hill; Terry Allen, Carroll Nye; Mollie, Polly Ann Young; Coldeye Carnell, Al Ferguson.

"PLATINUM BLONDE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harry E. Chandler and Douglas W. Churchill. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Gallagher, Loretta Young; Stew Smith, Robert Williams; Anne Schuyler, Jean Harlow; Grayson, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Schuyler, Louise Closser Hale; Conroy, Edmund Breese; Bingy, Walter Catlett; Michael, Donald Dillaway; Smythe, Halliwell Hobbs.

"RANGE FEUD, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Milton Krims. Adapted by Milton Krims. Directed by Ross Lederman. The cast: Buck Gor;



What's this? Are we going back to the old hobble skirt? It certainly looks as if you girls will have to be helped on and off running boards if fashion brings back the sort of thing Claire Maynard is showing here. Note that slit in front, and the draped effect—we bet some of you still have models like this in the old attic trunk

don, Buck Jones; Clint Turner, John Wayne; Jud-Walton, Susan Fleming; John Walton, Ed Le Sainty Dad Turner, William Walling; Hank, Wallace MacDonald; Vandall, Harry Woods; Biggers, Frank Austin.

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE"—Fox.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Adapted by John F. Goodrich. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Lassiter, George O'Brien; Jane Withers, Marguerite Churchill; Judge Dyer, Noah Beery; Bess, Yvonne Pelletier; Venters, James Todd; Oldring, Stanley Fields; Judkins, Lester Dorr; Tull, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; Fay, Shirley Nails.

"SECRET SERVICE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by William Gillette. Adapted by Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: Captain Thorne, Richard Dix; Edith Varney, Shirley Grey; Lieut. Dumont, William Post, Jr.; Arelford, Gavin Gordon; General Grant, Fred Warren; Mrs. Varney, Nance O'Neil; Caroline, Florence Lake; Jonas, Clarence Muse; Howard Varney, Harold Kinney; Israel, Eugene Jackson; General Randolph, Frederick Burton; Lieut. Foray, Carl Gerard; Martha, Emma Reed.

"SIN OF MADELOON CLAUDET, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Lullaby" by Edward Knoblock. Continuity by Charles MacArthur. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: Madelon, Helen Hayes; Carlo Borelli, Lewis Stone; Larry, Neil Hamilton; Dr. Claudet, Robert Young; Victor, Cliff Edwards; Dr. Dulac, Jean Hersholt; Rosalie, Marie Prevost; Alice, Karen Morley; Photographer, Charles Winninger; Hubert, Alan Hale; Roget, Halliwell Hobbes; St. Jacques, Lennox Pawle; Claudet, Russ Powell.

"SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Richard Schayer and

Dale Van Every. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: Bucky O'Brien, Lew Ayres; Jim Stewart, William Bakewell; Truck McCall, Andy Devine; Wasp, Harry Barris; Coach, J. Farrell MacDonald; Frank Carideo, Frank Carideo; "The Four Horsemen," Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher; Assistant Coach, Nat Pendleton; Peggy, Sally Blane.

"STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Preston Sturges. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: Gus, Paul Lukas; Isabelle, Sidney Fox; Judge Dempsey, Lewis S. Stone; Henry, George Meeker; Tomasso, William Ricciardi; Mulligan, Sidney Toler; Cook, Aldo Franchetti; Waiter, Carlo Schipa; Waiter, Samuel Bonello.

"TERROR BY NIGHT"—FAMOUS ATTRACTIONS.—From the story by Samuel Spewack. Adapted by Samuel Spewack. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: Lois Martin, Una Merkel; Arthur Jones, William Collier, Jr.; Bella, ZaSu Pitts; Captain McGowan, Purnell Pratt; Larson, Clyde Crock; Lewis LeRoy, Ralf Harold; Tess, June Clyde; Sylvia Folsom, Rita LeRoy; Brannigan, Paul Hurst; Jess, Clarence Muse; Gunner, Nat Pendleton; Herbert Folsom, Hooper Atchley; Moll, Greta Granstedt; Mike, Mike Donlin.

"WAY BACK HOME"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Jane Murfin. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Seth Parker, Phillips Lord; Ma Parker, Effie Palmer; "Liz," Mrs. Phillips Lord; "Cephus," Bennett Kilpack; "Captain," Raymond Hunter; David Clark, Frank Albertson; Mary Lucy, Bette Davis; "Wobblin'," Oscar Apfel; Rufe Turner, Stanley Fields; Runaway Rosie, Dorothy Peterson; Robbie, Frankie Darro; Income Tax Man, Wade Boteler.

My Uncle Egbert—WHOOPS—Meets the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

"About Theda—and those other dames," he said—"do you think they really want to visit the king?"

I said they probably did but it was doubtful if they could break their contracts and get away.

Uncle Egbert seemed relieved no end.

"It wouldn't work, I'm sure. The king's wives—and mine—wouldn't understand." It occurred to me what a dreadful thing it would be for a man to have seven wives who didn't understand him.

JUST before he left he gave me a nice little contraband pearl—about the size of an olive—to give Imogene in case she felt bad. She felt

terrible—but not because of Uncle Egbert. It was the gin.

AS the train pulled out Uncle Egbert said, "Had a marvelous time, Bogie—great kids these movie queens—next time I come I'll bring the king."

And presented me with a check for a new automobile.

So you can see why I'd at least like to thank Theda Bara for all she's done for me.

Maybe when, as and if Uncle Egbert dies—ah!—maybe then it will be revealed that Theda Bara, and not I, is his sole and only heir.

I never thought of that!

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1931

State of Illinois,) ss.
County of Cook)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concerns, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; First Union Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; Foreman State Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1931.
{SEAL}

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 20, 1935)

How Society Women and Stage Beauties Banish

FAT

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Herein are the facts why Kruschen is different from and superior to other reducing treatments:

Kruschen is more than just a mere laxative salt—it's an ideal blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which not only eliminate poisons and waste accumulations but which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—which brings a marvelous degree of robust health, chic slenderness and physical attractiveness. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Bessie Evans of Jamestown, N.Y. writes: "I lost 14 lbs. before starting the second bottle of Kruschen—I am not only delighted with the big loss of fat but I feel so much stronger and healthier. I heartily recommend Kruschen to all overweight women."

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HEADACHY, bilious, constipated? Take NR —NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. This mild, safe vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. Clean your system of poisons in the natural manner without a sign of griping or discomfort.

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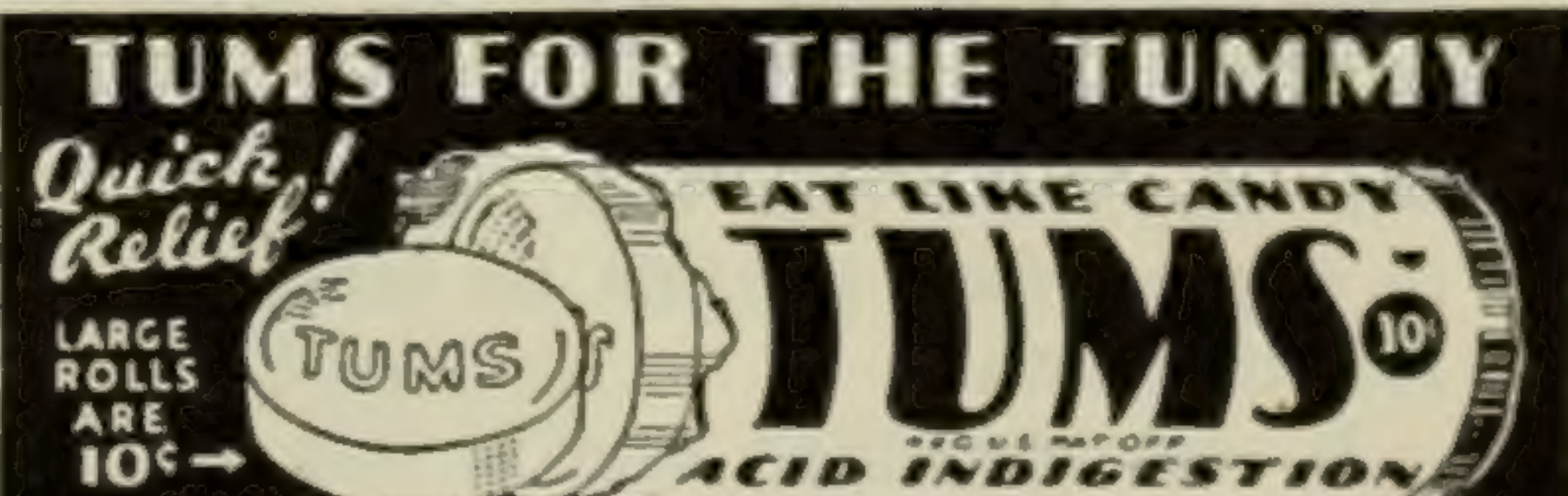


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LUCKY TIGER

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]



Where's your other eye, Dolores? Even though this hat does hide one of the beautiful Del Rio orbs, we must say it is smart. Tricky the way those quills swirl around to fit into the dip of the brim, don't you think? It's brown felt with yellowish brown quills

DIRECTOR JOHN FORD, handling a mob scene of a half hundred big, tough guys, was struck by one's unusual resemblance to Jack Holt.

The extra not only facially was a ringer for Holt, but physically, too—Holt being one of the huskiest athletes in pictures.

Finally Ford, between shots, called the man to him.

"I suppose," he remarked, "that many people have told you you look like Jack Holt."

From the big, tough, husky extra came a thin, girlish, piping reply.

"Oh, dear me, yeth. Jutht oodles and oodles of people have told me tho."

So Ford sent him back to work.

VARIETY tells the story about a man who builds biceps by metaphysical culture (yes, honestly!) and who stopped at the Will Hays office to request that a talkie be taken of him in action.

It was explained that it was impossible.

"Oh, you ought to give me a half hour anyway," said the gentleman, who wears a turban. "You gave it to George Bernard Shaw!"

LINDA WATKINS, who did such a grand job in "Sob Sister" is a newcomer, but she knows what she wants to wear in pictures—

There was a temporary designer at the

studio, who sent Linda a couple of sports suits for the picture. She took one look at them, "And I *won't* wear those," she stated emphatically. And she didn't. She helped to design the substitutes herself.

Not so dumb. What newcomers wear is important.

WHEN Linda Watkins arrived in Hollywood somebody suggested she get a swanky Spanish house in Beverly Hills and put on the "dog."

"A big front goes a long way in Hollywood," she was told.

Linda went to Beverly Hills, chose a modest little English home, set far back from the street amidst much shrubbery.

"Why all the bushes?" someone asked her.

"So I won't have to look at the swanky Spanish houses around me in which I was supposed to put on the dog," she answered.

PETE SMITH, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio publicity department, has spent years, and grown thin and emaciated placating stars who complain about the lack of publicity he gives them. Pete has just made a hit making "shorts" for his company. Last month he saw his name over a theater entrance and complained that the sign wasn't big enough.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (Senior) plans an air tour of the South American wilds as his next movie-making project. It will be his second travel film, since his announcement that he will never make another "story" film.

THERE'S a carpenter working on the "Flying High" set at M-G-M who carries twenty-five small nails in his mouth day and night. Certainly, he's swallowed one now and then, but he's not worried. He uses them as you use chewing gum. At least he's always sure of getting plenty of iron in his blood. This is a true story.

RENEE ADOREE spent her birthday in the Arizona sanitarium, where she has been for more than a year, reading literally thousands of telegrams and opening scores of gifts. Her friends in Hollywood were so afraid that other friends would forget the day that they sent out reminding notes and telephone calls to each other.

She was showered with greetings.

MONROE OWSLEY took his screen career so seriously that it landed him in a sanitarium. Tired of being typed as a cad and a bounder in his movie rôles, he rebelled so aggressively that M-G-M allowed him to cancel his contract with them. But, worn out by the strain, Monroe has been ill ever since. Now he is looking for a producer who will let him play the good-boy rôles he likes.

REGINALD DENNY wanted to be a painter when he was a lad, so he often took his easel to the British Royal Galleries to make copies of the masters.

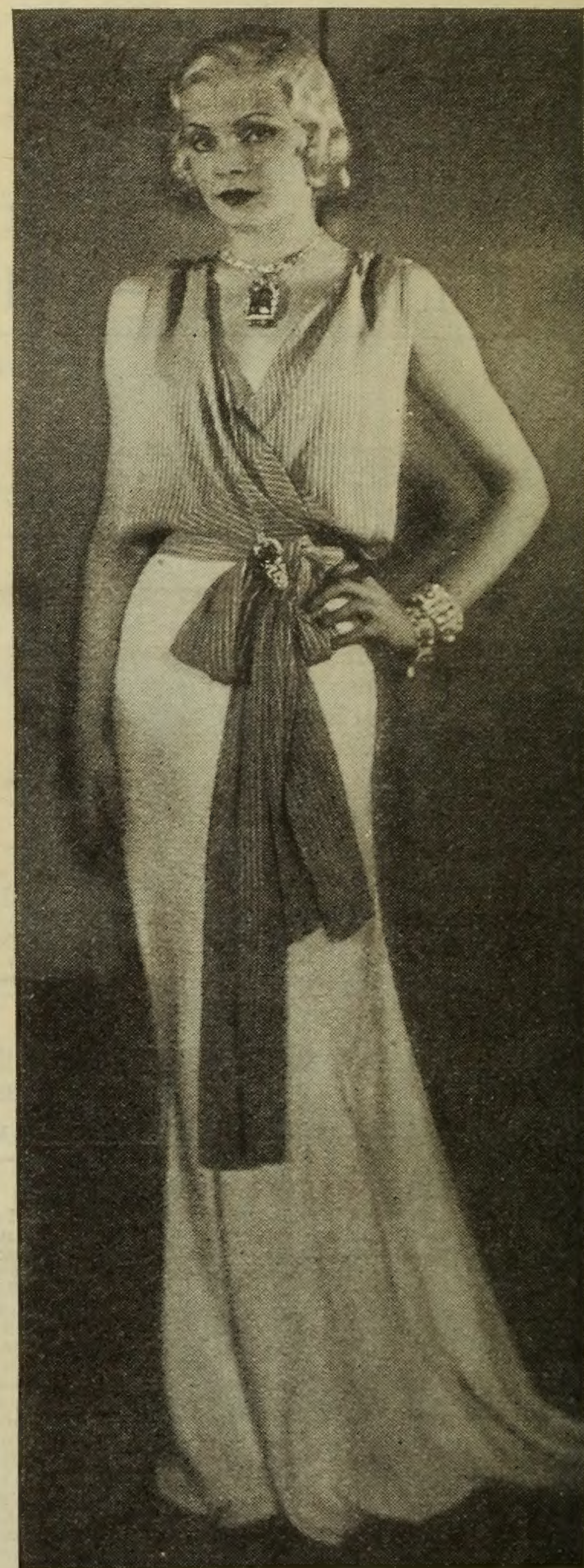
One day a frowsy fellow with a torn coat looked over his shoulder and made a suggestion.

Denny, young and cock sure, spurned the old man's help.

Later he discovered the man to be the president of the Royal Academy!

"That was my first lesson in learning not to judge men by their outward appearance!" Denny says now.

LOLA LANE (just recent Mrs. Lew Ayres) went into bankruptcy because her creditors attached Lew's salary. . . . Hollywood's newest and favorite sport is cricket. . . . So bally English. . . .



Here's how Santa Claus remembers good little platinum blondes. That is a dazzling array lovely Claire Luce is wearing—bracelets, pin and stunning pendant necklace are from the famous French house, Mauboussin. And Seymour seems to think the Lelong evening dress in green crepe with white embroidery is one of the best he has seen this season

His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.



Alfred

LUNT

Lynn

FONTANNE



Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

The
GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS
From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy
of the Theatre
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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



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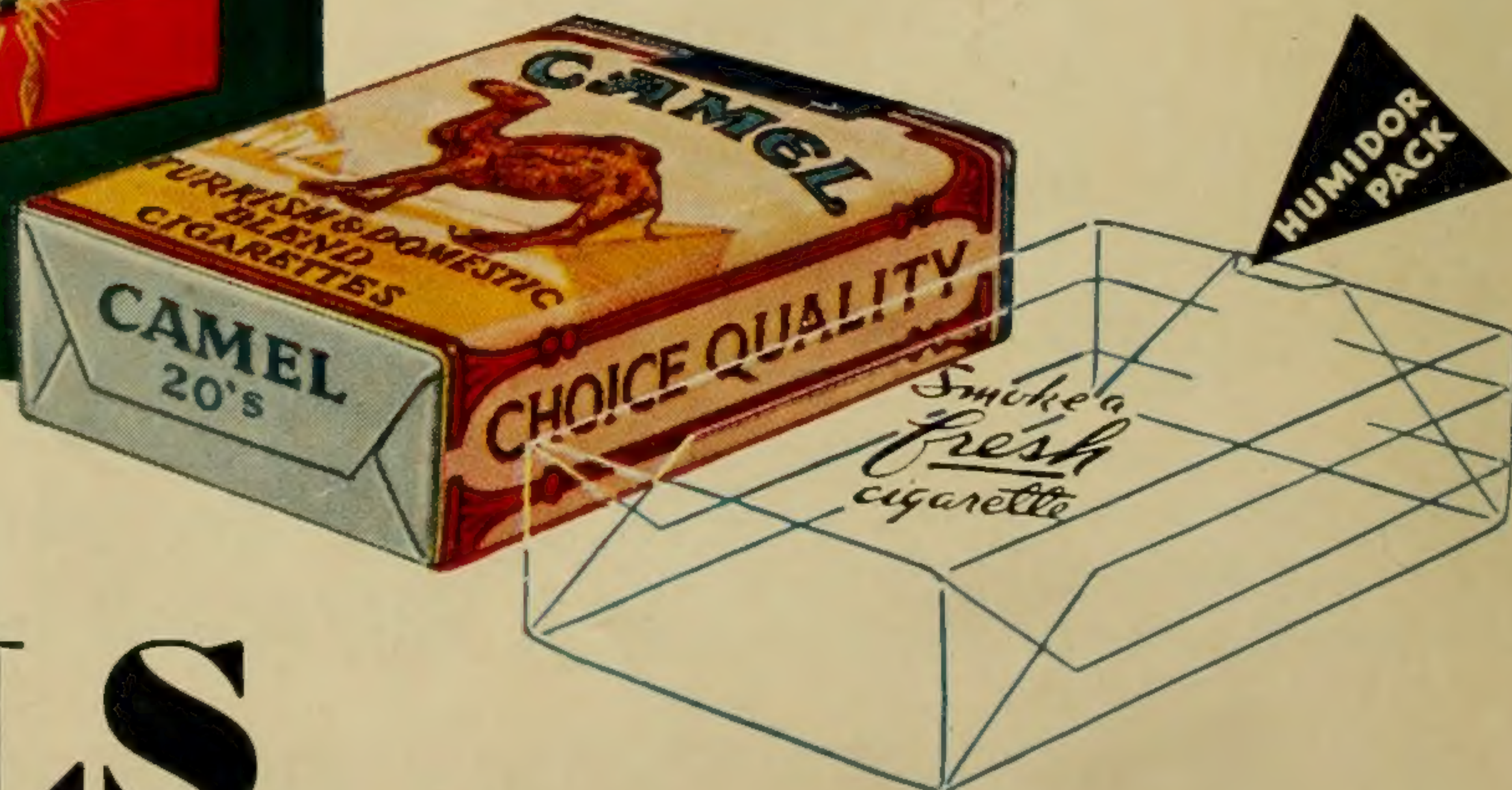
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Smoke a **FRESH** *cigarette*



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